Most Poems Die on the Operating Table: Collected Post-Plagiarism Projects

Dimitri Karakostas

This is not a forward; this is just a statement of fact.

I believe this is every collected post-plagiarism zine, put together in an impossibly large book. 700 pages? What am I thinking?

This is an archival nightmare.

I'm putting this together for 'the last time' because I don't want to continue printing them individually. I want this to be the last post-plagiarism book.

Who knows?

i still think about killing myself twice a day

post-plagiarism project 1.1
dimitri karakostas

rule 12. anything you say can and will be used against you.
rule 13. anything you say can be turned into something else.

rule 21. original content is original only for a few seconds before getting old.
rule 24. every repost is always a repost of a repost.

rule 22. copy ‘n paste is made to ruin every last bit of originality.
rule 23. copy ‘n paste is made to ruin every last bit of originality.

rule 82. nobody tells the truth on the internet

we don't need the new sentence,
the old sentence re-framed is good enough.

command-z

post-plagiarism
aka
new anxiety always
???

i write it myself, edit it myself, censor it myself,
publish it myself, distribute it myself,
and spend time in jail for it myself.

a misrepresentation of identity:
the pressure to constantly be creative
as though that demonstrates value, worth

even the tour de france cyclists,
with their chemically enhanced performance
mimic competence

whenever i say “i” i mean “me at the time of experience”
not the “me of the present or the future.”

congratulations,
i'm sick of this history.

as the times change, so must we

now,
no one wears a watch

meme baiting poetry
ready made poetry
opportunistic expression poetry
i'm sorry i love you poetry
trying to not smoke poetry

“passive aggressive text messages”
is my writing style

most of my fantasies are cobbled together from other people's fantasies.

our poetry is loss

a cease and desist
is a great love letter
from corporate
watchdogs

if:
passion paralyzes good taste
maybe:
paralyzed passion = good taste

less words
so they mean more

proof that old way wasn't working:
i looked at something
and felt this thing
which made me think another thing
and something about a shared feeling

this style of writing grows on you,
word by word

i didn't see any poetry in the desert,
but i plugged my phone in before i went to sleep

good soft reading
for when you're sitting on your phone
waiting for a cab or a drink

post-plagiarism is
post-modernism without
the anxiety of
having to correctly answer
what, exactly,
one is talking about

if you read, you are contaminated.
you retain phrases, i'm sure.

what do we think about when we think about nothing?

“there’s a song i can’t stand and it’s stuck in my head.”
can i be sure that’s how the quote goes?

the biggest mistake we make in writing is assuming the reader knows what the author means.
if you *know* what i'm saying.

most things are absolutely swollen with bad writing, anyways.

allow me to be blunt, allow me to be obvious.
dare to be dangerous, sounding like new age again.

we were well educated, yes, with a lack of information

how do we phrase our worries in language that is readily understood?

a loving fall-apart into a new stage of not-existing

i've lost the will to drown out my thoughts.
i'm listening -
closely.

focus on contempt when you speak about power

a desire for truth is proof we can't always get what we want

i suppose i shall call it something else

understanding, perhaps.
perhaps i strive to be understood.

someone's version of pretty-
it's all about the packaging

a lack of belief in the idea of progress-
“have not”s massacre the “have”s.

the supremacy of materials
the end of crucifixion

the desire to do everything or absolutely nothing.

marked over, x'd out
an act of vandalism on the things we love

but tears are always archival

halting writing

we have to maintain a rule of life,
owing nothing to anybody

if you're not ashamed of your writing
at least partially
then your writing resembles nothing
neither joan of arc nor anarchy

returning with the face of a murderer
or a modern encyclopaedist

upset by what i see,
unfortunately
“writing” or “power”
not joking or being dramatic

i, too, avoid the mirror

just responsibly blotting pages

a spectator assigned this as normal

a measurement:
how far is too far?

saying nothing has always been my favorite poetry
too many changes of feelings to keep track

memories of stepping on twenty dollar bills
and i still think about killing myself twice a day

you just write -
one chapter at a time

/ / /
surveillance books

realfakeoriginalcopyreplica

post-plagiarism project 1.2
dimitri karakostas

louisvuittonmoethennessey
dimitrikarakostas
i now ipad
not modern actually
it being older than most
reading pdfs
a general article
louis vuitton bootleg
the genuine article
or that is my understanding

slowly drunk sunday
so, me sweating
how to copy it all
always
maybe the shirt design says “fake”
“fake saint laurent”
conglomerates of luxury
murakami bootlegs ugh
i should print some paintings
and paint over the originals
and frame them
copyright karakostas

realfakeoriginalcopyreplica
oxidized to a dark honey
a fabulous rhetorical flourish
i’m sweating
i said i wasn’t going to drink
i guess i was wrong
what are you reading? i’m sorry

imitation representation reproduction
similarity reseblence
mimesis meaning copying
and all copies get made into
something other than the original

because it looks like it
or appears to be it
existence precedes essence
or how did the quote go?

maybe if the copy is not realized
it can be called original
an expression
i mean, who really wants to follow laws?
criminal activity is endlessly modern
how serious is the work being produced?
well, i'm taking it very seriously

simulacra, threaten, distort,
etcetera
a world of copies without originals
no platonic essence
essence less ness
dynamic traditions
dependant origination
what am i proposing here?
a key concept is
objects, subjects, emptiness
what i mean is
"this is a book"
and since i'm writing this down
i wrote it

voodoo doll resemblance
meaning
bearing little resemblance
at all
instead an effigy
no doubt desirable
designation, construction
a likeness, and so on
alikeness

suchness
one
in a flash
the ocean emerging
then falling back
samadhi, enlightenment, duality
i insist

what we mean when we say
a faithful copy:
things which have been in contact
with each other
continue to act
on each other
at a distance after the physical contact
has been severed

my fingerprints pressed into your skin,
your wrist, perhaps
the point where nonsensuous and sensuous converge
bonding, desire
vitality of spirit
our sameness
i have to have it!
if you put it on a t-shirt,
someone will buy it
LVMH, LHOOQ
(i get a kick out of you)

shoplifting, if you're good at it
right click, view source
walking around on garbage day
thrifting, torrenting
a mixtape means sequencing that's it
transformational value, i don't know
it's a complex system of bonding,
buying

“the same”
independent, empty, groundless
abundance, plenty, multitude
genuine imitation

return to work
take two
the iced-tea edition
identical, practically identical
postconsumer trash heap debris
neverending wordplay
born out of gang culture
graffiti, the last great plagiarism left
unfollow me if you disagree

expedia 27august->10september
expedia 19august->23august

the official marketplace of counter-culture
mostly defined by marginality
vagueness, manipulation
pure rhetoric
what is needed to affirm the autonomous and skilled
a featureless plane of
quasi-official status

what’s up tiger lily
hard copy
difference and repetition
after all
a copy is never an identical copy
it never is
unauthorized, understood
warez, samizdat
i write it myself
deception
a war-time tactic

cut with the kitchen knife
montage of attractions
things are as they are
or as they seem
naming the fragments
a temporary sense of unity
and together
a phenomenon, a trace
multiple choice
built to suit
do it your way
definitive evoking
productive hesitation

unstable units
attitudes, gestures, movements
a finite acknowledgement
past tense
talking about my life
working on X
cut and paste
patterns, arrangements

the same
while maintaining
a quantifiable difference
more than one
more and more
desire to belong
be a part of something
apart of something
with transcendent subtleties

structures, practices, problems
theft as a universal principle
copies of things
things themselves

and them someone comes along
and fucks it up for everybody

surveillance footage
twelve steps of dependent origination
more prevalent, less mimetic
still, improvisation
my nose is running, i notice it
mimicking behavior as if "relax"

my aim is true
"temporary
autonomous
zones"
i must have been 20, 21
subversive or participant
remarkable archive
a history
all for sale

no, free
situations, events, time
no value of it's own
only the value we attribute to it
some us, a them
me, i believe in love

participation
repropriation
deappropriation
misappropriation
exappropriation
unappropriable
renunciation?

disorderly
expensive

melancholy
massive
tall
broad
wide

it's disloyal to both things
when we say one is like the other

fetishizing progress
resisting sentimentality

struggling with words
ideas, concepts
hands up
i'm not resisting

seriously dense and illusion destroying

we reach justice
when we don't reach poetry

read books and forget them

someone is always working on a novel too close to me

and i'll never stop breaking the law for you.

/ / /
surveillance books

i have the proof, you'll have your revenge

post-plagiarism project 1.3
dimitri karakostas

fuck a big break, anyways
this is a hostile takeover

you, finnigan's wake
you, infinite jest
you, the rosy crucifixion

what i was saying the whole time i was writing graffiti:
i love repeating myself.

in the event of my accidental death: an instructional pdf
send my negatives to a MoCA
send my words to PS1
alexa gets everything i own
the clutter, lol
please take care of tennessee cat

i suppose you always think something is wrong, that's your charm
your schedule, conditions, zones
and yes, you feel sick somewhere new
in your body, the villain

a reasonable expectation of love

a windy day and healthy confusion about
what tasks to take on, at least you went outside
for coffee, water, cigarettes

hungry in a different way, now that
i'm not depressed
did i hear that right?

in indianapolis, where the ugly turn soft
you thankfully gaze at the lack of neon signage

i feel sorry for anyone following me
wind blackjack dealer shuffles unused canvases

stored on the back patio new studio, reminding you
it's not the kind of day to check the news

it's not that i've left, or am leaving

and to think, thousands of dollars at the very least

shower, sex, then eat

demineralized treated water
potassium bicarbonate

not to say i've been wasting time
or that the time has been a waste

meet, marry, it struck me, so
exhausted, quiet, therapy

oral sex in the event of an emergency

before i could go back to sleep

but who mythologized who?
living room organized coup
turned around 30
more than anything comforting
future continued to exist
asleep in dirty clothes pile
at the foot of the bed
it, too hot
still smiled immediate
various approaches to glory
recording
every way former selves
would respond to positivity
change my mind or
complicate everything

alexa, i want to have a baby
appropriate poolside conversation
stop

164 photographs must be enough
excitement is important
sex clap is clap a clap gang

please don't instagram this car crash

together or separate
22% loud

ok, so do you remember that time when you faked a broken wrist when you thought you were about to have a meltdown? was that faking the meltdown, do you think?

the candle burn vanilla scent dizzy on the loveseat and everything is annoying upon reflection doomed feeling is that all there is-ness

what was i thinking, nothing - you're just cute and what tequila shots do, they're doing.

she asked about the previous one's star sign and i couldn't remember i couldn't even remember what month she was born in
for real

do you remember fake pogs? and fake pokemon cards? and how serious of an offense that was?

why i stopped reading the news:
"exterminate them,"
not all of them, you know - just these few

a 40-ish man orders a vodka redbull and someone behinds him chuckles - "what year is this?" i know he wants to be hip but it comes off as obnoxious, a refusal to read the drink list - he gets

waved off by the bartender and the chuckling man behind orders a beer and a shot.

“i need to get something
for my pussy”
        it itches on the inside, idk
        i have a yeast infection probably
        i get them before my period sometimes
i understand it hurts
and now is not the time
but you’ve never looked more beautiful
shaving parmesano reggiano
into a saucepan

books i own will never read:
lonely planet’s “discover turkey.”
probably that’s it actually why was i going to turkey?

it being friday
i’m drinking juice about it
need me healthy
advil not helping
i think maybe depressed
i don’t know i’m tired
reservations get canceled
convertible car goes by, playing reggae
i would like to kenneth koch pdf instead
kids have kids and they eat freezies in july
print my reciept and leave

yellow red blue turning dirty
“is that how you like it?”
oh god what was i saying
if destruction can be sexy then
i’m - fucking - naked on a clamshell
drinking vodka sodas

an already love story
account history
“it’s in the code”
shortcuts, variable finding
or has the source been verified?

my thinking has gone confetti

if i’m clean, i’m wrong
reflections look hieroglyphic no,
zodiac and my hair can’t be short again
goodwill courtesy believing in distance

threats obscure
the appeared malaise

tigers, they call us
bearing calm witness
as rigid as rhythm
i address you as lover

for immediate release:
i am recently thirty
and thinking about having a family
(?!)
maybe
everybody’s serious but me

here are the facts
or, rather, the facts we have

why are you asking if you know damn well
it didn’t happen to me

but it could have

the material, the message,
the rhetoric, the accidental

“not in my backyard” style liberalism

the meaning changes as often as the
question gets asked

delete your browser history
as an original form of protest

manage your behavior in default mode

stop complaining
make a novel composed by retweets

break the law with someone you love -
if you really love them

i work for a living

what’s for sale these days?
everything? great.

my dude, your photo work ain’t that good -
but that isn’t my fault.

art criticism can’t exist in a world where everything is taken
personally

im interested in working around the information i have archived -
categorized -
and then reorganizing it based on my mood of the day.

what i mean is
do you understand what i’m saying?

work until it is yours
i call that “sweat equity”

it’s too dense, frustrating to read
well, cut down the words you don’t need

being a painter or a writer never seems like a proud thing -
paying your bills, taking care of your family, however...

i wasn’t too drunk i was busy $50 later y’all are dumb
i’m glad we are both drug free together
now sour but sorted

are you working or are you just drinking
and pretending to be quiet
on your phone
i can’t listen in the dark

“pretty enough words / paint a picture of us that works”
- who’s livejournal?

i’ve painted over several canvases i’ve paid for and didn’t like anymore.
i’ve painted over a lot of my own paintings, too.

i only write in red pens because everything is a mistake to begin with.
i want to clearly indicate those mistakes.

the more i read, the smarter i get.
the less i read, ???

the more i read, the more i write.

asking for permission is so 2017

meme poetics and the gender apology tour

translating poems from the french,
but i don't really think my french is that great
ok

my poems are now laughing in the street
my poems are making fun of you

all my bad habits are good poems

my poems won the world cup july 2018

the invention of the ship is also the invention of the shipwreck

rhythm is a joke
if you're using grown-up language

if you don't repeat yourself,
how can i take you take you
seriously seriously seriously
seriously seriously seriously

you're missing
"the point."

poetry has to proceed past the paywall

as frequent as a facebook status update

poems now going for as low as five megabytes on the dollar

this is the proper use for my love
hating mystery, looking for you white bike riding

xxx thumbnails loading

jazz as a bad sculpture
jazz i could do without

being a cheerleader
taking a u-turn
you're going to be sorry
love, a long time ago
escaped from "some place"
handcuffed 10/10
sand in your sneakers stay there
and WHAT can be done with the state of the house!
it's not the pharamcueticals i'm coming around to
today, being of use

i'm shaking give me a minute
keep the kindness in your heart
please be avocado toast considerate
i decided to make money
wisdom teeth jealous
dehydrated citrus peeling
flattened meadow i'm guessing
dress blossom printed
bloodless, beyond that
pulling the ink acrosss the fabirc
reveals the image
your joan of arc research
asleep during the day
seems weird now checking pockets

v for victory
u for you and me
a for after a while you forget it is summer

sudden completely different
i had a feeling
touching without seeing
twenty five twenty six twenty seven
early life and education
believing in ghosts is silly, believe me
leave the light on anyway

does this make me the other man
or is it the pillow
or paper written on
or a tijuana wandering, holding your hand
“don’t worry about a thing like that.”

spend the whole entire bike ride
looking backwards

making sure
you safe,

i run the red lights

i’m hormonal and i hate a man in uniform
when i yawn i’m bored
i see you on the sidewalk
am confused by
who i could be
was then
who?
things, working differently, glad did not,
now, me shop for lacroix and not drug dead
reminder of good i got, not
transparent umbrella cheap
again, i gotta ask you to stay on your side
of the street

“echo,”
meaning -
the rooster “cockadoodledoo”
        in english
also “cocorico”
        en francais

hesitating before each left turn
like that, you make a stain

i take your hand or
you take my hand or
you know the names
the natural, the real
the real world where wolves speak
not worth losing a finger so keep
your j'accuse to yourself
sneakers need to be cleaned
maestro, bad master
the landscape, dignified
"we always fail to talk"
about this post-situation understanding
under the volcano
of panic in slow-motion
you exist stretching your legs out
politely shown the door
as it was difficult to find
        apocalypse in hebrew is "gala"
        which means "to discover"
i have the proof, you'll have your revenge
the darkness inside you wants to buy a pair of shoes

i am not in the habit of asking anyone anything

what did i tell you
        - i told you
        - this always happens

the accident is never an accident
drinking a mojito if it's worth noticing
no affairs, just novels
you sphnix

i, beliving in my lucky star
you, wearing a thin linen dress
me, so quickly

a lover, a locksmith
six weeks behind this calendar

from a conceptual point of view,
i must be content

just visiting for the weekend
everybody is punk on saturday

decoding "do it yourself" ethos
into something that suits me

no essence of fixed things

drinking hot tea
on a hot day
explaining
black coffee
common statement
"like my lovers, like my soul"

black nikes, red swoosh,
"these must be my lucky shoes."

pepsi
colored
bruises

i read self-helf books just to prove i don't need them.
meditation, work, etc
nah, i'm ok
just making sure

author blogger book coach commissioning editor consultant freelancer ghostwriter editor journalist novelist poet screenwriter scribe songwriter speechwriter technical writer fuck html code writer
what else can i do

“in heaven,” she whispered,
“nobody rollerblades, longboards, or
bicycles on the sidewalk.”
“mmm.”
“everybody walks at a quick pace,
and every road is recently paved,
and skateboarding in traffic makes
sense.”
“mmmhhh.”
“regular skateboards, no stupid banana
boards or whatever. those are banned.”
“ohhhhh...”

the interesting parts of life aren’t worth writing,
these successful boredoms

read in a different context, it sounds like you’re describing class war

i don’t think i’ll ever write about grief
i’m just talking from experience

allergic to empires
novels
certainty

i prefer the ephermal
something profound already exists

everything starts with writers block
maybe internet work
how’s your book going
i’m behind
it’s polluting my thoughts
money pollutes my thoughts a lot
lately, maybe
5htp, bacopa
smart, still vomiting

how much worse can it get
what a stupid thing
how do we talk about this
enhancement of self
you're still talking about focus
no, commitment
to organization
apparently so
you've got a big day tomorrow
$100,000
you think
i just pull myself together
again and again
laptop hot
i cant imagine what would happen
sleeping on the ouch like old days
remember?
doing so much drugs
you were surprised you woke up
lol
you crazy
except now you're just
scared of the dark
i hope it doesn't happen to me
i'm overreacting
lol
big brown eyes
that's the way it works
always have a plan
even if the plan doesn't work
a gift, unearned
careless
rely on discretion
my left eye suddenly dry
sign i am tired
this movie wasn't terrible
but definitely not great

listen,
i'll take off my underwear and give them to you so you can use them as a bathing suit bottom.
this whole beach smells like bird shit.
come to me, just knee deep.
you've been picking your face, your nose pimple.

i should write a crime novel, a mystery - like that dude who wrote a cookbook or whatever.

the black magic bandit and his mind control methods of captivity.

picking people's pockets with your prose.

shifting in your seat
the image isn't loading
jingling your keys
wait, where did we see the google earth car?
bloor and christie?
i don't have the app, can i use your phone
it glitches so nicely
i bet we look so good
is this vampire weekend?
such fuck boys

dennis cooper is chuck palahniuk for people who pretend they don't like chuck p.

god, i bet people who drink orange wine love dennis cooper.

how did he end up on my 'to read' list?
the sluts? that book was the one. i haven't found it, but the others...

people around are, for the most part, nonthreatening
but obnoxious in their questions
and their phones beep too often
and they don't thank their server

emotionally taxing navigation
quote unquote
no reason

everyone agrees it's bullshit
such bullshit

i gotta boogie with the koalas

even if you're coercing me to say these things

sulking on the bathroom floor
yawning over a glass of wine

i'm disappointed, you know,
in these outfits and eyebrows
and i want to dry out at the beach
and out of breath come bedtime
and unset myself of sand in the shower
unknown number calling, nope -
let it go to voicemail no new messages
oh they'd have messaged if it was important
and you have to plan this vacation
find somewhere to read 'ulysses part two'
in public and maybe get a tattoo on my face
but not my throat

what have you learned,
reading your book on loneliness?

don't chantrelle mushroom me -
or bitter green

remember when you came in me, eyes locked no blinking?

all of them witches
pink or orange wristbands

people in their 30s

too many years
supressing a grin
calmly organizing things
waiting for your eyes to adjust

plato or socrates?
whichever was the least sexist

#esl

“never allow someone else’s no
to annihilate your yes.”

you, walking towards
me, smiling

constantly buying books

dangly earrings, macbook pro

absently looking elsewhere

i forget my glasses are on my face
i press my fingers on the lenses
oh, there they are
they’re on my face

i do this ten times a day

understanding the forgery first

it’s not that simple, and it’s not the whole story

hypnotic self-absorbtion

how often do i say
“top floor” or “penthouse”
instead of saying
“20th floor”

thief of time
enemy of promise

nobody can be sure of the exact laws.
the law changes too quickly.

i sit with elanor the aloe plant.
we wait for a miracle.

sophrosyne : self-control

breaking up careerism

claiming presence of the divine

if i got a tattoo that said, i don’t know,
“queer”
what would that make me, hmm?

i’ve always wanted to fail at writing a love story.

i’m concerned about becoming famous without having done anything.

one way to describe a person:
the most qualified for the job.

we understand that once your words are jotted down, they are no longer yours -
that they can be picked up by others.

what am i trying to say?
-all artists fetishize their own work, their working methods, their surroundings, those around them, them-selves

i consider the undeniable facts of self-preservation

the photographic imprint
-the images we remember
the photographic excess
-the 24 frames of the same thing

if your picture isn't good, you standing close enough

1) i have not brought many people with me to galleries or museums.
2) how does a nondrinker celebrate?
3) [...] at the height of his fame and anxiety

if i did everything i wanted to do, i'd probably be dead

we don't call police in my city -
we let people keep living

poking all the holes, still leaking

memorialized past
bittersweet flawed or pure
depending on my re-imagining

69 poems and lists

i have so much stuff to throw out
art is funny like that

a refusal to participate:
let your id expire, throw away your bank card

me: “excus-”
someone who just moved here: “yeah, it’s a tattoo of a snake. cool, huh.”

god i love you
god i’m hungry
god i’m tired
god i’m dizzy

you: having trouble at the bank
me: i told you so

every time you feel bad about yourself,
remember there are so many people
who haven’t read a book since
harry potter and the sorcerer’s stone

what can i repeat that sounds better the second time around?

is it egypt or my sinuses
that keeps me from breathing

“and you had best believe / that you cannot build what i don’t need.”

i thought i would write about food and booze and work like bourdain, and still wrote like me.

i thought i would write careless like kerouac, and still wrote like me.

i thought i would write spiteful prose like cohen, and still wrote like me.

i’m not sure if this is a good thing.

post-writing

print-based
detournment

richard prince's guggenheim retrospective

deny until i die

less emotional journalism
or more, maybe

a journal usually describes either very happy or very sad events
i'm more interested in the missing middle.

the less-interesting and unwritten.

the 24 hour workday unreality

a milestone's menu of freedom

can you delete that photo? no.

low-level productivity
loneliness-free routine

business cards need to be printed
failed journalism as memoir
experience as content

i have an eating disorder, so i don't sing for my supper

a situation,
a story -

as long as the underlying truth resonates
suffocating disappointment

nothing ever happens

hypothetical obstacles
where real life falls in the cracks
in miscellaneous order

“is” are” “were” “was”

so, i don’t speak french but i want to learn.
“but you’ve still not mastered english?”
i mean, right.

did i learn to be sensitive?

am i formally responsible for my own history?

contamination, again

i had a lot of advil,
is that why i’m disassociating?

if mad magazine
published poetry,
perhaps?

other people read differently

other people read other people’s work

“i’m studying memory.”
- my artist statement 2016-18
i’m not sure what i meant

you’re a hoarder, says my wife
you can’t help bringing home trash

but i might be able to use this

this is me using that trash

/ / /
surveillance books

probably ‘beautiful’ spelled wrong
selected tweets 2009–2014

post-plagiarism project 1.4
dimitri karakostas

When I die, I want somebody to compare me to '... a book that looks better with its pricetag ripped off.'

/

Flowerviolence

/

You Can't Ruined Nothing Perfect

/

You need it? Go get it. 7 days committed.

/

kisses are my currency

/

while you were here, we felt like new york.

/

'the honey will glisten if the sun is just right'

/

I'm better written down

/

I just assume we'll be rich tomorrow

/

I don't have to, but I'd like to

/

"Making love with you is like dying alone in the desert."

/

"It's a good idea, but that's about it."

/

Carlos William Carlos

/

in fancy denial

/

men have gone to heaven for less than this

/

it exists, by the way

/

Liveblogging my desire to die

/

I was young I needed the money

/

Working class creative non-violent criminalz live forever

don't make no plans anymore except to go away

/

there is great destructive, negative work to be done

/

only a rooster saying his prayers thanking his god for the hens upstairs

/

Let's Be Truant Tomorrow And Throw Our Futures Right In The Trash

/

'a who's who of who's no one...'

/

extreme equals mainstream

/

either leave me or love me alone

/

'whatever crew' bike gang. creating moderate anguish amongst ourselves.

/

aka my rarely entire life

as poet or asleep

/

probably ‘beautiful’ spelled wrong

/

“i just do whatever makes me happy and makes some people bummed.”

/

we did the math, it wasn’t worth it after all

/

Lattes and Ferlinghetti, rich man’s world.

/

Promise not to forget me on your dinosaur bone digging up trip.

/

Patio drunk + bookstore grime + champagne sword

/

“Love is a continual interrogation. I don’t know of a better definition of love.”

/

The Ball Street Journal

/

Hate cops / drop tags

/

“Make anxiety-based art; profit.”

/

‘my job as a poet is to bore myself.’

/

“That’s just the way you sleep.”

/

No more straightfoward statements 2011

/

If it wasn’t for arbitrary raptures, I’d never have sex with girls.

/

‘babies are geniuses- haven’t you seen that documentary
Baby Geniuses?’

/

‘so we found the guys we’re going to fight… I’m glad it happened
early.’

/

Kundera in a really strange foliage circle, waiting for slacker friends.

/

Like that scene in eyes wide shut where Tom cruise witnesses an orgy

/

Internet makes the rave come alive

/

Just generated a #TweetCloud, my top words are: fuck, fucking, dude

/

‘of course, everything looks bad if you remember it.’

/

#youre #actually #a #sociopath #and #not #that #pretty #or #clever #and#yes #this #is #about #you #and #not #somebody #i #adore

/

‘you’re going to regret the day you were born’ ‘I already do, it’s too close to Christmas.’

/

I write poems about how hard it is to be drunk and on Netflix.

/

‘I want us to go back to being complete fucking strangers.’

/

“Sense of Entitlement” is the worst perfume. #formenandwomen

NO REST TIL I IMPRESS (you, baby.)

/

how do you explain me to your mother?

/

‘let’s have a threesome - just the two of us’

/

sometimes i think of you everyday

/

Too pretty for prison

/

half-busy headache

/

get rich slow scheme

/

no pig deal

/

the easiest pencil to erase

/

you’re not stupid, you just do stupid things

i want to ruin everything

/

yeah well press the spacebar on your way out.

/

if it's not fixed, it's broken

/

analingus as my thesis

/

there is a light that was never turned on

/

i'd rather argue with you than to be with someone else

/

why do i... why do i um... so bad at things

/

'everything is going my way!' 'oh dear.'

/

This much! <----------
---------->

/

When the #rapture happens tomorrow, I hope Jesus has a ton of Gap jeans ready for me and my friends!

/

wow, i got drunk and tired

/ / /

sometime in 2016, i deleted all my tweets. like, 5k-ish.
i saved them first, though. a .csv file.

i didn't think about why i saved them, but i figured i could use them for something.

/

when i was younger, reading tweets at poetry readings seemed like a big "fuck you" to the idea of what a reading is supposed to be.

now, it's common.
or it feels common, rather.

a big "fuck you."

the last time i read tweets, i sat on the floor and read them on a cracked iphone 4.

/

how's that for a temporal reference?

/ / /
surveillance books
2018

the setting is a world where tupac was never killed

post-plagiarism project 1.5
dimitri karakostas

i know we will have to write cold weather poems soon perhaps we will have moved the patio furniture inside at this point and we will do grocery shopping every two days and we will stay indoors more often and we will have bought new pillows and a comforter for the bed and we will do laundry every two weeks - do we drink tea?

i'm tired of paying those late fees but i love the movie store it's because i love going to the book store. they're so close to each other that and i love the walk yes, whatever it is i'm looking for.

i am fidgety, it is noticeable is it not? not smoking? i probably have maybe six cigarettes allowed for the rest of the day as per my ten or less system. i did good at not smoking after sex last night. no smoking before bed. very good small steps. i'm going to spend a lot of money quitting smoking i am going to gain so much weight. coffee also sucks now anticipating the shakes. a better future, wouldn't that be nice?

nike jordan 1 breds size 9 s/s18 fucking awesome hat one size fits most nudie jeans 29 waist stussy tee medium menrad fmg k12 glasses if you don't post a photo of the rose you drank at lunch, technically you didn't drink it.

you are physically agitated you move around the seat trying to find a comfortable spot that doesn't exist. you dab sweat off your palm with a napkin, which you fold up and toss onto the floor. standing up, trying to find the breeze. when the whateverfish crudo arrives there are less jalapenos than last time. you suggest ice cream after lunch.

i just know something good is bound to happen. has the bleeding stopped? i can't use a knife, i was never taught or i wasn't paying attention. i yawn my eyes wander glitter panic i'm so stoked with nothing happens like a dream. often time, nothing happens in my dreams. often times, nothing happens. clean and white until my eyes close, nothing.

i love you i want to die i've never seen a wolf in real life.

don't take that shit, she said, knowing that was not the right thing to say. also, do you think they have redbull? what time is that visconti film? do you need anything from the bookstore? and what we're missing is something that is $50 an entree.

he won't pick up the phone at 17%, i don't want this iced coffee. so throw it out. i might want it later. press it, my buttons, dramatic, sunshine. come on, it's not like i killed your cat. the back of your neck. i want to go home. you always want to go home.

oh fuck i need to make more money jail time territory or truth are you thinking about maybe ordering take out and sitting in the park. are we not drinking today? should we have vegan acai bowls? should my iced coffee sweeten low-blood sugar loyal to real people i assume everyone thinks they should make more money, wasting time in a cafe.

it could be a ziplock bag lunch backpack future or maybe everyone idolizes the suicide-y writer familiarity, get lost! go away! iodine doom sweat linked time possibly little guilty pressure washed facts of life - losing your keys at the movie theatre.

next time you make me a latte, i want my milk burnt. you, flight booking maybe greece and also when is our vacation anyways. i don't want to change the world, i'm not looking for a new brunswick - a parent who names their child "colorado."

the setting is a world where tupac was never killed.
oh, this world.
shut up.

call tiff about your keys. how much kale juice can one man drink maybe i can stop drinking. then stop smoking. that makes sense. la camera stylo language. not surprised by this dismissal. the persecuted bad boy who's gone too far.

fuck a carbon tax we'll rent a car next time so we can go alone, or i'll get the money somehow. i mean, make everybody smile process film buy dv tapes rent a car the next time. no foreplay i'm hungry. no upgrades, sustaining bodily contact. you also need to buy a netbook or chromebook or macbook air or something. do i want to read on an ipad for the rest of my life? society, right? but i still need a vhs player a cassette recorder a new turntable. first person lyric mode.

the poisonous part of the peach doesn't exist.

i fucking hate when people complain about smoking or smokers i'm outside jesus christ endlessly policing other people wait, gabe how's your mom? tell her i love her when you gt the chance my god it's so hot right by the door. probably by the second date, i mean, the first date i knew, but the second date i was positive i had always loved you i just was waiting for you. ok so maybe just one coffee a day and no booze or just very little if possible.

that man was so inauthentic in his kookiness. have you ever been to nice? yeah. what did you see? everything. got money, don't want everything. returned with virtue and vice are you thinking of me? how unnecessary. no longer too young kissing cheeks smoking in your traveling clothes. i used to sit in cafes only when it rains now i'm not sure the difference between coffee and red wine mornings.

but i walk i check my steps on the iphone app probably twice a day. god i hate other people smiling in public, you're doing it again this annoying negative tone. the man in tortoise shell glasses maybe five feet away from me to my right is continually sucking yesterday's cocaine back into his throat with a "eeeEEECCcch" i'm familiar with no allergies. vermentino lovely reading advil still more horrible i must be in a bad mood but we have dinner reservations at 8:45 and a film to see at 6:15.

he tells a story of a woman was flirting whatever with him at the bar you know the one dundas and ossington annoying right and he

gestures to her wedding ring as a way to be like no thank you i see i'm not trying to get involved with a married woman and she, no lie, holds her hand up, puts her ring finger in her mouth, sucks the ring off, and SWALLOWS IT!

no way, that definitely didn't happen.

yeah, but it's a great story for your book.

no, it isn't. no way that's ending up in anything i write. in fact, i've already forgotten it.

the year was 1999 -
limp bizkit was telling eleven year old me to break stuff.
i agreed.

my legs need quite a bit of room, despite being short. actually, i fold them over each other tighty, i just shift my hips in a way that takes up extra space.

the issue: i need to walk more for mental health.
my iphone conveniently tells me how many steps i've walked, provided my phone is on and in my pocket. it doesn't really do much when i'm walking in circles at work. it's probably a gps thing.

he should work in a hot dog stand, where he can read about the amniotic fluids of aliens, is that a thing? well, whatever it is that he's been reading. fuck, i forgot these jeans were ripped. right here. it's barely noticeable. i notice it. i'm going to have a glass of wine while you set up the internet, is that ok? i don't really want it, i just want something. i only have a new brunswick license, is that ok? a gmail dot com email account and is this new website going to be new, even? same source code. different dot com, got it. i suppose when we have internet i'll sort it out. wow, we'll never leave the house. is that a resolution? oops, i spilled my wine researching home office solutions and the heaven's gate religious millenarian cult.

someone says “sexual exploration” like it’s a destination. like, a new england. auto erotic asphyxiation.

and are you thinking of photographing again? all those white walls and you are sure the world is different? egypt dies or someone eats cake. someone three hundred raps of iambic pentameter richer than me. a patio of 1 to 9 i can love your few hairs left post waxing put the book back down and buy lightbulbs and bodywash, i thought. you gotta see these helmut newton photographs they are just your taste. beyond the veil, beneath the paving stones. explaining the day wrong.

i made myself obnoxious thinking and researching food and drink and i forgot sex and and i forgot what i was doing i was never that hungry. i very much want to return to work.
a background as reporter, a background in occasional ease. a new translation: i don’t have enough blood that’s why i’m cold.

from the french.

2010 venezia guilia ribolla radikon. if hellraiser had a daughter. pinhead? material from a magazine, the cat getting fatter i still love her. did i bleed through my shorts oh my god i bled through my shorts. do you know how expensive these are? no, i don’t feel like tasting these wines right now. ok, yeah, nevermind. five hectare tempranillo 100 year old vines priorat red wine granite garnache no sulphites added. maybe food. kalixmoto redwine and coke. endive, north face, crab claw, tomato and cucumber. good work. ten books per proposal.

football, no, soccer. three impressions pronouncing the day cursed. i have made up my mind. generous cause for complaint lots of effort yeah, your plantless vase. f-i-r-e-i-n-c-a-i-r-o. i’ma keep it real with you chief, this ain’t it. are you hearing this? i am not surprised so i won’t claim to be. is this exclusive to the world of the visual or no, wait, what world? swipe right, you’re right. sooner than later eventually there’s no passion i want you to wait and see maybe.

when is talking ever good? therapy yawning girls in glasses drinking cava all wrong ideas themselves, each other, me especially. maybe i'll do something else. ah, that's too bad but you'll be back again a less emotional time you're never medicated six months, never, you're alone and you want to talk.

remove every trace except you can't get rid of the cat hair. i need, of course, more money and to die before you. someone orders steak tartare because they think it's fancy, maybe they just like it, maybe it is. nice place, yeah, a place i like. ask for things and i shall agree, i go through days fast or cat naps.

little jobs big jobs no jobs, you outlined in the dark. last year, the summer we met, well, end of summer, i do smell you at sunset. the tuna crudo arrives at my stomach ache apex not even breathing my back hurts. no, not really. it just looks good on instagram. please take a photo for me, lol. maybe it's possible to perform this ritual repeated, something, the landscape always expressionist, maybe. hair c/o paris 1924 or before i took this words and recognized them as my own. four dada suicides, oh you've scared me.

you yawn you yawn a lot you can't control you being tired even though you slept, what, 4am-11am that's a reasonable amount of time? you didn't even do much, just lunch and went to the record store and had coffee, now you're sitting in the window waiting for someone to come in maybe reading a bit of the paris review. it's open, but probably on your cell phone. drinking beet juice which i hear is good for you you googled it. also improves sexual performance, which could be useful. you watch a woman in a yellow dress cycle the wrong way in fairly busy traffic all james brown songs sound the same, all "owww" again and again. it is quarter after seven and a couple walks in, breaking my train of thought.

i make a hair appointment for 12:30, tuesday. i remember kissing, being kissed. i still feel stomach sick i forgot to bring my phone charger i'm working on a talk piece i'm just writing what i'm talking.

people seem nervous ordering drinks they unsure of what is perhaps worth trying or cool, maybe that's not it maybe it's all just unfamiliar i'm just being mean. i spent too many years alcoholic flaneur i assumed, part of a better living life but followed, following. if i seriously study i assume i will die two $800 cheques monday august 27th how did i spend a thousand bucks so fast my god. public space to write in but sober, fifteen portraits of me. i am sure my eyes graze agnes varda or marker oh did i make plans for tonight? do i clean the house and rebuild the darkroom and listen to your new records obsess cinema after dark?

a lack of ambition that great passion passing i've been lingering on whatever work i've been unfocused on and yeah the house must be cleaned tonight and laundry tomorrow as that's what i've put in my schedule.

i have until september 10th to get my life together organized what a fucking joke. i just have nothing better to do and i hate the word "fascinating." saturday 2pm cancel coffee to work on the other collection that's more important. i've been thinking 35mm i yawn at environmental restrictions is the summer gone slow sugar simple syrup days and nights until strolling becomes drifting? studying closeness what can be captured alone talking to myself? good legs good ears good eyes psychotic stenographer of the idle canon i used to say i was a hunter instead of a gatherer when it came to taking photographs, if i don't go out i don't work - maybe that's how i write too. new anxiety: unlocked!

italics assisted catalog of the city i can read for another hour
and walk home and keep reading until it becomes pathological
only what i want to read 100 pages at a time, assuring quotas.
the uncomfortable woman from earlier asks me what i'm writing
about: "culture." my walk home requires a stop at the fruit market,
wednesday pay rent phone bill.

oh honey don't flatter yourself guess who got arrested at six am
last night who? a misunderstanding of course embarrassed doing a

crossword puzzle reading hemingway in 2018 i mean you wouldn't post that on social media charge your phone again what are your plans for later? i must buy some pants a new exercise book unhappy one must suppose the catalyst for behavior simple "difference" no, you're escapist. mechanical moving useless and claiming prose lulls in mania my god you're heidegger in nikes.

reportedly making the worst choices worrying about perfect recreational drama you can do it single minded temeperature long hair kissing shoulders and if i hold your neck just right it feels like you'll never leave me. this is easy to observe maybe this is the purpose proof i can't ignore your topography only crossing the river for business or love. a stomping man bald breaks my focus as he struggles to find the washroom la joie du malheur i keep staring outside experience glance i don't need to imagine oh i haven't gone to the grocery store yet craving morning baked something also arugula. i spend so much money, ah, i'm ordering steak peach salad instead to be fair, it sounds amazing. i look at blue jays tv passing and i don't care this year i get offered a photo job i consider it maybe i'll be in touch next week setting up a new life with new habits, traditions. whatever is all grey i keep staring.

i think suicide, i mean, if we are, whatever, linear.

i love piano music and noise i should see if someone wants to get drinks i should watch a movie and go to sleep i'm trying to remember events. i need to shave i shave every three weeks and i'm craving an oatmeal cookie what was i thinking about? high on leaving places most familiar bad no business i mean no harm, the only person eating alone prenez soin de vous, no new juice. same bad habits with nothing to finish, this coffee makes me feel yuck foggy, imagine me some place with something to do i wouldn't be doing this you're not doing it right why you ever slow down, i want to get off.

safe vulnerable public in public it's different though, isn't it? i suspect organized disaster beta keratin i'm coming to see you but i'm not moving again, walking in fear of falling down. i've nobody to

bother with my bad breath. how how how how how how do i make this house look like you'll be happy?

fussy rewarding good bad or the other thing all too much at once 3:55 163 pages deja vu why am i buying furniture without you? what is important to me, time leisure money thinking, no immediate responsibilities and no place ambition ill at ease suspicious headache sunburnt variety cute! feel nothing blurring learned from wandering secrets, work resolution douleur exquise never enough in high definition.

for as long as i've been working i've been smoking i can't imagine the idea of writing without cigarette breaks, without taking the break if i can't focus i might step outside just to remind myself that there is nothing to see.

/ / /
surveillance books
2018

24 hour workday unreality

post-plagiarism project 1.6
dimitri karakostas

This film should be 8-25 minutes long.
One or two ideas, kept simple.
Mostly regarding fieldwork.

Audio should be compilations of assorted people reciting lines.
Recorded on iphone so all the same quality.
Sometimes overdubbed (2x people saying the same thing)
Use a variety of people.

Intro shot
*/spraypaint, slowmo, into air at night. Blue? (no)
*/open book, top shot - > spraypaint blue into center

it has to mean something.
I generally don't listen to the choir while they're singing.
did you find yourself crying at the doorstep of a mosque?
there is a man,
and a dog
this time

do you believe in love?
well, it just hasn't happened to me yet.
How can I be sure if I know? I usually just think I know.
*/sitting reading at food court, empty – varsity perhaps?
*/shot of book in between legs, fingers running through the pages / low light
a relationship that reads less like an instruction manual, and more like a poem

the importance passes
let us begin again

What does my face telling you when you say you love me?
*slo-mo of scrunched smile face, maybe
*general smily faces, in the street
I'm never sure, my face acts independently.
My eyes betray my better intentions.

I'm bored of my lips.
it's our nose, darling
my face is an accident
the other more foreign
I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you,
you're who I remember you being.
blame your memory, not me
after all, who was it you swore to be true to?

I remember you cold, I told you not to bring a scarf
the warmth seemed promised

when do I see you again?
SPECULATION
will you love me forever
SPECULATION
and yet my line of questions is all set only for speculative answers
but love is sharing cigarettes and food,
and sleep
and wanting to not die
just quite yet
loving you without doom
new, with no point of reference
more immediately, ecstasy
further even, death

I sigh, meeting your mouth at the most exasperated end
lipsticked

the orgasm, postponed
you, the landscape

I'm as comfortable as can be
life as unremarkable as it is fine
deliberate saying nothing speaking

you're adorable, I need to write.
I need to write, you're adorable.

*/doing makeup
the retouching, like prose
*/staring beyond newspaper
I love the whole person
*/newspaper held in windshield wiper
le journaliste, en amour

how do you record silence?
desire is enough to keep death at bay
surely it's better the devil you know
thou shalt not suffer a witch to live
like none of this ever happened

I think about you, you elsewhere
and I stay
and absence makes the heart
grow fonder?
makes the heart
hurt
but time multiplied by distance
speed multiplied by time
equals distance
equals desire
our math *both m/f say at same time

I think I biologically need you
I meteorically expect you to
*/botanical garden shot, slowed down gradually to like 5fps

is my nose bleeding or are you happy to see me?

I've always felt doomed
even in moments of pleasure?
the knowledge of the end lingers

and the orgasm?
an emotional atom bomb
how would I explain our relationship to a stranger
essential love
as in
is this essentially love

neutral spirits
gin and tonic daytime
it doesn't count
the Switzerland of day drinking

what did you dream?
you coughed yourself awake
again
you coughed yourself awake then had a cigarette in the hallway
your point?
keep your earplugs in for me
I experience the apocalypse in fragments
*/aerial shot of bombing / war filmed off computer
we only know slowness by the calendar
*/

When I laugh, I sorta feel like puking.
But I have the flu, and maybe I'm in love.

"well, it's just that I've never felt like I've been loved the way that I wanted."
"feel free to change your definition."

I don't want to ruin it by making it a thing about other people
maybe this time it can be about us

how come when you give yourself a hickey it doesn't feel the same?
*someone sucking on their wrist
I'm just as reflexive in my moods
overall more stable

no wounds to lick
*mouth shot
terms of convienence
conditions of failure

*same gestures reshot at slightly different angles like an inch over
*fast shot / reverse shot

*/passing a book around
maybe we'll get married
maybe we'll never see each other again

*woman talking, no audio, face
*shot of same person talking, back of head

*color swatches on desk
A noir
E blanc
I rouge
U vert
*straight shot holding this swatch
O bleu
*sky, Gatorade, spraypaint, more blue
/*black
oh you
i get a kick out of you

what are you actually thinking of?
/*/endblack

(this is the ending shot)
*shot, painting drying, being applied, canvas moving through the street
I prefer this palate,
this temporary set of things. *paint gets blended
I would prefer not to start over. *painted canvas gets white streaks in the middle

hello, real person
as if saying it makes you real,
this real

shot grabbing breast in cafe
“I love you I’m sorry”

Oct 28/2017

Mr. Von Trier,

The film I have been currently working on, "Aucun Certain Regard," has been going well. Decently well, I mean. Reasonably well.

I have been working on this film while trying to honor the sacred Vow of Chastity before I realized that my film has been on DV. DV being no aesthetic consideration – it's a truth for a film with minimal budget.

It's quite a problem.

However, I realize there have been exceptions.
example:
Korine's Julien Donkey-Boy uses overlaid sound in the intro montage, which goes against the tract – yet this film has been approved under Dogme 95 specifications.

Seeing as though the rules perhaps may be malleable, I must ask if my format may be approved as a viable media in 2017.

If not, if the film is projected and recaptured on Academy 35 – if this an acceptable bypass?

Looking forward to taking my vows,
if not now, then.

Sincerely,
Dimitri Karakostas

730 Dovercourt, Toronto
###

"Kidnapping"
Situation du Cinema Instagram

"I like cinemascope, it wasn't made for people – it's only good for snakes and funerals." - FL

"The Greeks gave us logic. We owe them for that. It was Aristotle who came up with the big 'therefore'. As in, 'You don't love me any more, therefore . . . ' Or, 'I found you in bed with another man, therefore . . . ' We use this word millions of times, to make our most important decisions. It's about time we started paying for it." - JLG

opening line:
"I just don't understand."
closing line:
"therefore, we must remain *complicit*[1] to the bitter end."

focus:
"Other things could just have easily happened, then we would have had a different film."

"the greatest independent filmmakers of our age are shooting cats sleeping, or people falling off buildings."

-putting 4x6s on a table, arranging them, storyboarding
"the narrative leads nowhere. the images, however pretty, are the only thing worth saving."

notes:
-there can be no music. the focus must be on ambient noise.

[1] complicit not lucid, yes

delayed film for Rhodia 2017

I don't like my notebooks to live that long.
I usually have three or four notebooks on the go at any time,
as I find this crucial to keep work fresh.

Sometimes I feel like I haven't found the right sized notebook for whatever it is that i'm working on.

Currently:
bloc rhodia #12 3.3x4.7cm
for lists and small notes on potential work
usually kept in jacket pocket

speedball bienfang sketch, 5.5x8.5in
more comprehensive lists and agenda
essay outlines, designs for print and web,
labeled 'logic' on the cover
kept on me almost always

bloc rhodia 'notebook' 22.5x29.7cm
formal first drafts
storyboards
allowed to go to the coffee shop then immediately
returned home

These three sizes and organizations of content I find critical to maintain a level of control over my life and work Even though I rarely focus on the to-do lists, I find it important that it exists – however uncrossed. The cross notebook platform usually ensures that something truly important doesn't get lost – it might wind up in all three notebooks as the idea evolves.

This system allows for a cycle of transcribing that tends to help keep work fresh: approximately every two weeks a notebook gets transcribed to the last written page. The used pages are then taped up, effectively creating a new notebook unburdened by old ideas.

Current examples of which include:

white rhodia, 33 pages remaining.

Often times the notebook reaches its psychic end before it has been filled. It just feels impossible to write in. It sits open and nothing changes on the blank pages.

A judgment call must be made- to seal and store it away, or allow it to hang around, forever unfinished?

These notebooks have exhausted their purpose, and therefore must be retired in order to make room for fresh content.

Some things are finished, other things are just done.

a film based on a formula
an artist, no, a writer,
longs for someone stationed in france,
no, rural north America,
the writer poses several scenarios of how things could work out
-most of them involving THEM working out
on paper, it seems plausible,
but the prose is unsatisfactory
and the story lacks structure
so what usually happens, happened
nothing
the script was fine but the film doesn't get made
after all, it was mostly images of a pretty girl smoking, reading, and eventually being bothered.

c'est comme ça, point barre

Scene: *I want you to stop talking to me.*

(stop sign side screen with car crashed into it)

I was laying in bed after engaging in a voracious lovemaking session (crowd screams and dub sirens etc) yeah yeah and after realizing I was not going to climax and that it was seven in the morning and I had no drugs left I decided it was time to go to sleep. Right? So I roll over and wrap myself up in the blankets (side screen rolls clip of me rolling over and wrapping my self up) and my partner continued to try to chat. And I'm like, hey, i'm sleeping here. (cheering) right guys? (howls) right? (dogs barking) and i'm just like i'm sleeping here (dmx song plays) right? and she gets mad and leaves and won't return my calls and i'm getting worried. I mean I miss her a lot. She means the world to me. She's my everything. So call me. Please. Return my texts at least let me know you're okay. If you're into that sort of thing.

Scene: *I'm fairly sure my drug dealer got arrested*

(me wearing tiny glasses)

So it is a sad day here, on this show, in this place. I haven't heard from my drug dealer in four or five days so I assume he is dead or in jail because he wouldn't just ignore me, I pay my bills, I do right by him I think. I mean like, I think I'm too old to get a new drug dealer. I can't imagine starting over. This is really hard for me. If you are a nice boy drug dealer that isn't interested in murdering me I suppose you can text me or call me I mean like, anytime, just hit me up.

(phone number flashes on screen)

Scene: *drinking problem*

(cool people spring break drinking)

I believe I have a drinking problem. (crowd laughs) (someone throws water in my face) (first synth key of nothing compares to you repeats) (scene cuts to me wearing small glasses) just kidding don't worry about me haha hey! (Seinfeld theme starts and gets bitsmashed)

Scene: *simple things*

(head in hands) (handjob thing in screen)

I just want… simple things, you know, handjobs in the back of a cab on our way to go eat noodles or taco bell, yeah, just not even the whole way: just a bit. A couple tugs. That is a thing I would like to happen. I think that could happen to me.

(me laying on the ground)

Scene: *THINGS I HATE*

(Spin around in chair real fast)

Three things I freakin hate
1 octopus taste and sometimes that includes mushroom taste
2 being alone in a crowded room or in an alone room
3
“fucking look at this mess
eberutjomg is wrpmg
disaster
fuck
this isn’t my fucking idea”

Scene: *Plant Montage*

succulents
more like
succ
my
lance

(text overlaid on screen)

with mmm whatcha say imogen heap song playing also

Scene:

If you would like to engage in protected sex with this man, press 1

(Stock footage of man throwing phone away)

Scene: *perverts guide to instagram*

THE MATERIAL FORCE OF INSTAGRAM
MAKES ME NOT SEE WHAT I AM EFFECTIVELY
EATING.

IT'S NOT ONLY OUR REALITY WHICH
ENSLAVES US.

THE TRAGEDY OF OUR
PREDICAMENT WHEN WE ARE USING
INSTRAGRAM IS THAT WHEN WE THINK
THAT WE ESCAPE IT INTO OUR DREAMS,
AT THAT POINT WE ARE WITHIN INSTAGRAM.

a treatment for a rap video

for this project we will require two camera people: me, henceforth referred to as “camera a;” and another, “camera b.”

ideally, this would be shot on dv with two sony vx2000s. camera a would be equipped with a century optics mkii .3x ultra fisheye, camera b would be entirely stock. perhaps a lens hood.

the artist and their pals would be walking three steps forward towards camera a and then five steps backwards in rhythm with the song. camera a follows close from a low point of view, pointing upwards. they look heroic, massive. their gestures wild, emphasized with the fisheye distortion. they lip sync their words perfectly. this is being shot on a busy street. perhaps queen. camera b follows about ten feet back, observing all the action and the gazes of the onlookers simultaneously. the pedestrians are unsure what to make of the situation.

“who are these guys?” they wonder.

this continues for three minutes or whatever the duration of the song is, rather.

they are draped in all white and the shots are overexposed.

aucun certain regard

a girl is in a cafe, coffee, minding her own business
text over and overdub:
“everything is about a girl, reading, waiting to be bothered”
(title cards) what -> happens -> next

the cinema cut and paste must keep a certain level of original content. we can find the happy medium, i’m sure.

there is nobody i feel can recite the lines. the words aren’t difficult, but perhaps they are better read?

this film started as an essay, which made more sense as a novel, which maybe works as a film. nobody is going to read an essay. i’ll be lucky if people read the subtitles. who can i get to narrate this film? nobody wants to do that. no favors will be honored for this task. so what. the next film will have actors, yeah, with love poems caught in their throat.

what came first, infinity or the void?
(throwing books on floor [wcf],
food coloring in bowl[inf], coffee in same bowl[void])

with a little effort, it’s easy to forget (shots of buffed graffiti)
or to remember (catching tag over buffed piece)
whichever you prefer

i refuse to let the novel interfere with the film

why did you send me a photograph of your bookshelf?
i thought we were sexting

what is it that you're looking for?
SENSITIVE FEATURES
something you lack?
UNINTERRUPTED SLEEP

i always start sunday the same way. no shower, no coffee, lingering slowly around the house. get up, clothes on, walk east towards the bookstores. usually, i'm not explicitly looking for any one thing. the walk is the reward. clear head, focus. it's become more than routine: part of the meditation required for restoring reason into the week.

you have to stand still
to really appreciate the eclipse, you have to stand motionless-
barely breathing, trying to focus on the white dot moving slowly
over unnatural black sky.
i couldn't see anything. a by-product of far-sightedness, perhaps?
i handed my special glasses away, they weren't doing me any good.
you have to stand still
to really appreciate the eclipse
all heads pointed skywards
you have to stand still

detachment

this is a film about a couple breaking up.

“separation anxiety”

shot: glass of wine being poured, brad picks up in hand with three fingers and carries it to a table. camera pans left where actor sits alone. this new POV is the dominant shot (think the pendulum shot, godard).

the man yawns, the screen shows:
“a yawn is an afterthought of love”

(points, beyond here, are useless and this project has been long abandoned due to creative differences with former collaborators.)

this was just a surrealist film about cutting up lovers.

“this isn’t love. this is something else.”
“yeah, it’s chianti.”

this is always what happens

a sex scene
an attack
an attack
a sex scene
a car chase
a stand-off
the characters get paired off
a twist
a subtle difference
someone bursts out laughing

///
surveillance books
2018

SOMETIMES THERE IS NO NEXT TIME

NO FEAR SLOGANS
OR
JENNY HOLZER
TRUISMS
OR MAYBE
MY OWN
APHORISMS
I'M NOT EVEN SURE
WHAT THE DIFFERENCE
IS ANYMORE

post-plagiarism project 1.7
dimitri karakostas

THE THOUGHT OF LOSING NEVER CROSSES MY MIND.
I KNOW MY ABILITIES AND THEY WONT LET ME DOWN.
YOU MUST ALWAYS PUSH THE LIMITS, BECAUSE IF YOU NEVER FAIL, YOU WILL NEVER SUCCEED.
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, IT'S THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE DOG.
THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS WILL ALWAYS BE A STRAIGHT LINE.
ITS NOT THE PACE OF LIFE THAT CONCERNS ME, ITS THE SUDDEN STOP AT THE END.
I'VE NEVER LOST, I'VE JUST BEEN A LITTLE BIT BEHIND WHEN THE TIME RAN OUT.
ALL MEN ARE GREAT IN THEIR DREAMS, REALITY JUST NARROWS THE COMPETITION.
IT IS FAR BETTER TO HAVE PLAYED AND LOST, THEN NOT TO HAVE PLAYED AT ALL.
I LIVE WITH FEAR EVERYDAY, BUT ON THE WEEKENDS SHE LETS ME PLAY GOLF.
AROUND YOU. OVER YOU. THROUGH YOU. WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET HERE.
IF YOU'RE NOT LIVING ON THE EDGE, YOU'RE TAKING UP TO MUCH SPACE.
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WORSE THAN LOSING, AND THAT'S QUITING.
THE MORE YOU SWEAT IN PRACTICE, THE LESS YOU BLEED ON GAME DAY.
THE ONLY PLACE CHAMPION COMES BEFORE PAIN IS IN THE DICTIONARY.
I'M STRONGER, FASTER, YOUNGER, AND I PRACTICE WHILE YOU SLEEP.
LOSING IS FOR THOSE WHO ARE AFRAID TO RISK EVERY-THING TO WIN.
COMMITMENT ISN'T THE TIME YOU SPEND, IT'S THE LINE YOU CROSS.
THE SKY'S NOT THE LIMIT. THE GROUND IS, SO SHUT UP AND JUMP.

THE THOUGHT OF LOSING NEVER CROSSES MY MIND.
I KNOW MY ABILITIES AND THEY WONT LET ME DOWN.
YOU MUST ALWAYS PUSH THE LIMITS, BECAUSE IF YOU NEVER FAIL, YOU WILL NEVER SUCCEED.
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, IT'S THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE DOG.
THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS WILL ALWAYS BE A STRAIGHT LINE.
ITS NOT THE PACE OF LIFE THAT CONCERNS ME, ITS THE SUDDEN STOP AT THE END.
I'VE NEVER LOST, I'VE JUST BEEN A LITTLE BIT BEHIND WHEN THE TIME RAN OUT.
ALL MEN ARE GREAT IN THEIR DREAMS, REALITY JUST NARROWS THE COMPETITION.
IT IS FAR BETTER TO HAVE PLAYED AND LOST, THEN NOT TO HAVE PLAYED AT ALL.
I LIVE WITH FEAR EVERYDAY, BUT ON THE WEEKENDS SHE LETS ME PLAY GOLF.
AROUND YOU. OVER YOU. THROUGH YOU. WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET HERE.
IF YOU'RE NOT LIVING ON THE EDGE, YOU'RE TAKING UP TO MUCH SPACE.
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING WORSE THAN LOSING, AND THAT'S QUITING.
THE MORE YOU SWEAT IN PRACTICE, THE LESS YOU BLEED ON GAME DAY.
THE ONLY PLACE CHAMPION COMES BEFORE PAIN IS IN THE DICTIONARY.
I'M STRONGER, FASTER, YOUNGER, AND I PRACTICE WHILE YOU SLEEP.
LOSING IS FOR THOSE WHO ARE AFRAID TO RISK EVERY-THING TO WIN.
COMMITMENT ISN'T THE TIME YOU SPEND, IT'S THE LINE YOU CROSS.
THE SKY'S NOT THE LIMIT. THE GROUND IS, SO SHUT UP AND JUMP.

EVOLVE OR DIE.
FEAR LIES.
ADRENALINE. EITHER YOU CHOKE ON IT OR THIRST FOR IT.
ALL LOSERS HAD ONE THING BEFORE THEY LOST, A CHANCE.
A BRAVE MAN IS NOT A MAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID, BUT ONE WHOSE WILL IS STRONGER THAN HIS FEAR.
A DREAM IS A MANS ONLY TRUE POSSESSION.
A MOMENTS HESITATION AND VICTORY IS GONE.
ARE YOU COMMITED OR JUST INVOLVED?
A BUMP IN THE ROAD IS EITHER AN OBSTACLE TO BE FOUGHT OR AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE ENJOYED, IT IS ALL UP TO YOU.
BEATEN PATHS ARE FOR BEATEN MEN.
BONES HEAL, RECORDS DON'T.
BLESSED ARE THE LOSERS, FOR THEY DETERMINE THE WINNERS.
FEARLESS BY CHOICE, NOT BY CHANCE.
FEAR HAS MANY FACES. MINE WILL NEVER BE ONE OF THEM.
IF IT WERE JUST ABOUT ATTITUDE, EVERYONE WOULD HAVE IT.
FEW LEAD, MANY FOLLOW, BUT ONLY ONE GOES OVER THE TOP.
IN SPORT, AS IN LIFE, THE REAL OPPONENT IS WITHIN.
HOCKEY KEEPS THE TOOTH FAIRY EMPLOYED.
DISPOSE OF YOUR FEAR, GIVE IT TO YOUR OPPONENT.
FOR EVERY DROP OF SWEAT, FOR EVERY LIMIT PUSHED, FOR EVERY BARRIER BROKEN. FEAR HAD NO PART.
FROM ZERO TO HERO.
FEAR IS THE UNKNOWN WORD.
FEAR HAS KILLED MORE MEN THAN TIME.
CHASE YOUR DREAM NOT YOUR SHADOW.
FOR EVERY BATTLE THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY, NOW PICK UP YOUR TEETH AND GO HOME.
FEAR IS NO OPPOSITION. IT'S PAYBACK.

DIRT STAINS, GRASS STAINS, SWEAT STAINS, BLOOD STAINS - WHICH LEVEL DO YOU WANNA PLAY ON?
HEAVEN IS LIVING IN YOUR HOPES, HELL IS LIVING IN YOUR FEARS.
DEATH IS NATURES WAY OF TELLING YOU TO SLOW DOWN.
FEAR, THE THIEF OF DREAMS.
EITHER YOU KNOW HOW TO SUFFER, OR YOU LOSE.
DON'T LET YOUR DREAMS SLIP THROUGH YOUR HANDS.
HAVE NO HEROES, LOOK UP TO NO-ONE, FOR IF YOU DO, THE BEST YOU'LL EVER BE IS SECOND.
FEAR TASTES LIKE CHICKEN - NO FEAR.
IF YOU CAN'T WIN, DON'T PLAY.
GOT FEAR?? OR ARE JUST CHOKING ON YOUR COOKIES.
IF YOU'RE NOT OUT THERE TO WIN, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL BE.
FEAR TORTURES THE WEAK.
IF YOU ASK YOURSELF WHY?, YOU HAVE NO PLACE HERE.
BLOOD MAKES GREAT MOUTHWASH.
99 YARDS, 2 FEET 11 INCHES. ARE YOU GOING TO KNOCK ON THE DOOR, OR JUST KICK IT DOWN?
A CHAMPION IS ONE WHO GETS UP, EVEN IF HE CAN'T!
ARE YOU AFRAID OF DYING OR JUST AFRAID OF LIVING?
ARE YOU AFRAID TO DIE? OR JUST AFRAID TO LIVE?
ALL MEN ARE GREAT IN THEIR DREAMS...REALITY JUST NARROWS THE COMPETITION.
A MAN IS ONLY AS BIG AS THE DREAM HE DARES TO LIVE.
AT 200MPH YOU HAVE NO FRIENDS.
ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, MOST DEFINITELY, WITHOUT A DOUBT, NO FEAR (NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT!)
A SECOND COULD MEAN Second.
A TRUE TEST OF ONES COURAGE LIES NOT ONLY IN THE HEART, BUT DIRECTLY IN BETWEEN THE LEGS.
A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO.
A BUMP IN THE ROAD IS EITHER AN OBSTACLE TO BE FOUGHT OR AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE ENJOYED...IT IS ALL UP TO YOU.

ALWAYS MAKE EYE (with the eyes) CONTACT.
ALL LOSERS HAD ONE THING BEFORE THEY LOST...A CHANCE! YEAH, NO FEAR.
A BRAVE MAN IS NOT A MAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID, BUT ONE WHOSE WILL IS STRONGER THAN HIS FEAR.
A DREAM IS A MANS ONLY TRUE POSSESSION.
A MOMENTS HESITATION AND VICTORY IS GONE.
ACTION FIGURE NOT INCLUDED.
ARE YOU COMMITED OR JUST INVOLVED.
BEEN THERE WRECKED THAT.
BEEN SCARED SHITLESS LATELY?
NO FEAR DANGEROUS SPORTS GEAR.
BEATEN PATHS ARE FOR BEATEN MEN.
BEEN THERE, DONE THAT...HAVE THE T-SHIRT.
BROKEN STICK. IF YOU THINK THIS IS BAD, YOU SHOULD SEE THE PUCK!
BONES HEAL, RECORDS DON'T.
BALLS: A.K.A. COJ'ONES YOU SHOULD HAVE SEVERAL, PREFERABLEY BRASS OR STEEL.
BLESSED ARE THE LOSERS, FOR THEY DETERMINE THE WINNERS.
BEAT ALL YOU CAN BEAT.
BEAT YOUR FEARS WITH A BIG NASTY STICK.
BLACK ICE IS JUST AS NICE.
BORN TO RACE. NO FEAR.
BALLS: EXTRA LARGE.
BLACK BISCUIT, HEAT AND SERVE.
BLOOD MAKES GREAT MOUTHWASH.
BULL RIDING, WHERE YOUR ONLY FRIEND IS A GUY DRESSED UP LIKE A CLOWN.
BALLS. GOLF, BASEBALL, EIGHT, TENNIS, CRICKET, BOWLING, VOLLEY, BASKET. TOO BAD THERE ARE ONLY TWO THAT REALLY COUNT.
CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, 4TH AND GOAL, TIME LEFT 0:01 DOWN BY SIX – NO FEAR.
COMMITMENT ISN'T THE TIME YOU SPEND, IT'S THE LINE YOU CROSS.

CHECK YOUR FEAR AT THE DOOR.
COME OUT AND PLAY, I'M WAITING.
CASH OR CRASH.
CLOSE ONLY COUNTS IN HORSESHOES.
CHASE YOUR DREAM NOT YOUR SHADOW.
DEATH IS NATURES WAY OF TELLING YOU TO SLOW DOWN.
DISPOSE OF YOUR FEAR, GIVE IT TO YOUR OPPONENT.
DIVE DEEP...FEAR NOTHING.
DON'T BE SUCH A PUSSY.
DOES NOT PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS...IT SEEMS OTHERS HAVE A PROBLEM WITH LOSING.
DON'T BE ONE OF THE CROWD.
DIVE DEEP...DIVE HARD...FEAR NOTHING.
DON'T DREAM IT...BE IT.
DON'T LET YOUR DREAMS SLIP THROUGH YOUR HANDS.
DON'T PURSUE YOUR DREAMS, CHASE 'EM DOWN AND TACKLE 'EM.
DON'T LET YOUR FEARS STAND IN THE WAY OF YOUR DREAMS.
(Picture of a spine) DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT!.
DIRTSTAINS, GRASSTAINS, SWEATSTAINS, BLOODSTAINS - WHICH LEVEL DO YOU WANNA PLAY ON?
EVERYBODY WANTS A PIECE OF JOHN BARNES...HIS MIND IS ALREADY TAKEN.
EVERYBODY WHO LIVES DIES, BUT NOT EVERYONE THAT DIES HAS LIVED.
EITHER YOU KNOW HOW TO SUFFER, OR YOU LOSE.
FEAR IS THE UNKNOWN WORD..
FEAR. . .THE THIEF OF DREAMS.
FEARLESS BY CHOICE, NOT BY CHANCE.
FROM ZERO TO HERO.
FEAR LIES.
FOCUS, FOCUS, FOCUS, FOCUS, FOCUS.
FOR EVERY BATTLE THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY, NOW PICK UP YOUR TEETH AND GO HOME.
FEAR NOT THE BALL, ONLY THE SCORE IT MAKES.

FEW ARE BORN WITH IT. EVEN FEWER KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.
EVERYONE WHO LIVES, DIES. NOT EVERYONE WHO DIES, HAS LIVED.
LIFES NOT TO SHORT, ITS JUST THAT YOU'RE DEAD FOR SO LONG.
YOU EITHER WALK AWAY WITH RESPECT, OR YOU JUST WALK AWAY.
FEAR IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER, DONT LET IT BE YOU.
A CHAMPION IS SOMEONE WHO GETS UP, EVEN WHEN HE CAN'T.
NEVER LET YOUR FEARS STAND IN THE WAY OF YOUR DREAMS.
THERE IS NO SECOND PLACE, EITHER YOU WIN OR YOU LOSE.
IT'S NOT HOW GOOD YOU ARE, IT'S HOW BAD YOU WANT IT.
PLAY HARD, PLAY ROUGH OR TAKE YOUR BALL AND GO HOME.
A MAN IS ONLY AS BIG AS THE DREAMS HE DARES TO LIVE.
IF YOU'RE GONNA BE STUPID, YOU HAD BETTER BE TOUGH.
YOU'LL NEVER STEAL SECOND WITH YOUR FOOT ON FIRST.
ADRENALINE. EITHER YOU CHOKE ON IT OR THIRST FOR IT.
ALL LOSERS HAD ONE THING BEFORE THEY LOST, A CHANCE.

IF WE'RE KEEPING SCORE, WINNING IS THE ONLY THING.
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS.
ABSOLUTELY. POSITIVELY. WITHOUT A DOUBT. NO FEAR.
VICTORY NEVER COMES TO THOSE WHO FEAR LOSING.
THE EDGE IS A DANGEROUS PLACE TO LIVE. NO FEAR.
WHEREVER THE FEAR MAY BE, LOOK IT IN THE EYES.
THE PRICE OF LIVING IS DIEING, EVERYBODY PAYS.
HE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS, STILL DIES.
FACE YOUR FEARS. LIVE YOUR DREAMS. NO FEAR.
LIVING IS THE ONLY THING WORTH DIEING FOR.
YOU MISS 100% OF THE SHOTS YOU DONT TAKE.
THERE IS NO RISK INVOLVED IF YOU'RE GOOD.
ARE YOU AFRAID TO DIE, OR AFRAID TO LIVE?
YOU MAY BE GOOD. IT JUST AIN'T SHOWIN'.
NOTHING IS MORE PAINFUL THAN REGRET.
WHO SAID SUNDAY WAS A DAY OF REST?
ONLY THOSE WHO DARE TO LOSE, WIN.
PAIN IS TEMPORARY, GLORY IS FOREVER.
TO ACHIEVE, WE MUST FIRST ATTEMPT.
THE OLDER I GET, THE BETTER I WAS.
FEAR DIVIDE US. DREAMS UNITE US.
NO PADS, NO HELMETS, JUST BALLS.
FEAR DOESN'T PARALIZE, IT KILLS.
WINNERS DO WHAT LOSERS DIDN'T.
SECOND PLACE IS THE FIRST LOSER.
FEAR IS BORN WHEN DESIRE DIES.
ONE SECOND COULD MEAN SECOND.
BE EVERYTHING. FEAR NOTHING.
NO EXCUSES, ONLY CHALLENGES.
DRIVE IT LIKE YOU STOLE IT.
DON'T BE ONE OF THE CROWD.
REALITY IS INFACT VIRTUAL.
LIVE BY IT, OR DIE FROM IT.
LOSING IS NOT AN OPTION.
GIVE BLOOD, PLAY HOCKEY.
DON'T DREAM IT, BE IT.
LIVE FREE, OR DIE.

FEAR, IF YOU DON'T STOP IT, YOU WILL GO BLIND.
FIRST PRIZE - ALL THE MARBLES, SECOND PRIZE- A SET OF STAKE KNIVES.
FEAR HAS KILLED MORE MEN THAN TIME.
FEAR IS BORN WHEN DESIRE DIES.
FOR EVERY DROP OF SWEAT, FOR EVERY LIMIT PUSHED, FOR EVERY BARRIER BROKEN. FEAR HAD NO PART.
FOR EVERY BATTLE, THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY.
FEAR IS NO OPPOSITION. IT'S PAYBACK.
FEAR - THERE GOES THAT F-WORD AGAIN.
FEAR DOESN'T PARALYZE...IT KILLS.
FEAR, JUST ANOTHER 4 LETTER WORD.
FIVE SECONDS LEFT, AT THE THREE POINT LINE, DOWN BY TWO, 5...4...3...2...1 - NO FEAR.
FEARS divide US, DREAMS unite US.
FACE YOUR FEARS, LIVE YOUR DREAMS.
FEAR TASTES LIKE CHICKEN - NO FEAR.
FEAR TORTURES THE WEAK.
FEW LEAD, MANY FOLLOW, BUT ONLY ONE GOES OVER THE TOP.
FEAR HAS MANY FACES. THIS WILL NEVER BE ONE OF THEM (Pic of a baseball player).
GIVE BLOOD, PLAY HOCKEY.
GET IN, SIT DOWN, SHUT UP AND HOLD ON.
GOT FEAR?? OR ARE JUST CHOKING ON YOUR COOKIES. GET A SPINE.
HIT AND RUN. IT'S NO ACCIDENT.
HE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS...STILL DIES.
HAVE NO HEROES, LOOK UP TO NO-ONE, FOR IF YOU DO, THE BEST YOU'LL EVER BE IS SECOND.
HEAVEN IS LIVING IN YOUR HOPES, HELL IS LIVING IN YOUR FEARS.
HOCKEY KEEPS THE TOOTH FAIRY EMPLOYED.
HE PUTS HIS PRIORITIES IN THE RIGHT PLACE. OVER THE FENCE
I'VE NEVER LOST

IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, BUT THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE DOG.
IF YOU ASK YOURSELF WHY?, YOU HAVE NO PLACE HERE.
IF IT WERE JUST ABOUT ATTITUDE, EVERYONE WOULD HAVE IT.
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED...YOU LOSE.
I'M NOT SCARED...I'M NOT AFRAID...I'M TOUGH, I'M AN ANIMAL ... AND I WILL EAT YOU IF I HAVE TO!
IF YOU'RE SCARED, GET A DOG.
IF YOU'RE NOT LIVING ON THE EDGE, YOU'RE TAKING UP TOO MUCH SPACE.
IT'S NOT THE PACE OF LIFE THAT CONCERNS ME, IT'S THE SUDDEN STOP AT THE END.
IT'S NOT THAT LIFE'S TOO SHORT, IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE DEAD FOR SO LONG.
IF ALL YOU HAVE IN LIFE IS A HAMMER, TREAT EVERY-THING LIKE A NAIL!
IF IT ISN'T IN YOUR MIND, IT WILL NEVER BE IN YOUR FINGER (Picture of a championship ring)
IT'S NOT WHO YOU KNOW. IT'S WHO KNOWS YOU.
IT'S SIMPLE, YOU LOSE...YOU GO HOME.
IF FEAR HAS A STRANGLEHOLD ON YOUR LIFE, TURN AROUND, FACE IT...AND BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF IT!
IT'S NOT HOW LONG YOU LIVE, IT'S HOW WELL YOU DIE.
IF YOU CAN'T WIN, DON'T PLAY.
IF WE'RE KEEPING SCORE, WINNING IS THE ONLY THING.
I DREAM IN BLACK AND WHITE...BUT I'LL KICK YOUR BUTT IN LIVING COLOUR.
I HAVE NO FEAR, THERFORE I AM.
IF YOU HAVE TO ASK WHY?, YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND.
I FEEL A BRUISE ON YOUR HORIZON.
IF YOU'RE NOT OUT THERE, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL BE.
IN SPORT, AS IN LIFE, THE REAL OPPONENT IS WITHIN.
I LIVE WITH FEAR EVERYDAY BUT SOMETIMES SHE LETS ME RACE.
IT MUST BE HARD LIVING WITHOUT A SPINE.

.IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU ARE, BUT THE DIRECTION YOU'RE GOING.
IT'S NOT HOW GOOD YOU ARE, IT'S HOW BAD YOU WANT IT.
IT'S NOT HOW BIG YOU ARE, IT'S HOW BIG YOU PLAY.
I DON'T COME HERE TO PLAY, I COME HERE TO WIN.
IT WILL INVADE YOUR DREAMS, IT WILL SHATTER YOUR REALITY, IT WILL DOMINATE YOU - IF YOU LET IT.
IT'S LIKE BEING HIT WITH A MACK TRUCK WITHOUT THE GRILL MARKS.
IT'S NOT ABOUT REACHING YOUR GOALS, IT'S ABOUT RISING ABOVE THEM.
IT IS A FAR BETTER THING TO HAVE PLAYED AND LOST, THAN TO HAVE NEVER PLAYED AT ALL.
IT'S ALL FUN AND GAMES TILL SOMEONE GETS THEIR EYE POKED OUT...THEN IT'S A SPORT.
I REMEMBER WHEN SEX WAS SAFE AND MOTORSPORT WAS DANGEROUS.
IT'S A DOG EAT DOG WORLD AND THE SCARED ARE WEARING MILKBONE UNDERWEAR.
IF YOU'RE GONNA BE STUPID, YOU'D BETTER BE TOUGH.
IF YOU CAN'T SEE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL, GO DOWN AND LIGHT THE BLOODY THING YOURSELF! IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE CRYING.
IT IS ONLY IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL SOMEONE DOES IT.
IF YOU DON'T LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS AT THE END, YOU COULD'VE GONE FASTER.
IF YOU WANT TO COME SECOND, FOLLOW ME.
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU FEAR, IT'S WHO FEARS YOU.
I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG.
IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE BULL IN THE FIGHT, IT'S THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE COWBOY.
JUMP FROM THE CLIFF, NOT TO FALL, BUT TO FLY.
KARATE: IT'S NOT JUST A SPORT, IT'S SURVIVAL!
KNOW YOUR LIMITS, THEN BREAK 'EM.
KISS MY ICE!

KNOCK THE SKIN OFF IT. YOU THINK THIS IS BAD, YOU SHOULD SEE THE BAT.
LIVING – IT'S THE ONLY THING WORTH DYING FOR.
LIMITS WERE MADE TO BE BROKEN.
LOOK AT DANGER AND LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF – NO FEAR.
LET THE ASS KICKING COMMENCE.
LIVE FREE OR DIE.
LOSING IS NOT AN OPTION.
LOSING IS FOR THOSE WHO ARE AFRAID TO RISK EVERYTHING TO WIN.
LIFE IS SHORT. GET ONE.
LIFE IS JUST SUDDEN DEATH OVERTIME... AND THE CLOCKS TICKING.
LOOSING STINKS.
LUCK IS FOR RABBITS.
LIFE'S SHORT, GET YOUR OWN.
LEAD, FOLLOW OR GET THE @!% OUT OF THE WAY.*
LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE, GRAB YOU GEAR.
LIFTING A LEG ON A FRIGHTENED WORLD.
LUCK IS THE RESIDUE OF PREPARATION.
LIVE BY IT, OR DIE FROM IT.
LIFE OFFERS ONE GUARANTEE, IF YOU DON'T WIN YOU LOSE.
LIMITS ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN, SO ARE RIMS AND BACKBOARDS!
LIFE IS A GAME. PICK A UNIFORM: (PICTURE OF 3 UNIFORMS)
A. FOOTBALL
B. HOCKEY
C: SCHOOL GIRL
LIFE IS A CONTACT SPORT. NO FEAR.
LOSERS LET IT HAPPEN, WINNERS MAKE IT HAPPEN.
MOTORCYCLES: NO AIRBAGS, NO SEATBELTS, NO DOORS, NO FEAR.
MANY ARE CALLED, FEW ARE CHOSEN.
MY DREAM IS TO BECOME YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE.

NO CRY BABIES.
NEVER, NEVER, NEVER GIVE UP.
NO SCARS, NO SCRAPES, NO PROOF.
NOTHING IS MORE PAINFUL THAN REGRET.
NO LINES, NO LIFTS, NO TRACKS, NO FEAR.
NO PADS, NO HELMETS, JUST BALLS.
NO SCARS, NO WORRIES, NO REGRETS, NO APPREHENSION, NO FEAR, NO SHIT.
NOTHING IS SWEETER THAN THE TASTE OF VICTORY.
NO REWARD IS SWEETER THAN VICTORY.
NO CRYING, NOT EVER. (Unless you receive a blow to the nuts).
NO FEAR BRAND ENDORSED AND RECOMMENDED BY THE SOCIETY COMMITED TO KEEPING MEN AND THEIR BALLS UNITED AS ONE
NO FEAR, THE BIG DADDY OF HEART POUNDING SPORTS.
NO FEAR TRAINING CAMP.
NOTHIN' BUT CHAIN.
NO FEAR...PERFORMANCE EQUIPMENT.
NOW IT'S OVER. (with a busty blonde in a viking helmet carrying a spear).
NO BLOOD. NO FOUL.
NO FEAR. THE AMERICAN TRADITION OF WINNING.
ONLY THOSE WHO DARE TO LOSE, WIN.
ONE SECOND, COULD MEAN SECOND.
PAIN IS TEMPORARY...PRIDE LASTS FOREVER.
PRECIOUS FEW ARE BORN WITH IT...EVEN FEWER KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.
PERCEPTION: YOU FOUGHT REALLY HARD FOR SECOND PLACE...REALITY: YOU WERE THE FASTEST LOSER.
NO FEAR - PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT.
PITCH OR GET OFF THE MOUND.
PREY FOR COMPETITION, IT MAKES YOU STRONGER.
PLAY AT YOUR OWN RISK.
PAIN. FELL IT WHEN YOU LOSE. INFLICT IT WHEN YOU DON'T.
PAIN IS WEAKNESS LEAVING THE BODY.
PUSSIES WILL NEVER BE HEROES

POSITION IS POSSESSION. NO FEAR.
PLAY HARD OR GO HOME!
REALITY IS IN FACT VIRTUAL.
RACE YOUR FEARS.
RUNNING ON INSTINCT...AND RACING FUEL.
REMEMBER WHEN RACING WAS FUN - NO FEAR.
RACING IS A LIFE SENTENCE.
RIGHT NOW, SOMEWHERE, YOUR COMPETITION IS TRAINING, PRACTICING TO KICK YOUR BUTT, AND YOU'RE NOT. NO FEAR
STRONGER, FASTER, YOUNGER. AND I PRACTICE WHILE YOU SLEEP.
SECOND PLACE IS THE FIRST LOSER.
SLEEP, I'LL GET ALL THE SLEEP I NEED AFTER I'M DEAD!
STICK IT OR TAKE YOUR PUCK AND GO HOME.
STEP ON IT, OR GET THE @#% OUT OF MY WAY!*
SURE YOU CAN TALK A GOOD GAME...
HOW YOU KNOCKED OUT THE PITCHER WITH HIS OWN FASTBALL...
COULD HAVE PLAYED PRO IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT KNEE...
DUG YOUR WAY OUT OF AN AVALANCHE WITH A SKI POLE...
LAUGHED WHEN YOUR CHUTE DIDN'T OPEN...
OR HOW YOU CAN BENCH 350, BUT JUST NOT TODAY...
YOU CAN LIE TO EVERYONE.....
BUT THE BULL.
SOME PEOPLE LIVE BUT NEVER REALLY EXIST.
STAY HUNGRY.
STEAL / DON'T STEAL. THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.
SHORT SKIDMARKS.
SKID MARKS IN YOUR SHORTS.
YOU SHOULD HAVE BOTH WHEN RACING.
SO MANY TYPES OF BALLS, THE ONLY TWO THAT COUNT ARE BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

SOME PEOPLE DREAM OF SUCCESS...WHILE OTHERS WAKE UP AND WORK HARD AT IT.
SOMETIMES THERE IS NO NEXT TIME, NO SECOND CHANCE. NO TIMEOUT. SOMETIMES...IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
SHUT UP AND JUMP! NO FEAR SKYDIVING.
SWEAT ADDS CHARACTER!
SOME RELY ON FITNESS, OTHERS SHEER FORCE.
THE VIEW FROM SECOND PLACE.
THE MEEK MAY INHERIT THE EARTH, THEY JUST BETTER STAY THE HELL OFF THE TRACK.
THE BEST GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN, IS ON THE WAY TO HELL.
THE PRICE OF LIVING IS DYING, EVERYBODY PAYS.
THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, CAN'T EXPLAIN. THOSE WHO DON'T, CANNOT UNDERSTAND.
THERE IS NO RISK INVOLVED...IF YOU'RE GOOD.
THE DISTINCTIVE MARKINGSOF A PREDATOR, IT CAN SMELL YOUR FEAR, SENSE A COWARD, AND PREYS ON THE WEAK AND ELDERLY. THE OLDER I GET, THE BETTER I WAS.
THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS WILL ALWAYS BE A STRAIGHT LINE.
THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE BORN SCARED, AFRAID AND NOT WILLING TO SHOW SOME BALLS OR GUTS. I EAT THOSE PEOPLE FOR BREAKFAST. TO ACHIEVE, WE MUST FIRST ATTEMPT.
THERE'S BLOOD ON THE GROUND BUT IT AIN'T MINE.
PLAY IT WITH NO FEAR!
THE EDGE IS A DANGEROUS PLACE TO LIVE.
THERE IS NO FINAL FOUR, THERE IS ONLY THE FINAL ONE.
THE BEST VIEW OF YOUR SOUL IS FROM BEYOND THE EDGE LOOKING BACK.
TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO LOSE UNHEARD OF.
THERE IS NO SECOND EFFORT...JUST GIVE YOUR BEST ONCE.

THE EDGE...WHERE THE MASSES SPECTATE, A CHOSEN FEW COMPETE AND ONLY ONE DEFINES.
THE BATTLE FIELD AWAKENS.
THIS AIN'T NO WALK IN THE PARK.
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS UNECESSARY ROUGHNESS.
TO LIVE THE ULTIMATE DREAM, YOU MUST FACE THE ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE.
THE BRAVE DON'T CRY.
THE HERO'S VISION IS A COWARDS DREAM.
TODAY IS A GOOD DAY FOR A REALITY CHECK.
THERE YOU GO WITH THE F-WORD AGAIN.
TAKIN' THE BULLS FROM THE HORNS!
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF. THE THOUGHT OF LOSING NEVER CROSSES MY MIND. I KNOW MY ABILITIES AND THEY WONT LET ME DOWN. WHEN I SET MY MIND TO SOMTHING THERE IS NO STOPPING ME! THERE ARE LESSONS TO BE LEARNED ABOUT COMPETITION, BUT FEAR IS NOT ONE OF THEM.
THE OLDER I GET THE FASTER I WAS.
THE ROAD TO VICTORY...IS PAVED WITH FLESH AND BONES.
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SUCCESSFUL PERSON AND OTHERS IS NOT A LACK OF STRENGTH, NOT A LACK OF KNOWLEDGE, BUT RATHER A LACK OF WILL.
THE SPIRIT TO WIN AND TO EXCEL IS ALWAYS MEASURED ONE STROKE AT A TIME.
TEAMWORK IS THE FUEL THAT ALLOWS COMON PEOPLE TO PRODUCE UNCOMMON RESULTS.
THE HARDER YOU WORK...THE LUCKIER YOU GET.
THE EYES NEVER LIE.
THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A RUT AND A GRAVE IS THE DIMENSIONS.
TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS, CONQUER YOUR FEAR.
THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN LOSING IS QUITTING.
THE WORLD HAS LOTS OF STARTERS, BUT FEW FINISHERS.

TO LIVE THE ULTIMATE DREAM IS TO FACE THE ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE.
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A SPECTATOR SPORT!
TO ME, WINNING COMES NATURALLY!
THEY CAN'T HIT IT IF THEY CAN'T SEE IT!
UNDER THIS HAT THERE IS A PREDATOR.
WE TAKE THESE RISKS NOT TO ESCAPE LIFE...BUT TO PREVENT LIFE FROM ESCAPING US.
WHEREVER THE FEAR MAY BE...POKE IT IN THE EYES.
WHEREVER THE FEAR MAY BE...LOOK IT IN THE EYES.
WARNING, PAIN IS JUST PART OF THE GAME.
WHEN THE GLOVES DROP, THE FUN BEGINS.
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME CHEESE TO GO WITH YOUR WHINE?
WHAT YOU GONNA DO LOSER, STAND THERE AND BLEED ALL DAY?
WHERE I CAME FROM, THERE IS NO NEXT TIME, THERE IS NO SECOND CHANCE, THERE IS NO TIMEOUT.
WITHIN INSTINCT LIES A GREATER STRENGTH.
WILL RACE FOR FOOD.
WINNERS DO WHAT LOSERS DIDN'T.
Who ever said THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL musta been kickin' some ass!
WHEN THE RUBBER HITS THE ROAD - NO FEAR.
WAKE UP AND SMELL THE OIL.
WONDERS NEVER CEASE AS LONG AS YOU NEVER CEASE TO WONDER.
WHO NEEDS WINGS TO FLY?
WE CANNOT DIRECT THE WIND, BUT WE CAN ADJUST THE SAILS.
WHEN 8 INCHES IS NOT ENOUGH.
WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING, IT'S THE ONLY THING.
WHAT IS RIGHT IS NOT ALWAYS POPULAR. WHAT IS POPULAR IS NOT ALWAYS RIGHT.
WITHOUT RISK, THERE WOULD BE NO REWARD.
WHEN YOU WIN, RUB IT IN!
WANNA COME IN SECOND, FOLLOW ME!

YOU CAN PRACTICE...PRACTICE...PRACTICE... I WILL STILL BEAT YOU!
YOU MUST ALWAYS PUSH THE LIMITS BECAUSE IF YOU NEVER FAIL, YOU WILL NEVER SUCCEED.
YOU EITHER WALK AWAY WITH RESPECT, OR YOU JUST WALK AWAY.
YOU DO NOT GREET DEATH, YOU PUNCH HIM IN THE THROAT REPEATEDLY UNTIL HE DRAGS YOU AWAY.
YOU MISS 100% OF THE SHOTS YOU DON'T TAKE.
YOU DIE TRYING, OR YOU JUST DIE.
YOU'RE ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR LAST GAME.
YOU JUST DO IT, I'LL JUST WIN.
YOU THINK THIS IS BAD, YOU SHOULD SEE THE BAT.
YOU CAN'T HIT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE.
YOU ARE ONLY AS STRONG AS YOUR WEAKEST MUSCLE.
YOU CAN TELL A MAN'S FEARS BY LOOKING IN HIS EYES.
YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A PRADATOR, THEIR EYES ARE IN THE FRONT.
YOU DON'T GET TO BE THE BEST WITH LUCK, WHAT YOU GET WITH LUCK IS GOOD PARKING.
YOU CAN'T WIN THE GAME SITTING ON THE BENCH.
YOU'LL NEVER STEAL SECOND WITH YOUR FEET ON FIRST.
YOU DON'T NEED LUCK IF YOU'RE GOOD.
YOU CAN'T CHEAT THE GRIM REAPER - NO FEAR.
YOU EITHER LET THE MAN BY YOU OR THE BALL BY YOU...BUT NEVER BOTH!

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surveillance books
2018

let's take
ACAB

post-plagiarism project 1.8
dimitri karakostas

how soon is the end of now?

i love you.[4]

[4][citation needed]

i don't remember my first kiss

i thought about it for a moment
but the memory doesn't exist

that's it!

that's exactly what i love

life is short

or
too long
and
altogether pointless

bursting out laughing
or bursting into tears

where ever i go

you'll know

this painting
is flawed

we need to talk

gin and tonic
novelist

just enough time
to read your letter
several times

she just has a funny way of loving me

either the best
or the worst

i don't think
it could live in the middle

stretching out
towards doubt

/ / /
surveillance books
2018

lonely girl fucks herself to sad music
google searches aug1->aug30

post-plagiarism project 1.9
dimitri karakostas

godard shot behind head
paragnomesis
tyson broke my back
jg thirlwell
legacy 312 grailed
donaldson trade
dusty bathroom
fake id resource
crying cat meme
diddy stare down
vincent price style
christine chubbuck suicide film
tzanck check
oneohtrix montreal
george perec
type books
float toronto
denver guilty dog
crimes of the future discogs
godard bades originales record
polite cat
romare love songs
je taime les savy fav
drunk jordan
springsteen long hair
nokia eyes
gordon ramsay spongebob
protect lil b at all costs
cne closing date
jordan 1 high think 16
a vacation from ourselves
originalcopy
spike lee email
felt suit beuys
leprechaun death scenes
crypt keeper
football toussaint

two girls crying meme
dropbox
pdf hosting unlimited
memory vague
eccojams vol 1
no it's just too little too late jojo
blue jays
gibby global warming
original copy
elon musk grimes
quetzal
tiff box office
speakers long and mcquade
rotate this
mst3k
sonic forces
sonic mania ps4
audio technica lp60
parkdale design studio
acuna jr hit by pitch
nat geo face transplant
red paper kidnapping
azaelia banks twitter
lebron frustrated meme
73 beaconsfield
spin ossington
matt damhave
millions for nonsense not one cent for entropy
deleuzen my mind
inch to ft
width of hardcover book
beckham halfway goal
mambo 1-4
mambo 5
man scared vr horror game
parallel brothers
how to eliminate bloating

private school new brunswick
dependency can be a meal ticket
mst3k
oblique strategies
miu miu
book horders
jenny holzer speak for yourself
air command force
avril lavigne melissa
kviek
beck taxi
dalida bang bang
nxt2
sean price
mindless token tantrums
lethem plagiraism
boot boyz biz
la camera stylo
steven bernstein
goji berries
insignificance trailer 1985
the knife vocal effect
kenneth koch
laurent garnier
strega
jamian villani
payment gateways touchbistro
stan brakhage
beginnings and endings pdf
blue note 1991
boot boyz biz
censoring wojnarowicz
tiff
jack black imdb
shallow hal
roth whacking off
portnoy's complaint

bitcoin crash
lauren elkin
toronto flood
unc jordans
crisis actors
why is he called candyman
aquarius focus
toulouse sausage
close your eyes demon
richard prince park
vision of baphomet during sex
red dead redemption 2
lady rainicorn voice
loukanikos dog
spongebob cowboy hat
andy morin
nine inch nails gearslutz
without you i'm nothing
guillotine lovemaking
673801 text
help quitting smoking
acuna jr
insomnia wiki 1998
moody bitches
bands like nine inch nails
racine
laurent binet
waiting for godard one act play
caillou rap
jeff boss
how many advil
chris marker cat
cher what is going on with my career
is poop flammable
nba christmas day 2018
long hair cat breeds
jordan 312 release date canada

wow signal
scottish fold cat
enchroma
where have i known you before
mao2
long weekend august
demi lovato
nba trade rumors
dave east stripper
valak
dundas west cat vet
cell phone clinic
al purdy
hardcore band ice
conjuring 2 real
toronto fire twitter
mothman real story
vrillion
r kelly
yeast infection before period
maurizio cattelan
bobby shmurda jail
ni dieu
hey there demons it's me ya boi
holzer truism
fuct osama
monica seles stabbing
dzama
henry darger
cady mercury
montreal august
draft toronto
dorothy parker film
mautopitch mac
mummified family red liquid
mummia
harsh digital noise

vst search
prefuse 73 soundcloud
anything not saved will be lost
breton prophesy
bataille aphorisms
guernica
word for being able to quickly fall asleep
sarah lawrence
undo command
adorno
saturday weather toronto
printorium
angelfire
uniqlo lab coat
pirate bay mirror
parquet courts bandcamp
richard kern assault
rec fim
google earth bloor christie
ulysses scandal
wamp one
january 4 1988
may 29 1990
anti anxiety
anti depression
nikon to canon mount
four tet leave a trace
ecstacy of influence
nike brs
marclay the clock
le club soda
ableton live chop
filmworker
kubrick boxes
one time use
rauschenberg flag
becky hammon

tokaji muscat
cattelan documentary
piano teacher ending
paranormal activity ouiji board
ovulation calculator free
new ho king menu
jewel racist
trump pee video
shmurda jail
coupon carl
el rey hours
croatian flag
escitalopram
cephalexin
orchid tigers
goldsmith ocopy
eye to eye goofy movie
accuweather
lonely girl fucks herself to sad music
coyote song
instagram down
mattachioni
ali g trump
beirut zach condon
kill dust mites
kill dust mites naturally
dust mites bite
dust in bed sheets
how to reduce dust in a room
flac to mp3
coconut battery mac
qr code
weather
leonardo dicaprio romeo and juliet
adidas away days
golden state warriors
730 dovercourt

connexion arc
ian drennan
chairlift band
baby g
fido phone lock
charteuse
network check imei
the process is the
float toronto
swimsuit float tank
traktor s4 drivers
paris review picasso
soundcloud downloader
being singular plural
wes lang
mac fan control
apoplexy now
alprazolam now
sex robot
walk it back
how to choke during sex
flesh colored tights
elizabeth warren
phillip roth letting go
john donne to die means to cum
yohimbe recreational
noah lennox nosebleed
roule translation
wine riots
alt j ms genius
barthes signified
senzu bean
rimbaud a bleu
lcbo product search
pedagog
ersatz
pialat mouth agape

raptors trade rumors
chouette
dull to pause
mass delete tweet
aristocats
i'll see you in another life when we're both cats
qui vivra verra
book of begginings and endings
yeah i vandalism
you want it darker
stelvio cipriani
blinkist review
how did they film dead ringers
exile silence cunning
diaspora
how to get cat fur off rug
bad sleep cycle
sleeping on the couch
126 simcoe st
evisen
derozan crip
derozan stevenson
garnett anything is possible
antetokounmpo
ozymandias melancholia
i am useless to this culture
existential detective business card
bmv bloor
brockhampton zipper
modigliani nudes
kairo 2001
ghost story yotsuya
blue jasmine
whom the gods wish to destory they once called
resident evil 6 train
brakhage
macbook pro startup progress freezing

cosmia
rimes de nuit
yankees rumors 2018
the ghost with the most
iphone 8
right eyebrow twitch
wayback machine
ascii face
blank herzog tattoo
greek owl
macbook won't wake up from sleep
godard glasses
soft moon
ancestral 2017 hinterland
nuclear mysticism
mase camron
fast teeth whitening diy
supplement to improve mood
agape
charger all four led on digipower
sazerac
blue jays score
jay idk i could sell a brick
sony camcorder repair toronto
malcom gladwell jewish
bellwoods trillium
trump obama
enthusiasm shaq episode
dufferin mall hours
jvc grdvl805u charger
heaven's gate nike
tennesse williams click
nike decade
ty lue shocked
add ntfs hd tuxera
i need to lie back to front with someone
nike safari revolutions

/ / /
surveillance books
2018

the phenomenology of this dick

post-plagiarism project 1.10
dimitri karakostas

safe word - zip folder
are we having fun yet - party down

parliament “flashlight” beat
sample end of extreme “more than words”
** **` drum beat “this is america”
scowling owl sample
james-z
garlic jr.
still playing in kitchens
sexual property
eventual jail
sajjad entertainment

things are like prisons
i wish foucault could see this
instagram dm’s
leaving semen on yr weeknds

i don’t yell
fight
argue
i don’t care

i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking
i don’t know if i’m joking

(bobby caldwell sample?)

organic strawberries
hard work is a joke

fat man
fake tan
body shamed
bank account

i'll tell ya when to take it off

i drowned tryna to swim
to the sex boat

shoulda sold drugs
as a grown-up
instead i did them all
tryna fuck, nah
something i don't think about
drinking rose on the beach
call it friday
wish i wasn't
but i'm gonna do it anyways

cannot connect

short on time
short on rent
short on everything
i don't complain
fuck i've been saying nothing
or trying to
no white girl but i can't stop the talk

la-di-da-di-da

staying positive
eating peach plum pears
in the sun
ain't no fun if the homies can't have none
shit i'm tired

shit i'm done
fucking macbook pro in this heat
are you dumb?

tattoo it on my face
i have nothing new to say

nothing new under the sun

hi-i-i-i-gh

shorty doing kegels
i'm sitting reading hegel
pages looking thick
bout to catch the
phenomenology of this dick

and doesn't it make you feel better?

organic strawberry
hardwork is a joke

no passion, no patience
i swear i'm not crazy

i wanna see you when you're mad

i asked her if she loves me
she told me only partly
your behaviors can be troubling
otherwise you're boring
yup

i asked her if she loves me
she told me only partly
at least that's what i heard
what, just kidding, i'm sorry

no more i love you's
at the end of the day you really ain't shit

loyalty loyalty loyalty
sext me aggressively

gunshot
aim low
move slow
move! move! move!
i love you to death
and i always feel like dying
bang!
(new slaves drum sample)
life is short
or too long
and altogether boring

got a problem?
get tattooed about it
pardon?
i'm up
i'm up
awake
i'm late
sleep cycle frivolous
no need to choke me i'm already breathless

don't ask me to dance
relax
or pull out
can't
marc jacobs back
face down in the grass
don't ask me to relax
i can't get up
bottled water means i'm sober

please calm down

(msn messenger sound)
i gotta go get it
no new notifications

no netflix
no bad chicks
too old for this
robaxacet and a firm matress
nope, i can't feel shit

the problem is there is no problem

what's wrong?
(dial tone)
everything sounds wrong
when you put your pain in a song

(lover of mine slooow)

it's raining, it's pouring
i think love and sex are boring

keep the content coming

every time you have sex
you join a gang

/ / /
surveillance books
2018

the reference librarian's unromantic fantasy
francesecondhalf.docx

post-plagiarism project 1.11
dimitri karakostas

1.
i sit in a cafe (which cafe what did you buy what do the people look like).

no, i sit on a wooden floor close enough to everyone as to not make a scene but far enough away to be left out of conversation, laying my head on someone else's luggage. feet stomping "staying alive" plays loudly on a bluetooth speaker, i realize i am undoubtedly part of a post-ironic problem. i paid for it so pay attention. i caught a frog and nobody wanted to pet it, i apologized to her as i let her go outside where it was raining. i had a smoke and stayed with the frog until it hopped off the porch.

when i think about how many iphone's i have purchased - probably 10-12 in the past five years - and how many times i have had my screens replaced - probably 20-30 in the past five years - i wonder why i haven't used my phone for a greater purpose than wasting time.

hey, i should film myself reading poems. maybe that's something that will generate interest in whatever it is i'm doing. maybe i should add some hashtags to things.

i have five tabs open - cnn.com, william gibson's wikipedia page, and twitter. i haven't tweeted in a few weeks, since my phone started losing touch sensitivity.
my last tweet, on june 13th, states:
"i don't want to die with so many unread books."
i had an idea to start making twitter poetry threads, but i had abandoned it quickly. i added three to the newly started thread:
"i don't want to die frustrated with an iphone 8 that has lost its touch sensitivity already"
"i don't want to die tasting blood, knowing i need some sort of dental work i can't afford."
"i don't want to die sitting watching soccer at the common after drinking two iced coffees."
and i close the tab.

i consider starting a new twitter for a book idea i had a few weeks ago. a long poem comprised entirely of retweets. maybe it'll be good. it could be. i don't do this now.

i go to open another document i was working on yesterday. *"movie theatre batman killer.docx"* it is not listed in my recently open - upon a click to the "all my files" directory, it becomes clear that someone opened several old pieces of unfinished writing. it was not me who did that. i call the person who i assume did, and she assures me that is not the case. however, i did not have my macbook at 12:30pm last night, when the file was last opened. i am now mad, not because the files were opened but because the work wasn't very good. if i'm going to be snooped, i would prefer it be worthwhile pieces.

i return my gaze to the soccer game, russia v. croatia. it is still 1-1. i get an idea - maybe i should write a story about a librarian who finds herself frustrated at the lack of sexual advances, that her librarian experience is not that which she's seen in xxx films. maybe this could be an anti-erotica piece. not meaningless sex - meaningless love. ooh. this sounds good. maybe the librarian is a man, though. hm. no. okay. the croatian player just had a great opportunity and hit the post. a man with two phones groans loudly and shoots out of his chair. another man shows off a recent winner's purchase: a new york yankees t-shirt.

i google *"library fetish source origin."* i realize i've always found women in glasses quite attractive. the article states that *"knowledge isn't power; knowledge is love."* i agree.

"a patron arrives, says, tell me something. you reach across the desk and pull him toward you, bear hug him a second and then take him into your lap, stroke his forehead, whisper facts in his ear. the climate of chad is tropical in the south, desert in the north. source: 1991 cia world factbook. do you love me? americans consumed 6.2 gallons of tea per capita in 1989. source: statistical abstract of the united states. synecdoche is a literary device meaning the part for the whole, as in crown heads of europe. i love you. i could find you british parliamentary papers, i could track down a book you only barely remember reading. do you love me now? we own that book, we subscribe to that journal, elvis presley's first movie was called love me tender."

the reference librarian's unromantic fantasy. sterile. i like this idea.

"i doubt that everyone has a (female) librarian fantasy, especially if "everyone" means everyone and so includes the straightest women, but it is a common fantasy among men attracted to women. one female dominatrix even tells me that, with the exception of the teacher, the librarian is the dominant role most requested of her by male submissives."

hmm.

"a 1992 study for the wilson library bulletin states that "20% of librarians admit to having sex in the stacks." i forget what i was initially thinking about. what my point was. i close the tab.

i read a few pages of kenneth goldsmith's *"wasting time on the internet,"* check my instagram likes, and focus back into the world cup match. i have to leave for work soon. i briefly have a thought of sex - not really about having it, though. whatever that means.

i go for a cigarette and pick up the weekly free paper. i read my horoscope out loud to ali, who has joined me for the extra time of the soccer game. it's not very relevant. i flip through to the escort back pages looking for hidden poetry.

"coffee break $50 alex 36 yo hot and spicy sweet and sexy alex 647-854-8513"

i rip the page out.

ali, slowly reaching intoxication, discusses data mining - which, in effect, becomes data mining itself.

i consider backing up my iphone and dropping it off to get fixed. i also want to ask the man at the cell phone repair shop if he can give me any broken screens he has laying around. *"for art,"* i'll say. i open iphoto and see photographs of my penis from various angles. i look behind me, checking if anyone saw. i close the application and put the computer to sleep.

you shouldn't get drunk and swim. him on the fucking gigantic inflatable duck on a lake that looks smaller than the dufferin mall. the same inflatable duck, surrounded by police officers on the news. the words some people use: "gone," "passed," etc - just no way to confirm a death. you shouldn't have gotten drunk and swam.

i check the news. a pregnant 18-year old has been found dismembered in oshawa. i find the address of the crime, and map it to the house i lived in oshawa when i was in grade six and the first semester of grade seven. 55 minute walk away. i'm unfamiliar with that neighborhood. i take a screenshot of the house i lived in, as well as the curb we used to skate everyday. i try to google other places i was familiar in the city with with no luck. instead, i check the satellite view of our old house at 72512 and remember having 20x10 of concrete. we would skate into the grass, or put plywood down. i google one more place, where would we skate picnic tables and smoke cigarettes. 1100 parkway lane, horseshoe bend, arkansas. grade 8 and 9.

now, maybe i can write. wait, france v. belgium starts in twenty minutes. meunier isn't playing, that's good for us.

i open a new tab and make this word document smaller. i find the stream and watch ten minutes of the pregame until someone turns on the tv. i thank him. i take a photograph of the screen featuring my book, and send them to mathilde while she's delayed on a train. she tells me her eta is now 40 minutes off, which means she'll at least be able to catch the second half with us. allez les bleus.

i arrived home at four, undressed in the living room as to not wake alexa. i stepped out of my jeans, leaving two packs of cigarettes in the back pocket. i slipped into bed and laid on my back, still managing to wake her up despite an unrivaled stillness. we talked briefly, where i managed to take exception to a quick statement of otherwise zero consequence. i fell asleep sad, but that was my choice.

in the morning, i ate an expensive pizza while reading pdf essays on my phone about it.

ja rule and ashanti play in the 2017 anycar. i groan, looking at myself in the rear view mirror. are my teeth fucked up? i just spent so much money fixing them. am i just older? i need a cigarette but they have definitely been hurting somewhere in my back. the alprazolam has worn off and my mellow voice has gone loud again. i think that was my last one, too. fuck. i don't have any advil, either.

"please let me do the talking" i've been committing crimes since - well, i don't remember a time when i wasn't maybe slightly exaggerating it's not like breaking the law is a state of existing is it? i know how to talk myself out of everything my mom wanted me to be a lawyer, i thought i would be. it's a necessary skill talking yourself out of trouble thanks for that lesson my mom said "we're poor we're doomed, we have nothing to lose" so do whatever just be prepared.

please please please don't talk i have this, please shut up for fuck's sake no bravado we're trespassing - i'm sorry we didn't know, i didn't see any sign - they say ok please leave - that's it, done right

nope we need more voices. fuck. *"what do you mean we're trespassing this is just a field"* we are entitled bratty city kids probably secretly fetishistic poverty maybe.

my nose is running because i've been light sobbing about am i bad boyfriend and someone who is not deserving of love, the general character flaws you've come to know and love. my nose is running and it feels like it's bleeding which me want to snort the lorazapam 40mg because i miss cocaine and it's nosebleeds always remind me of that mood improving feeling. i go outside and get bit my mosquitoes. i can't write out here i want to smoke cigarettes while nothing is happening i've been gone for six hours and i miss the city. i can't focus in the quiet my ears seem to be straining for something to hear, something to quiet my brain talking to itself.

at home, in the city, i've grown accustomed to the hum of the oversized dehumidifier/air conditioner on your side of the bed, that is how i sleep. now, i lay in a freshly threshed hay field staring at a rapidly setting sun - wishing a car would drive by.

was it *"back to the future"* that made you get back to work?
the moral of the story is *"don't be such a pussy."*
i don't think that's correct.

i read fast on a train, very few notes - looking at my watch too often but that's because i can't smoke and it's all i'm thinking about. why did i buy this watch? who did i see wearing a rose gold digital casio that made me think, *"me too"*? i take it off and push it to the bottom of my courier bag, underneath 2x t-shirt 2x underwear 1x socks 2x notebooks and i realize i can't get comfortable and maybe i wasn't comfortable before but now i'm just annoyed.

my laptop bag holds a broken iphone, screen separated from its body and two religious pamphlets. i am unsure of their merit.

your boy sends you a blurry photo of his breakfast and you think about a joke of the quality of android photographs, he just wanted

to let you know *"panama"* by van halen was playing and that he has already eaten. your coffee and brownie usual breakfast and you wondering why your stomach hurts. your back hurts too probably from smoking but still want one and the lighter is missing and everyone is obnoxious. this back pain familiar but more potent all the way to my chest maybe this is causing me all of my stress.

"the acquisitions have started," she says. the popular photographer ruins my day once a week, constantly solicitating young women to work for free. *"well, everything is possible for money – i mean, we can give you credit as a junior designer or production assistant as we can't pay you at this time, but you know –"* she continues as i fade out of interest, her vision of suburban america replayed as a commercial for some clothes i don't know, the doe eyed new transplant says not much. *"you'll have to rent your own car but you'll be fine that's only like $100 a day"* no matter what table i move to i can hear this photographer's voice *"i'm willing to give you whatever credit for whatever job – we just can't pay you."*

a man in extremely tiny shorts recites a menu off his iphone: *"boston bib lettuce, grilled haddock, red wine vinigarette, mussels, prince edward island."* his partner does not give a fuck.

around me:
iced coffee weird hazy light brown to clear
mint green tea colored annoying

i love having a partner that is smarter than me.

i just want to check if that book is there, *"speedboat."* i don't want to pay more than $15, though.

why was ulysses such a scandal?
who, being super rich, doesn't have a grandson named *"ulysses?"*

this place is so charming.

francesecondhalf.docx

post-plagiarism project 1.11b
dimitri karakostas

2.

okay belgium has it passes in front kicked out to the corner blocked 14 ok france has it again number seven to someone else running quick pulls back sitting on edge gives it away back to belgium belgium belgium kick up nice pass ok back to back tangled up number six back to center wide pass in front of the net header just high of the net france whistles down back in play 0-0 still in the french zone blocked that was close or at least it looked close to me belgium with possession back to center number six real slow deliberate movements here clear that shit fuck oh my god that was close france oh oh oh fuck nice touch nice touch giroud so close you handsome fuck corner kick was that a header GOAL FUCKKKK clap clap clap clap clap 1-0 it was a header just beat him was that an own goal looks like it hit both their heads ok resuming play pulled down at center didier dechamps looks relaxed was that a foul yeah that's got to be a free kick griezmann let's go do something here focus the line up looks flawed no that was nothing again back forth belgium again back why did they just show mick jagger oh fuck yes mathilde is here you just missed the goal literally just missed it you didn't stop home to drop your bag that's great woowwww what another close call france almost scored again did you see that and then belgium shooting over the net he's six foot six wow that's surprising they're playing really tough now real tough ball why did he kick that out oh they're making some change who belgium ok taking the measure for the time being france again ahhh that's right sit back down girl that was close though i'm glad you're rooting for belgium even if it is only out of spite yeah push it out they're playing a bit slower now corner for belgium blocked oooh hazard taking him down yellow card did you know the yellow cards don't count for the finals yeah it's an amnesty thing header to header to header now desperate for the ball they should be happy enough that's fucking right nice save lloris is the best keeper for sure wow that was close belgium is just going they're not going to take this sitting down i wish my phone would stop vibrating oh la la 59% possession for belgium it certainly doesn't feel like that well maybe in this half wow that was a nice play wow such control griezmann you fuck you're playing like fucking trash stop wasting

your shots if you type griezmann in twitter the first thing to come up is griezmann overrated wow you're just texting your team is deep in the box and had two great opportunities stop texting belgium again with the ball at center they really want to tie this up did he get hit in the face wow that looks like it hurt i bet he bit his tongue france clears it again out of harms way easy griezmann you fucking pussy get up 75 minutes in looking tired wow good job kevin you waste belgium has really dominated this second half kicks it across the box no dice again come on let's go stop this let's put one up we need a security goal wow mbappe wasn't even born when france won in 98 that's insane why are you so loud get that get that wait how was that not whistled down what's even happening wow that was fucking amazing what a save i'm telling you he's the best keeper in the game that was a nasty collision though are they going to spray him down what is that spray even there's gotta be at least four minutes of extra time belgium on the attack again nice push it out mmm hmmm matuidi is back down i don't oh that was it that was nasty put him on concussion protocol get him out ok wow there's five minutes left in regular time france is nearly there this is too close fuck someone please clear it out take the yellow card at this point send a message it's now or never i guess no it's never it's frantic god that was close too belgium is at the door almost there wow ok almost at 90 minutes six minutes of extra time wow that's surprising wow you see him take down pogba what was that come on france let's go let's cross this for sure out out of bounds again wow that was amazing mbappe just wasting time haha he deserves that yellow card but got that was nice wow three on two so close oh come on what was that wow chill out announcer there are two long minutes to play jesus christ france have both eyes on the clock you bet wow that was close as well i would love them to clinch this tell me this is gonna be good enough that's it that's it it's gonna be a remake of 98 wow we need to make t-shirts that was insane i'm so happy fuck yes that's it that's it see you sunday where are watching that game wow ok i have to go i have to do some real work i think.

/ / /
surveillance books
2018

lovemaking at the execution

post-plagiarism project 1.12
dimitri karakostas

14 open tabs in chrome
on your iphone

i'm thinking of
floppy disks
cd roms
100mb zip disks

every crashed laptop
lost usb flash drives

all this work
probably not good work
but work
i've lost

after quitting smoking
and quitting drinking

what's left to worry about?

an architect
a civil rights lawyer
a banker
and a fed-ex courier
walk into a natural wine bar

the syrian refugee crisis
is accused of *killing*
the mood

the vibe

what bartender told me of the story,
something about
lovemaking at the execution and
orgasm at the beheading?

an architect
a civil rights lawyer
a banker
and a fed-ex courier
walk into a natural wine bar

the syrian refugee crisis
is accused of *killing*
the mood

the vibe

craigslist ad:
looking for someone about my age but had a dad and can help me with where my beard line should be i honestly have no idea what i'm doing thanks.

please don't burn down my house
leave these indiscretions
as an accidental upturned skirt
my life is a windy day

the ghost in my apartment
usually hangs out in the corner of my bedroom
close to the pile of your clothes
and i only see it when i'm overtired
and unable to sleep
or the one time we watched whatever scary movie
nightmare on whatever the thirteenth

fertilized
ceaselessly
since i met your
permanent
lemon-lime
taste

solitude
the privilege of not dying
correspondence slowly suspecting
the worst
in reserve
of describing objects

blood, or
how did you start bleeding?

ibuprophin needing
the stores close before midnight
maybe not 7/11 if we're lucky we must be

does it hurt, like, physically
being intimate,
sex, i mean

describing things simply

every time you lick your lips,
a poetry happens.

always
us
versus
us,
right karlos?

DDoS
yr love
life

i was asked to write about
my true feelings
on true love
and i hurt my own feelings
within a few sentences

your nose a
reflection
duchamp scholars
describe as a plane of
separation -
a large glass desire
extremely beautiful thing
shot dead with pleasure,
even

“i’m studying memory.”
– *my artist statement 2016–18*
i’m not sure what i meant

“work,” the word,
a slang,
meaning
not making money
being busied sitting eating
or drinking coffee, thinking
“when she says
sylvia plath,
does that mean she wants to
break up with me?”
absorbed self not even looking at
dundas street short shorts no more
ever expanding scripting scenes
avant-garde explaining this
“work”
and what gets in the way of it

instagram:
where nobody is ugly
and everyone wants to
buy a painting

anxiety, influence
a prosthesis, perhaps
lacking in authority
retroactively
adhering to the past 30 days
of disobedience
the loss of collective memory
maturity

just what we need
a new marxist nosebleed

monet, the impressionists
simplistic structure of belief

a superior world view

i want you to live your life like i'm not in it
like
but in a good way

the definition of criminal:
one who things their long term conditions will not improve, so they employ a “damned if i do, damned if i don’t” mentality.

knock knock
who's there
things are like prisons

/ / /
surveillance books

i love lov

post-plagiarism project 1.13
dimitri karakostas

ok, i love you, have a good day at work
send me memes

the work equals t-shirts designed
every coffee spot photoshop
free consultations

a good way to expose yourself
to new clients

everything,
or almost everything

paranomasia, illegality
from the greek

the number of houses in a village
me no quiet rent due coffee envelope fresh
and a meme about eating ass (11:30)

i think -
that i should leave some paintings
in front of the art gallery of ontario
main entrance
who knows
maybe someone will blog about it
someone with money will be interested
maybe that's how it happens now

after i build the new outside studio
yeah a back wall arrangement
with milk crate shelves
spraypaint cans burst both hold and cold
plants all dead out there anyways
too much paper around
alexa takes a nap me quiet
iced coffee soft reading barthes (12:15)

i have so much stuff to throw out
art is funny like that

wait, i'm chilly
end of august
all the time

god, i love you riding your bike towards me
even away

hand in hand, no
hand behind head, no
hand grabbed wrist, no
hand behind waist, no
where do i put my hands?

please be common with me
eye drops for allergies

nervous calm destination
and maybe kiss
my cigarette teeth

i'm sorry
ok, i'll buy you some records about it

we can look back at these photos
a year from now
and be like
wow, we've changed so much

and we can look at the same photos
five years from now
and think
wow, nothing's changed at all

some memories remain allegorically more

“good” or “bad
or “routine”

every time an ambulance zooms by
i freak out a little bit thanks mom
that’s more you than me

the idea of a cat
or a cat in the abstract

who, even, arranges my funeral now?

over the knee boots
lemon lime tonic
in a wine glass

empty space to stay in
sober-er, new coffee in front of me

suddenly, it’s raining hard

you look like a modigilani to me

i-can’t-believe-my-luck

sacrificed, yeah
maybe i’ve witchcrafted myself
submissive

the audacity!

lapsed catholic translation:
i want to be accepted

so on and so forth

la crise

hello, i need a favor
already further
sudden need to please

mumbling interpreter
something exciting

a teenager again in my head
-are we there yet? bored

too simple code breaking
empty relieved strokes of meaning
a physical barrier verb

too contemporary
making it clear

caught in your throat
love poems

4xbeer3xshots8xcigarettes4xdaysapart3xunansweredtexts
math is easy love is hard

travelchecklist:
headphonesmacbookandchargerdvcamandchargerviagraadvilsnacks
3xshirt3xundies2xsox2xbooks

that
love at first sight
a stray cat crying
buying a drink and leaving without finishing
walking hot day until it rains
story

who let the tigers out to kill all the lovers?

sarah lawrence private liberal arts college

when i talk about anxiety, i usually am talking about being distracted,
but, again, that's just my dictionary

romantic, in spite of rude waiters and too many tourists

love is falling asleep easily and not falling asleep at all

a state of emergency

seeing as though most people live paycheck to paycheck, go figure

things are going pretty bad, i think

private, distant, passionate, turbulent

seductiveness, horror

"there is no solution because there is no problem."

i think i can convince you otherwise

someday your prince will come too fast

because i can't look you in the voice

king of skeletons, egypt
the red liquid from the cursed dark sarcophagus

i don't give up on things i cant remember why i started

a book idea: nine months to financial stability
-> starting a family as an artist but really have no clue what exactly is happening

oh, you'll be deposed in these pages
corrected and reset, a thousand errors strong

that something something else

compulsive biography editor
- started with msn messenger away messages, lyrics - updated often

chapter three:
how to make as much money as possible

chapter four:
in the service of a lost cause

did you bring your old dictionary into new love?
did you throw up because the air felt stale and you wanted something to change and this was the only thing that came to mind?

i might treat you like a wall i walk by

currently available versions of me:
- too serious
- too sad
- tired
- very positive but also insincere

some novel version of me which comes off as voyeuristic and frigid simultaneously

a problem of biography

anything less than wild success is failure

the folder filled with .docx files, things i'm working on

i really have to organize everything better

on trial for being either negligent or forgetful

"the blood of the person loved, [...] the basic maintenance of a

my notes on sobriety are the same as my notes on intoxication:

i want to go over there,
it looks like they're having fun!

and

are we having fun yet?

i don't acknowledge whatever law you're talking about,
but i do need to dye my roots
thinking about suicide - no, about the logical difficulty of hanging oneself with a belt

i found myself writing these... slogans
slogans for paintings
it was never about the art, it was about the choice of words

i wonder if i am remembering right?

but i don't believe in poetic community service, do i?
why do i prefer dated media?

further and further from the idea of perfection

sell it all but the books

we can't accept the monkey that made us

claustrophobia

focus on the facts, explain yourself
what are you, a liar?

all you do is lie, so you must be a liar

perhaps, unsurprisingly

economical in words

rule 34 on the trump “pee tape” please

i thought you said death,
not depth

eros in error

previous incarnations include
same fruit, different flower
paradise lost, paradise regained

the social animal, the housecat

delete your history for me

a set of great teeth hold no memory

depression can be a great aphrodisiac

people have these romanticized stories about their budding interest in the arts.
“i was 20, just broke up with my long-term partner - that’s when i knew i wanted to be a photographer.”
yeah?
yeah.

a craigslist search for things i already own

i bought a new bag for all my new poems

it’s more grown up than the courier bag i’ve had for the past ten years

i’ve ruined all my tote bags, too. overfilling them until the straps broke

social media is a great way to hurt your feelings

at 30 years old, i am just realizing my lover wrote someone else a love note before me

i wrote in not believing in love, so...

take me then leave me

use time and exchange time

did you think "me smart"
drinking wine
drunk
1am bottle chilled still?

never explain, never apologize

who now wears fake yeezy's claiming the real?

you're missing the message
i'm more focused on what i'm not working on, as opposed to, say, this painting in front of you

a man eyeballs my supreme hat and i want to telll him i bought it at a second hand store and it's probably fake and not worth trying to rob me

fear of becoming me, yet again?

careerism:
a job isn't looked down on in france, they say. working in a cafe. it's a living. every job is shameful here. every man is another man's servant.

i think that's enough
for the time being

updownupdownleftrightbastart
close, right?

oh, oh, oh,
it's magic
you know
the votes don't count,
nobody votes

9/11 was an inside job stickers on sale if you buy bulk

the tupac hologram is singing again

another unreadable book

/ / /
surveillance books

hold my last words against me

post-plagiarism project 1.14
dimitri karakostas

a very full life:
i literally haven't done anything and i'm exhausted
linguistic manhunt
regional dialect
idiolect
vestigial language : reflex, not considered
new age motiviational
automatically updated iphone dictation note??
a t-shirt: yoga babes hate me
a t-shirt: somebody please HELP
back at the hospital
you got no visitors at all
a book of translations
the first line of every non-art book i own
someone reads "arcades"
country club politics
i'm not distant, i'm just minding my own business
don't touch my magic with your dirty hands
i'm in the process of getting my life together
where's cape breton?
who is this "rorschach" and why does he keep
drawing pictures of my parents fighting?
the practical merits of breaking my nose
why has it just become acceptable to say
"i don't want to work in america"
elsewhere, i mean
not celebrating victory,
instead we pardon failure
"it's not "hope" i'm talking about. it's a different capacity. a well that has effectively emptied itself. my heart hurts but it's not that bad."
i have no specific pains in my left thumb
the purpose of love is to compartmentalize time:
- when i was with _____
- when you were with _____
- before i met _____
- after _____ and i broke up
you're handling this well

yeah, i've done this before
but your burden looks an awful lot like her
i'd like to talk about this more.
interrupting a "ruth" or "maria."
i've only meant suicide in the sense of killing some part of myself
never the whole thing
silent and reticent
troubles are boring
people only like you when you're not really you,
right?
the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth
what's resting bitch face called if you're a man?
i guess it's called being a man
i get the stage fright shakes no matter how often i do this
i do anything
remember the punk-rap band yes i was terrified but
i was 100% out of my mind
i'm glad i hadn't discovered amphetamine yet or
i'd probably not be around
not making this about me i'm just keyboard responding
i guess i'm sorry
ny, mtl, wherever - you don't buy a house.
you only fall in love to torch your own garden
        - what?
watch me
every time we agreed, yes - a long time
a gradual dazzle
quiet about lire,
eyes, allergies
waiting for you to leave so i can leave shortly after
fendi mini mirror fendi all over print screen
talk dirty to me
        the bathroom, the kitchen, the linens
ha ha ha ha ha
as if something missing
legs crossed defiantly
if not the only one noticing

we sat in the dirt for the first time together
short legged dogs engineered to walk like people
hair longer and i smell like you
public washroom
i look up, i've been reading
"does it smell like fire?"
"no, gas."
"gasoline, for sure."
not much i can do about that
when i had my wisdom tooth removed i had it done at the mall i paid in cash and they told me that was unusual. they suggested i don't smoke or drink for a few days and prescribed me penicillin which i never filled i had a falafel and smoked two cigarettes before i was off mall property
the sandbanks tufted titmouse we could see them
gin and tonic instead of mopping up
all this worship of trouble has me bored
cynical signs point to yes
24 hours before payday it was a different time,
then
you just came and went leave town whenever
to get on with it
starting new, simply a backpack it doesn't
make sense
shoes on a screen
stella mccartney i think
yeah, not bad out loud
the rain slows down
but i'm not leaving my feet smell and i'm sticky
all known categories
personally, doomed
i need to stop sleep, i think
maybe distort a meaning
how to stop looking at phone
afternoon no shower compromise
the syntax gets abused me talk about
fucking you, horny all afternoon

there is always a problem, sticking
hand out window of car staring into sun
until tears spread out
any miles per hour
the appropriate response to
“i love you”
isn’t
“i’m sorry you feel that way.”
p-a-r-a-d-i-s
a cop car trails close a rented malibu
after pissing off the only other person on our street
who’s house is the biggest i’ve seen in weeks
kombucha is added to everyone’s pastis and water
and a new cocktail is born
avoid the police station criteria
god, a habit
derrida stripping
the thinking
can we measure love in the hours of the day?
a spanish handjob:
- pressed against breasts
a meticulous organizing of already existing media
rethinking “cocaine, strangers”
best work when frustrated
my feel smell like peanut butter
the sheets are covered in fine white flecks
hairspray residue
not keeping my hair puffy like johnny thunders
i find it annoying
i should buy new sheets
i mean, i did recently
but maybe these sheets should be white
this time
it gets hotter at night
i feel cold but your body is hot
let’s put the blanket between us
i’ll cuddle the blanket instead of you

bingo
slightly shivering
probably hungry
stomach ache
i don't think there's any fruit in the house
it's boring to write about your relationship with drinking
just write about what you want to read
i have only liked whiskey once - for like, three months
during a particularly bad period of
"drinking to get to drugs sooner"
i would assume i've technically had
somewhere around 1200 hangovers
not including the days in which
i've woken up drunk and kept drinking
i would tally those days around 300
working for now defunct publications
the flor works anaerobically,
converting sugar into ethanol
paid attention, spent attention?
a great bordeaux vineyard
relationships between the self and the self and the self and others
i don't give a shit and i certainly don't give a fuck
told you!
who asks for a budweiser on the patio a tourist
it's not their fault it's not hard to look at the menu though
they're just trying to enjoy the nice weather
well, it's encroaching on my enjoyment
look! now they're playing uno!
how fun.
the sun will come out tomorrow
your optimistic dna
yesterday's viagra maybe still in your blood stream
am i understanding this right
scowling, rightly, note writing, hand on my thighs
working class wines
viognier
however you pronounce it

there is a woman on speakerphone
wearing fuzzy slippers yelling about
how she doesn't understand
why you do these things
as mum would say,
"sure and that's far from how you were raised."
i planned on going to a different party anyways
i'm sorry for being like this
the understanding that the day was over
an essay about time killers
it's sunny
the tourists are out i'm reading tao lin she's reading valerie solanis
sit in the shade in between my legs
cider glistens and warming slowly ice melted
too many bags that's how you can tell they aren't from here
nobody needs that much things
they're probaby looking at google maps
or yelp
yeah - oh!
did you hear that australian accent?
3) 9 6 11 18 (29)
dog whistle politics
everybody knows
the reorganization of privilege
what what i want to be when i grow up
things that my mother was unable to teach me
a list of spectator interests
the difference between smart and smarmy
i spend the bottom 5th to top 8th petting a dalmation mix until my hands are oily
friend to many dogs, enemy to all people
apo=generic
notes.rtf
backup text onto a flash drive
tennis 11am
fix the calendar
xerox every poem in book over original poem

as the times change
white spray paint
start uh reorganizing
david bowie naked lookalike
steady staring me down
fuck this hangover
i gotta get smart somehow
thunder road by bruce springsteen
the baby (70s)
i'm still hungover
even after masturbating
the sun is too hot on my back. sitting in a south-facing seat, in the window, in a cafe, drinking an americano with chocolate milk in it. a book is open but unread, mostly. popular american writer. i haven't eaten yet.
love it, excellent, good PR, not offending anyone
sincere girl reading poetry,
anais nin diary
tried to jack off but i was too tired,
ha ha,
you know
a doctor and his wife
the kind of people that go abroad
it doesn't interest me
both the people and the act, you know
tourism
perhaps i'm sour today
those stories
romantic voyages
you see
there's no point
appearance,
not experience
terrible things
hold my last words against me
ducolax
in the province of love

non american outpouring
leaving notes
erotic grammar
minus the mascara
pasolini, again
coffee on the patio
while her bike gets fixed
it's a problem with the front tire
i believe
annexing space
nothing worth reading
among the ruins
hypochondria
dies hard
running nose acknowledgment
behind sunglasses
plastic and cheap and
not of the city
public dress rehearsal
getting home seems like a struggle
zodiac fixated
arthur leign allen
opportunistic
secret society open air
overdressed
(i guess)
and all the dogs are first walked
des idée reçue
impressionism
in handcuffs
i ask the bartender to plug in my phone,
mostly to keep it out of my hands.
    but what if there is a terrorist attack?
    what if alexa gets lost or needs directions?
no, i need to focus. read.
i've broken the cycle of task-based days and it hasn't helped me.
ok. i need a return to-do to-do list.

instead:
we laid in the park. it wasn't warm enough to take off our coats. it's april. we drank half our juices and add-ed sparkling water to make the flavor last. kale, celery, beet, sparkling water. i realized i had brought the wrong book - i have already read this leonard cohen book. it's a different edition than the one on my shelf, but i have read it. of course i had. it's ok. i didn't feel much like reading. we laid with our eyes closed. the grass wasn't damp but it wasn't dry, you know? soft grass, rather. our eyes closed towards the sun, laid on our backs. rubbing each others thighs.
a twenty-five-year-old drives a white econoline van through an intersection, killing ten and injuring dozens. the van was a rental. that much we know.
"i want to cum in your mouth later."
"ok."
so i go to the juice store,
ok,
and the lady asks me,
you know,
what kind-of juice i need,
right,
and i'm like
"whichever one is gonna make my lover
more satisfied sexually."
she gave me beet juice.
check it out
my bar tab what?
yes! no i don't want to pick up on dundas
a sign i've "recovered" from my "recovery"
used to be always YES from me
i mean, i want to do co-------
but apparently not that badly
it's a conversation!
about nothing!
(my inner monologue)
yo, how sick would it be
to go to sleep, yeah, nice

(me in real life)
i'm good
CC: understanding
that look, yeah -
you had us and you lost us
smashing pumpkins but not ava adore
don't kiss me, i'm thirsty
this ain't no poem, bro
lol

/ / /
surveillance books

the problem has become a composite of other problems

post-plagiarism project 1.15
dimitri karakostas

shooting at queen and peter smoke dawg coming home,
the streets are dead it's a long weekend saturday and there is nobody around
cabs won't stop for us
just driving past
do we fit the description and we're unaware?

we just watched sicario 2, it made me feel nothing. i eat pizza 3-4 times a week still, such a shame. i did have avocado toast this morning so i guess that's good.

i need to put a lot of things up on craigslist. i need to empty my house out.

i'm sweating, it's hot and i'm kinda hungry but i can't eat it's too hot.

what was i thinking about?

oh yeah, i know, i need to get off instagram. i've seen enough fitness inspiration for a lifetime i'd imagine. i'm not going to get any skinnier at this point.

i think i want to have sex, maybe i'm tired. or depressed. probably hungry.

sometimes, when i am completely alone - i lay down on the couch and stare at the wall - there are some notes there, but they've been there for so long that they've lost their meaning. they once meant some-thing, i'm sure. now they are just decoration. 8x11 inkjet printed mounted on clipboard decoration. i think about pulling them down and then i think of the annoyance of having to replace them with something else. i lay down on the couch, which is sticky, it is summer, it's 90degreesfarenheit whatever that means, i don't touch my phone - i don't read a book either. i just think about the work i could do. i should do. maybe something good would happen. i need to be better with my time, i think. i do this for an hour. i do not do the things i said i would do.

we do the demo for your reno. a hand reaches out of the truck window, waves at a man bicycling on the sidewalk. i have tremendous contempt for them both. more for the man on the bike, though. he should know better. bikes go on the street, riding with traffic. god, i hate him. i lazily drop my cigarette on the sidewalk, noticing how dirty my black and gold nike airmax 95 are - as if it suddenly happened, and it isn't the product of wearing them to work every day for the past two weeks. i see my reflection in the glass door as i'm unlocking it, noticing now that it's not just my shoes but instead everything i'm wearing. i hate my outfit. grey sweater, grey paint, black hat, black shoes, june 6th i forgot to pay rent fuck what was i talking about? i'm scatterbrained, i'm not going to get anything of value done today. i tether my iphone 8 to the bluetooth speaks and listen to the new oneohtrix point never record as i sweep. the connection is unrelia-ble, maybe it's the record actually he can be quite glitchy. no, it's probably the massive amount of cracks in the phone due to constantly being dropped. hm. i place the iphone marginally closer to the speakers and sit in the front window. i crack open this new book, a phaidon collection of avant-garde magazine design of the 20th century - but i can't focus on it. i stare out the window, thinking - "hey, maybe i should have a cof-fee, but maybe i have prostate cancer. i should be a vegetarian." two teenagers knock on the glass, pointing to their ontario liberal party voting pamphlets and i wave them away. the construction truck drives by again, going the other way. 1-844-ren-0-rdy.

“people seem cynical, you know, about the refugees -”
“migrants.”
“that’s the attitude i’m talking about. private libraries and you’re talking about millions -”
“publicity wise, it’s been a catastrophe.”
“the problem has become a composite of other problems.”
“completely new journalistic pleasures.”
“photographing death on a cell phone.”
“a total lack of identity.”
“satire that works.”
“both ways.”
“the last straw is always drenched in poetics.”
“can we live this way?”

congratulations

your new work is really great, yeah, it really shines. it's like you write how you speak and it's really refreshing. you're something else. do you know michelle? is that how i know you? she's the best, isn't she? she makes great work. i'm obsessed with it. i'm open about my love for her work. but your work, i mean, wow. wow. you should quit your day job and focus on your work. it's so cool. i can tell you're focused on your craft. i should tell you, we all love the work. i would love to sit down and have coffee and show you some work. can i tell you a secret? it's amazing stuff. i'm very likely to say no, but i have to give you a resounding yes. if you're not too busy, can we talk about this more? we are all so proud of you. tell me more about your work.

i want to be cool, but nobody likes that - you know? you can't fake it. i can't help but be cool. like, collected. people have said that to me before. it always goes really well.

a review of the chicken parmesan sandwich i just ate:
disappointed i tried to cut it in four. left me with one soggy bread piece with no chicken. i thought it would make it easier for me. otherwise very tasty.

i have been reading information on how to quit smoking. perhaps this comes after reading murakami's "the running novelist." "quitting smoking was also like a symbolic gesture of farewell to the life i used to lead," he says, and i think - yeah, let's start new. let's do something else. i have done well with the slow death of other vices and pleasures, although i am far too snuggly and would rather stay in bed an extra 15 minutes - why not quit smoking, too?

i realize i have to go across the street and pick up some things for the bar. i will probably want a smoke. i'm doomed.

i had considered falsifying records since i was about fifteen.
records of what?
whatever. transcripts. for school. i was learning photoshop.
reworking things in your favor?
yeah, minimal work - to where if there was any discrepancies it wouldn't be blatantly obvious.
who would guess a kid had the know-how to do such a thing?
in the early 2000's, nobody.
retrieving information that says what?

“invisiline braces.”
“laser scar removal treatment.”
“and what else left to fix?”
“medicine as fantasy.”
“clearly, as advertised.”

i only clean the house well if i'm viciously angry or considering suicide.

he comes home after four hours of arranging djs and eighty minutes of actually playing music. despite flaw-less track selections and transitions, he was not well received. the cat jumps into the flight case where they usb turntables live six days a week. she stretches out, reconsiders, and returns with an empty catnip mouse. "ah, you're such a good hunter, my little six year old cat!" her assumed birthday was seventeen days ago.

we are sitting on the couch, eating dairy-free ice cream, watching a torrented rip of transparent season three. i cringe watching this particular sex scene. it makes me anxious enough to have to leave the room, so i smoke a cigarette in the bathroom. i scan pages of paul goodman's "growing up absurd," not finding anything particularly interesting.

a long stretch of empty beach, except for a direct sunlight span of twelve people gathered about six feet apart. forty pages pass, and most people have left. it is monday, now noon, and maybe that's why nobody is here. it is so sunny and lovely and absolutely mine. i put on a podcast on a recently refurbished iphone 7, despite it's lessened touch sensitivity. a text gets typed and promptly deleted. "we should get tipsy and try some rougher sex, maybe." nah. now thinking of the choker necklace that was purchased at the boutique sex shop, the one that signifies "submissive" when worn. she would love this, the ungreying on skin in the sun. perhaps she'll come later this week. now thinking of getting in the water, despite not being able to swim. there is a 12x18 sign stating that the water is currently unsafe to swim in, due to a high concentration of bacteria. the bacteria in question is not clear, but a beach water quality hotline number is listed. two women, appearing somewhere in their 20s, splash about with a soccer ball, some fifteen feet to the right of the sign. they might not have seen it. i don't say anything to them.

“food and sex - both are intrinsic for existence.”
“and reproduction.”

i find myself tired, perhaps drained from the sun or from fourteen hours of sleep the previous night. sleep debt payback. i sit, reading but not focused, as the sun reflects off a gold hoop earring belonging to a bather. my sunburnt legs shiver, although being generally unconvinced of it being cold. goosebumps can indicate anything, really. i should buy a pair of linen pants. perhaps khakis.

i sit on a wobbly bench made of hockey sticks, legs tight together. my phone is about to die, and i have finished reading my book, so i focus on the words on the sticks. bauer. easton. sherwood. advanced carbon layering. jaromir jagr.

i didn’t stop talking, whether fully out loud or murmuring under my breath. deja-vu. the phrase “safe word” drawn on a left hand, long fingers trail sunlight peeking through the east facing window, partially blocked by a stack of french novels. books i own despite not being able to read french.

late june, the sex boats line the edge of the nude beach.
“sexuality is boring.”
“it’s just a body.”
“it’s not the body i’m upset about, it’s the brain.”
“i used to love the idea of a bare bottom, peeking slightly above the water line. now, i’m just annoyed by the brazenness.”
“oh stop, let them be young.”
“i can’t match other’s empathy. i’m far too insincere.”
“after all, they eventually have to return to their normal clothes.”

this morning, i wake up at 10:30am, feel it's too early, go back to sleep until 11:30am, get up, smoke one cigarette on the couch, brush my teeth and wipe my mouth on the closest towel, try to check my email but my iphone's touchscreen isn't responding properly (again), get back into bed on the opposite side, and hold my partner's head into my collarbone. later, we go get spanakopita.

self care, depression, substance abuse, anxiety, and the internet.

the year might have been something like 2014, i can't remember. 2014 sounds about right. my partner in both business and a slowly failing relationship had been refused entry back into america, rendering the "new life" an "old life" while we tried to make plans for a "new new life." we decided upon montreal. it was november, maybe december. october, even. we had rented an air bnb for a month, then two, then three. i was still working in fashion, but the jobs were infrequent. we were, on paper, unemployed. i spent a lot of time on the internet, however increasingly selective of my usage - deleting facebook, instagram, my main email, my website. instead, i focused on research. i had spent uncountable hours, usually on both an ipad and netbook, cycling between 4chan, abovetopsecret, godlikeproductions - fringe internet. a lot of porn. i'm not sure if i was masturbating, even. i think i was just curiously watching. now that i think of it, i doubt i really had a place to hide and jerk off in this studio loft.

i f5'd all day, night. laying on the couch, in bed. this is probably my first wave interaction with memes, how-ever soft and innocuous they were at the time.

i was depressed, unsure of the future, and broke. growing up poor always made me aware of the pleasures of, i don't know, eating - so i was extra aware of what was going on. i was receiving licensing payments every few days, which went to things like pasta, endives, 1.35 small cans of blue ribbon. i probably made it seem like things were better than they were. "aren't you craving fettucini again? i just can't get enough."

categorizations:
guilty pleasues
writing
sometimes i ask myself, do i really want to write or do i just want to tell people i write? constantly working on something secret, something epic - something never to be seen?
reading
food
sex
sleep
hygine
quality of life
it's about the phrase "quality of life."
starting drinking
quitting drinking
doing drugs
quitting drugs
self-medicating
antidepressants and boner pills
the internet
quitting the internet
meditation
"how much do you depend on the co-operation or support of others?"

2:30am, a wednesday in june. the meditation app with it's "gratitude" playlist softly humming in my ear, closing the bar. the phone is jammed in between my hat and my head, soft rustling noises feel like they might subdue this panic. panic about nothing.
i often find myself question my stability in work. it's a grown up issue. living paycheck to paycheck. trying to save money but somehow being unable to. perpetually behind. if not beind, then living somehow far be-yond my daily means. i haven't yet reconcilled with the idea that i'm not as rich as the $40 a glass natural wine in my hand might suggest. i imagine a man of moderate to heigher wealth taking his partner aside, "i can offer you a better life." he assumes this is how it happens. he also wonders what it means, thinking this way. focusing back on the meditation tone, i close my eyes and count $100 in five dollar bills.

hedonic treadmill

how is today still going? it's still going.
maybe am tired also i wonder what is
happen at home, maybe cat is lying on
the couch or in the bed. i had an idea of
how to make the house nicer and GOD
how do people make more more more
money again and again i spend way too
much money, i can't buy those nike's i
was thinking about. i need to think. do you
think it's luck or what that you know you have
no warts or anything on your body, you're lucky.
i'm hungry. you show me a photograph of a
penis while pasta boils. everybody sits and
is fairly quiet, someone praises the wine. why
have i thought it being so good to know wine.
like, what a cool party trick. what can i say i
can do that is useful? i can't build a shelf. swans
swans swans. swans sing songs all night long.

in the event of the apocalypse, the three things
i desire are lambrusco, masturbation, and suicide.

you just have to submit, for a little bit. take your shackles off and submit to the time off. i'm the same way, though. i feel guilty about the work i'm not doing. a vicious cycle of anxiety. you gotta spend some time. i know this upsets you. the whole, well, conditional love. it's whatever. it's whenever i decide. it's something else. trust me.

god, i don't want to write anymore.
maybe i'll buy a pair of 10deep jeans.

/ / /
surveillance books

this is going to look stupid in twelve point times new roman

post-plagiarism project 1.16
dimitri karakostas

when you don't have the flu anymore,
when you feel better,
i would like to tie you up.
maybe.
if that's a thing.

sure, i'd like that.

i mean, you could do it now.
if you want?

but, you're not well, right?
sick?
should i wait?

should i tie your hands together with silk scarves?

hermes would be nice,
but i prefer rope.

sex rope?

a different time in my life

asleep on couches
fully clothed

longing for nothing in particular

reached absolute devoid of dreaming
but you weren't fully asleep

desire,
the word "trembling,"
"the author, right?"

in such marvellous weather,
it's a pity to leave

1. walk
2. lay in the grass
3. eat something healthy
4.
5.
6.
7.
8. something warm
9.
10.

the finer things in life:
- strawberries
- teal
- that which is indescribably sweet
- whatever is happening here, this

a list of words:

- livre
- my loneliness
- is killing me
- and i

* here one is
** one doesn't know how
*** one doesn't know why
**** and suddenly one doesn't know where one is or who or what one is either

things about you:
- asleep when i get home
-

concerned with your body alone
hips very narrow today

i wonder what you feel like right now
with your glasses off
wink emoji

you will always be younger than me
more pretty
sweet

we both agree on this

charge your hitachi wand
i'll be home in five hours
and i thought of something new

an infinite amount of platforms used to mount your opinion

freestyle rap
oral sex
performance

observations in a pizza pizza (the last great canadian poem)

the solo cheese slice
looks sad
that's all i wanted, fuck
i'll get a veggie and pick the
tomato off
they're god awful
and i love tomato
but these
probably come in a can
i would guess
it's hard to tell
roma tomato, they tell me

now this is a good time to catch up
on news
cp24
good source of local news
lol, sure

i didn't realize nerds still existed
it must be hard for them
it must be hard to be young
i mean, it always is
probably

there is a young child, maybe three
holding a ginger ale
crying
moving closer to me and i move
further away
instinctively

my child will never cry in a pizza pizza
i promise you

i hate carrying a backpack
i look stupid and i feel stupid

however utilitarian

holding
2 books by karlos rene ayala
3 notebooks of varying sizes
5 zines for @smallhoax
macbook pro + charger
a handful of red pens

i forgot my headphones

i feel stupid and i look stupid

it's mother's day for everyone
but me

normal people have mom's and dad's

i'm not sour,
i'm just stating facts

vague, but facts
but obviously don't ask
what i mean

normal people do normal shit

imaginary men love imaginary women

i understand you in a jacket
drinking coffee

i understand your butt
and it's role in my universe

a woman and a woman enter the terrace on the south east corner. woman a holds a newspaper, woman b holds a tupperware container. the 4x4x3 container. filled to the top with white rice and perhaps zucchini, maybe cucumber, probably not cucumber that doesn't make sense, let's just say zucchini, sets on the chair to my left for approximately six minutes. the waiter asks if they want anything, woman a states "we're ok for now." woman b removes a plastic fork from her chest jacket pocket and starts in on the white rice and zucchini, which looks more bland now that it sees the full sun. woman a, her friend, explains to her the concept of culpable responsibility. woman b nods in agreement, as rice pellets fall between the skewers of the fork. a sparrow enters the terrace from above and heads towards the rice. she decides it is not what she wants. the waiter informs them that they need to order something if they would like to remain seated on their property. woman a removes her bootleg rayban sunglasses and reveals that she is crying. the waiter leaves, not to return. woman b finishes the container of rice in silence. they exit, seventeen minutes later.

the guy from hellraiser looks like cassavettes.
the guy.
the doctor.
hellraiser 2: hellbound.

a thought on jealousy:

there is obviously something happening there is always something happening which means that i'm stupid. i'm always stupid regardless of the outcome. i don't even know what i'm talking about. your insecure is showing. what am i talking about when i talk about my...self? i'm talking about myself in the pejorative sense. i laugh about myself constantly. the older i get, the older i get. i am not myself in public. what? the jealousy over nothing. i am ashamed of my brain. my understanding of things. ??? wow. this is going to look stupid in twelve point times new roman. better set it to caslon. nothing is happening and it is hard to accept being loved. i'm fucking stupid.

my life in simple terms
when i was younger
and more annoying

i walked every street in brooklyn
most of lower manhattan
according to google maps

yes, i went to all the gentrified bars
and a lot of them knew my order

tecate and tequila

i was younger
and more annoying

no, you can't hear cats fighting at nighttime on the 20th floor. well, 19th. there is no 13th floor. you showed me yesterday the missing elevator button between 12 and 14. some kids were talking about it and you observed, correctly.

you can't hear raccoons, either.

trying to lose weight. do i wake up one day and look like john cassavettes? not, like, end of his life alcholic cassy. what? i'm talking about the mirror. maybe perfect marketing. a strip of art galleries, cosmetic stores. it's right there, and it's been there for years - it might still be there. i noticed the thing - the thing you did. i saw it. your search history. alternative medicine.

“more pale,” the clean eater explaining. “you shouldn’t eat sugar.”
the salt of sugar. that kind-of person advocating for flavor, under-
stood. honey. your words.

one extra shake in your ass before you go
i can be silent and reticent of feelings

that suicide poem is always my last
the last the last the last but not like that

a lot of those old words have been published
but i feel they aren't reflective of me as a person

defeatist
then i write it again

someday this closet of size nine nikes
will not be mine

i never get the words right

/ / /
surveillance books

notes on the text:

despite being in ‘chapters,’
this book is not designed to be read in linear order.

i am not 100% positive about that one chapter.
you know the one.

yes, there is no missing chapter
somewhere in the middle.

it was absorbed elsewhere.

this is the last post-plagiarism project
before the dawn of
meta-plagiarism.

which is what it should have been called anyways.

that,
or
“new anxiety america.”

maybe that title will get used eventually.

i hope so.

ok, love you, bye.

alexa, i've given you all and now i am nothing

post-plagiarism project 2.1
dimitri karakostas

hi, my name is dimitri karakostas
my website is www dot themostqualifiedpersonforthejob dot com
for the next ten or so minutes
i'm going to be reading excerpts from
no masters, no masterpieces
as well as some stuff from
post-plagiarism project #2
which comes out [...] eventually

before i attend a reading,
i google 24hour teeth whitening solutions

i worry about which shoes to wear
since i'll be spending my time staring at my feet

better match my swoosh to my tie

i imagine reading my poems
while the song from sonic 1's green hill zone
plays softly in the background

before i attend a reading
i listen to songs about you baby

i saw the best minds of my generation
googling their names obsessively

broke, disappointed, anxious
endless scrolling through instagram at dawn
looking for the right meme for the group chat

rule 12. anything you say can and will be used against you.
rule 13. anything you say can be turned into something else.
rule 21. original content is original only for a few seconds before getting old.
rule 22. copy ‘n paste is made to ruin every last bit of originality.
rule 23. copy ‘n paste is made to ruin every last bit of originality.
rule 24. every repost is always a repost of a repost.
rule 82. nobody tells the truth on the internet

meme baiting poetry
ready made poetry
opportunistic expression poetry
i’m sorry i love you poetry
trying to not smoke poetry

“passive aggressive text messages”
poetry

i felt most like a poet when i was writing the word “poet”
on walls wherever with white out
because
my poetry is repeating itself

alexa, i've given you all and now i am nothing
alexa, always tip 20% december seventh 2018

alexa, play despacito

picking people's pockets with your prose
dm me for my premium poetry snapchat

when can i go into the supermarket and buy what i need
with my clever observations and wordplay

alexa, after all it is you and i who are perfect not the next world

working class creative non-violent criminalz live forever

alexa, is this correct?

"work," the word,
a slang, meaning
not making money
being busied sitting eating
or drinking coff ee, thinking
"when she says
sylvia plath,
does that mean she wants to
break up with me?"
absorbed self not even looking at
dundas street short shorts no more
ever expanding scripting scenes
avant-garde explaining this
"work"
and what gets in the way of it

instagram:
where nobody is ugly
and everyone wants to
buy your new book

my compulsively edited biography started
with msn messenger away messages

too bad i deleted my browser history
(wwwdotpornhub.com obviouslywithyouinmind)

(me in real life)
i'm good i'm good i'm great

ah,
you had us and you lost us
smashing pumpkins but not ava adore
don't kiss me, i haven't brushed my teeth

yo, this ain't no poem, bro
lol

“adam was bored alone,
then adam and eve were bored together”

how to improve your writing in 12 passive aggressive steps
extremely happy until further notice

when I am drunk, I google definitions of words I use
just to make sure I am using them right
like
“proposition”
like
I want to be with you forever
that’s a statement
a statement is a proposition
what

my emotional cv on display
but love me anyway
lol, ok
who died and left you alone, huh?

wearing the melody awkwardly
“I miss about you regularly”
certainty in certain examples

how soon?
how late?
I am busy, therefore I am good
abandoned or overlooked

there you have it;
the answer to your question

I should start by explaining
zen and romanticism

the real and ideal,

at least for a while

painkillers and advil
i feel so close to you

my heart gathers disasters
flimsy sheer black lycra

ordinary things in detail
people aren't going to like that

what we want to avoid
is titling your poems as "poems"

5-hydroxytryptophan

"merci" pronounced "messy"

i'll never understand what goes on
in that fur coat of yours

patient zero of my heart

that's my name, don't wear it out

terminally googling
all yr cracked iphone screens in heaven

i look awful
so you look good
(dorian gray baby)

you nuance the flowers
and pop my pimples

make it memorable or whatever

obviously,
i appear asthmatic
in controlled situations

i'm friendly
i'm sweet
i'm mistaken
i'm sorry

green-brown eyes
of no origin

that's what my mom says

totally blank
not precious
that's it

a balanced relationship

on the brightside,
i don't want anything else

making my way through this life
slowly

might i suggest privacy?

i've struck gold with a blank wall
and white collar crime

now i find assertiveness daunting

underline all appropriate passages
the fashion became christian again

if i were to remove a word,
it would be contagious

the happiest
newest and coolest influence
at a reasonable price point

converse all stars
band-aids

berlin after the war

"the best words in the best order"
8 1/2 was an inside job
the wages of indiff erence are whatever
show your work
link in bio
please don't stop
you can't ruined nothing perfect
too long didn't read
love in dog years
even venus was crosseyed
what exactly do we fall in when we fall in love
a better place is hard to find
'as soon as I start talking about my life, I start lying straight away.'
281-330-8004
celebrate life, romanticize death

living well is the best revenge

lively and lucid
initiated into mystery

reliability
trust
longevity
organic grocery shopping

everything is expensive
end of discussion

what that something was
oh, certainty
bias

rule-based, predictable

an anecdotal gem

specific
“yes we can” culture
seems to struggle

classically trained
stepping out of interest

something that ain’t me

i talk about insincerity instead

“you”

galvanized
meta
never executing
thereby nothing

“delayed experience”

a novelty, a big thing

a different way to annotate infinity

relaxed, lighter
cool, calming images

thinking of snowfall
and cats and

anything and everything i can’t afford

day job attention
paid and bought

here i risk ending on another cliche

if you see me with my head down
pulling my hair out
feel free to say “hi”

writing america without a lincoln tunnel
imaginary women an american wants to go to bed with

i’ve seen more prose in jellyfish
i’ve read better lines from eleven year old kids

in the white room
with black curtains

a pen, no notebook

all the french i can’t read
“new poetry”

i can't have sex, i'm not horny

to suggest it
our secret
torture

popular culture

catastrophic floods
under normal circumstances

as the moon changes shape
so does my mood

"after all, the work is what counts"

names, dates, descriptions

the bolt of lightning
dividing loyalty

audition
new project doubt

frivolous dreams of glory and success
an amulet against forgetting

flattering vanity

it's the shoes, it's the jacket
maybe he's born with it,

maybe it's an accident
in the grip of sentimental thoughts

a game of cat and mouse
the go ahead, depressing, bleak

more than a haircut, a shave

a strategy for contrast
out of contempt for details missed

“oh boy, i’m ready”

moving or standing still

simultaneously, at once

future tense

grazing smugness
getting things done

aggravated defensive but true

am I nervous in habit or repeating infinite loop?
and define mislead once again, could you?

a decision: how to spend your day well
envisioning the world in flowers and breezes

resisting arrest on a cloudy winter day.

fuck, another quantum problem
yet all clocks go by at the same speed

what was i talking about? memory?

a more dramatic “now”?

it’s like you’re dead to me
“now”

too clever to be believed

like you, like me

most
poems
die
on the
operating room
table

cause there's nothing else to do
every me and every you

antagonizing the other
as the no-longer and not-yet

i fold the paper again and again

you lose if i win and vice versa etcetera

indexed formal vocabulary

a sample, for example

heaven is an objective metaphor with you
tell me all the things you want to do

i've corrected you three times and
you still mispronounce my name

i order simple coffee
and crave complex dessert

i screenshot my witty talk

after all,
i am very smart
with a strong academic background

a stunning revenge
more or less
a will and testament
describing my methods
giving examples
even if they're not true

- - -

see you later alligator
after a while crocodile
no way jose
good deal, banana peel
don't slip paperclip
know what i mean jellybean
you're the boss applesauce
nice thinkin, abe lincoln
time to squirm, wiggle worm
time to sail, orca whale
here's a hug lady bug
show me out, rainbow trout
good night, sleep tight
don't let the bedbugs bite

/ / /
desire surveillance
(on the occasion of [...] jc bouchard booklaunch reading december)

http://6479645762.phonesear.ch/

post-plagiarism project 2.2
dimitri karakostas

Do you want to touch it? You're nothing but trouble. We shook hands and parted at the end of our journey. Alain convinced me to do it. The servants, and the young ladies also, decked out the tree. On one branch they hung little nets, cut out of colored paper; every net was filled with sweetmeats; golden apples and walnuts hung down as if they grow there, and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. Nadeem could hear Tyler crying. Skip and Juliet dated each other for three years. Eduardo didn't mean to hurt anybody. I don't like writing.

Curt never seems to spend much time studying.

What are these charges for? Are you saying it's over?

Nou drowned in the ocean. I hope I am very efficient. Do you want to tell him? Lindsay was found guilty of murder.

Do you already have a plan? He engaged her as an interpreter. Imogen of the Internet blatantly forsakes web accessibility guidelines when redesigning her Tumblr for the twelfth time today. That was a stupid thing you did, Ira. Have you got a dog? Yes, I have a daughter. They'll be here at three. We're ready for this. I like instrumental music.

Sergio clearly doesn't want to be there. That was a shepherd. You're asking for too much. Lois, would you please give these starving people something to eat? As soon as we find out anything, we will contact you. We need a password to use this computer. I want a compact car with an air conditioner. I'm sure Chet has some questions he wants to ask you.

Rakhal looked in consternation at the stain on his shirt. My daughter is blonde. Which information are you talking about? Maybe it's time to tell him. Timo is having trouble focusing. Phill is good at avoiding fights. Val is just a friend from school. I live in Miami. We all have our cross to bear. The man who was arrested for murder asked to plead the fifth.

I would greatly appreciate your help. You just can't put a price on a moment like this. Which theater is that? Do you dream about me?

We've been abandoned. I have no time left. I didn't like them. They caught sight of the man among the crowd of people. Susumu certainly is aware of what happened here yesterday. I gave it to them yesterday. He returned home without telling us.

Jim was caught cheating in the examination. Something wrong? She had something weird on her head. Matthew must be tired after working all day in the hot sun. He came really fast. I am a freelance photographer The students used a magnet in science class. Over the next fifteen years, architects, planners and community developers will work together to transform 346 acres of industrial wasteland into 6,500 homes, two shopping centres, a marina, a primary school and college, and parkland. The students are apt to make the same mistakes. She feeds her dog the same thing that she eats.

You should've told me you didn't know what to do. My mark for the English examination was close to the average mark of the class.

Long live the chaos! My hands were numb with cold. Do I have to register? The ship passed under the bridge. I just wanted to come say goodbye. That fact is of great importance from the viewpoint of science. I was not aware of the trick.

I told you to leave her alone. "What kind of pet is always found on the floor?" "A carpet." Come tomorrow morning. This is what scares them.

I want to know about them. I'm not strange. Happiness isn't merely having many possessions.

Lars is my neighbor, but I don't know him very well. Puppies don't like to be left alone. My father is as busy as ever. Let's finish up. I'm friends with Allen. Bright white cloud-tops reflect a lot of sunlight back into space.

Have you already decided on your thesis topic? Did he write it with a pencil? I told Uri to help Gunnar. We stayed at a hotel by the lake. Tarmi went in my house. The elderly couple died peacefully. He didn't half swear. I heard Lila is really cute. I'm thrilled to be back. He instantly regretted taking apart the laptop after realizing how many complex components there were inside.

That daimyo holds a fief yielding 100,000 koku of rice. He who knows does not speak, he who speaks does not know. It's hard to swat a fly with your bare hand. The three veterans lived together in a rented cottage on the outskirts of a small town on the edge of the inland sea. Takeuchi was abused far more than the rest of his brothers and sisters. I'm afraid she may have the mumps. The bathroom pipes are clogged with sewage. I wonder if Charley knows who left this package on my desk.

George did business in the same manner as his father. I need that information now. Why aren't you taking notes? I knew what they did to Victoria. Dewey is on his way back to Boston. It would be a huge setback for them.

I got up earlier than usual so that I might catch the first train. We're probably right.

Smoking is bad for the health. We sometimes disparagingly call noise, music that's insignificant and devoid of any charm.

I've always liked it. How did you cut your arm? I had a great vacation. He is hated by all. You don't think Sir might still be here, do you?

Let's not wait too long. I would like to visit New York someday. I am not able to drink wine. There is a pen between the apple and the book. Go home and lock the door from the inside.

This tall man is Mr Smith. Hirotoshi doesn't like me much. Did you ever catch Neville? Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.

Is everything OK here?

Come back next week and the clothing will be ready. I told Danny he could be my assistant. Let's choose the best of the tomato crop and take them to the market. Nicholas resembles his father. I had a new suit made. You wouldn't believe the stuff people throw away. Ima has always been lucky.

The death of one man is a tragedy, the death of millions is a statistic. It was a terrible thing to do. Stewart disappeared into the night. I have eyes.

Do you know Sergio's blood type? There are many houses destroyed by the earthquake. The baby kept crying all night. In many countries, the main reason that people come to big cities is because of work. The girl that I know very well has already left for Tokyo. Dave doesn't know Teresa's last name. I'm not married to Walter. We'll work on it. Your father's supporters are not limited to his friends. This play has a feminist point of view.

Dan was sent to a maximum security facility in Florida.

Kimberly knew how to do that. He took advantage of the opportunity to visit the museum. This book has a certain value. I think that jacket would fit me. Jef's alone. Adam was a strong man. It's worth every penny.

Liber thinks Paul knows where John is. Holy shit! This is the worst case of the measles I've ever seen. What does it take to get some service here? How much money did you spend last week? That's not happening till October 20th. Let's choose the best of the tomato crop and take them to the market. Dan looked down at his glass and saw that it was still half full. Formal declarations of war haven't been the United States's style since 1942.

The mother was quieting her crying baby. I used to live near Hal. See you later, alligator.

The rocket blew up a few seconds after launch.

There was a big parade today. She is just going shopping. I miss Kyle's cooking. I want to know who did it.

His desire for promotion blinded him to other's feelings. I swam in the sea. How much rest do you need? Come this way. It's shorter. He looked for his book for an hour. He milked the cow.

Can I rent rackets? They say that a person who has perfect pitch can tell just by listening what pitch a note is. Her cousin lives in Europe. You're all set. Winnie watches too much television.

Go get them a blanket. What on earth is the matter? Should I stay or should I go? This is what we found. It cost less than fifteen dollars. Vilhelm is intelligent and kind.

I think we should spend some time apart from each other. Sadly, terrorism is a global disease, but it must never be allowed to triumph.

Jackye asked Chuck if she would teach his son French. She patted her back. What a kind girl she is!

Are you spending enough time with your kids? My mother doesn't like my room being untidy. We must act now. Write the address and the home phone number. As soon as Pilot gets here, we'll leave. Mike was supposed to be here today. He was seen crossing the street. I'm sorry for acting like a jerk.

I knew that someone would come. Tao never even opened the book. Toerless meant well. How often do you eat junk food?

She was looking at the fine snow falling on the lake.

You must let things take their own course. When Franklin put his foot into the stream, he felt something bite his toe.

You're embarrassing me. We're moving to town. I have taught my dog to sit up and beg. He soon got over the danger. Greg looked at his cards. I acted to protect myself from a similar destiny. Scot forgot to bring his camera. I get the feeling you don't really want me to stay. Can I change the English alphabet?

The day before yesterday I quit my job. He sprained his knee during a volleyball match. Clarence is never late for school. I'd be thrilled if I were invited.

Martine had been working for a local TV channel while her husband was completing a PhD in psychology. Are you quitting your job? I've been searching for them. Sugih won't let anything happen to you. I love everything about him. The picture looks strange because it has no perspective. Never choose a vocation just because it permits the wearing of good clothes. Don't you have an air conditioner? We are in two.

I wish I was pretty. I'm not talking about you.

I need this to round out my collection. Cathryn is a friend of a friend. Do you want a sandwich? Is there a supermarket near your house? I got stuck in heavy traffic on the expressway. He let me work in his office. He is good at biology. Vickie tried in vain to convince Gideon to go to art school.

Leave your coffee there so it can cool off. How long was the journey to New York? Who did King vote for? We hired a boat by the hour. You don't know them. He said they wanted to fight until every black man was free. You take the money. That's my mistake. What the hell was she thinking?

Francis's wife asked him to quit his job. Is the handsome man an Arab or an Indian? Better an end with horror than a horror without end. Albert has been shot three times. She said that I should come home soon.

Shel and I both want to go home.

The lecture is composed by two parts, one theoretical, the other practical. I should've been more polite. Did Celeste say why he wanted to quit? Edwin contributed. It's not perfect. My mother made me clean the bathroom.

Is now a good time to talk to Tricia? Don't play on the job. If you want a good seat, you should get there early.

I don't remember promising that. "How often do the buses run in an hour?" "Every thirty minutes." We have to find out what's going on.

He's in the bathroom. I can sing this song without looking at the lyrics. I take pictures of a lot of things.

What do you use this for? I knew it was Wendi. Why do you say things like that? Your role here is so important. I've finished reading the book I was reading. Your top button is undone. Yvonne wanted revenge. It's over here. I appreciate how you feel. What time was your appointment?

Masanao isn't your typical stockbroker. We can't prove Carlo is lying, but we're pretty sure he is. I want to know now. I thought you knew me. He fell overboard and was drowned. Everybody was looking at her when she burst into laughter. Amy, you should marry him!

Who was punished? Joe and Shane become like blood brothers. Did you get one of these, too? It was the greatest earthquake on record. I told her to leave me alone. In signing the Treaty of Tripoli in 1796, our second President John Adams wrote, "The United States has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquility of Muslims." Those who learn English cannot do without English dictionaries. He is ashamed of having been idle in his youth.

If the water stops flowing, it's most likely from a kink in the hose. It has nothing to do with them. It was in London that I last saw her. I'm certain Bryan will want to speak with you. You've got the wrong guy. He is a fine gentleman. Old is like family. I am trapped in another dimension. Archie oiled her bicycle.

How did the meeting go? Is there any way I can blame this on you? I figured it was a bad time to call.

Mike is one of our brains. He stopped talking. This is true love. Stacy didn't know how to control himself. You're definitely crazy. I had issues I had to deal with. Monica knew he was right. Merlin was a wizard.

Please wait until we get the results of the examination. I shook hands with them.

We leave in three hours. Edmund didn't remember where he'd put his passport. Dogs are forbidden. He's the perfect drummer for the band. I gained admission to the club. The good doctor sees an old woman.

I have to tell Ozan something. Dan spent hours scanning dozens of pages of Linda's diary. They're capoiera dancers. We'll be fine no matter what happens.

Why didn't you come earlier?

Malus and Suresh are still in love. That's a bit of a problem. You making me sick now. I only wish I were part of it. Although they were twins, they were of opposite personalities. She's very ill and has been in bed for a week.

Jerald says he won't do it anymore. Cris may have been sleeping at the time. I love being in the spotlight. Tracey, this is between your father and myself. I kissed Spass and she kissed me back. That boy is completely nuts. He doesn't follow any rules.

I don't know what I'm doing yet.

Man will die sooner or later. You can have the rest of the pie. I passed the exam! Julie owes me a favor or two. You're Italian. Call me if you find her. I think Stu doesn't speak French very often. My home is in the outskirts of that city.

This building is on the verge of collapsing. Did you hire them?

I couldn't get back to sleep. David is looking a little nauseous. Do you think they followed us here? Hey. How's it going? She is wearing accessories. Donn cleaned up the office. I just want to be near you.

I don't like working on weekends. These houses were dark and dirty. You don't disturb me. Man is the only animal that can use fire. Izchak and I had a deal. It is characteristic of him. A mutiny on my ship? It's completely impossible. She said that I should quit smoking. You shouldn't speak to your parents that way.

We have to get better. Edward is taking pictures. I have to lose some weight. Could I see your driver's license? I've decided not to swim this afternoon. Do you own a computer?

I can't imagine anybody would be surprised. He didn't give an answer to the question. We are too busy to be idle. Presley is giddy. When the fire broke out, he was fast asleep. Shall I tell them the truth? The nature of the All moved to make the universe. We'll help them. I have gone astray somewhere in my calculations. I'll be ready to go in ten minutes.

It is said that her new novel is based on her own experiences. Mr Smith married his daughter to a doctor. Carlo is using an external hard drive.

My brother can drive a car.

The pilot is 30 years of age. Floyd is my lawyer. "Do not talk like that, dear child," replied the lady. It's personal. We don't think the job is done. Today, it isn't raining. I've got something here I think you should see. I usually put mangoes in the dessert that I make. The suspect remains at large. The price is low, but the quality isn't very good.

He began to eat lunch. I just wish you'd trust me. I don't like the polluted atmosphere of big cities.

What's the minimum salary in Poland? Isidore is really quite a remarkable person. I just did what the boss asked me to do. In which direction will Syria develop after the regime change?

One way or another, we have to get this job finished by Monday. Why would Shean worry? This is a picture of the Opera House in Sydney. How much money you would like to withdraw? I wanted something to eat. He graduated from a senior high school with honors. Yes! I will kill her! You'll see, I will kill her! This tradition passes from father to son. But I don't think that it's strange at all.

We almost got them where we want them. Are you even listening me? Art is a serious thing.

The burglar was traced by one of the things she had left on the scene. At dinner time they stopped for a while to rest and eat. I'm too old for that shit. Cindy looks quite sophisticated. Rahul graduated in the same year as Jerome. Oliver came to meet me yesterday afternoon.

Alison is still dating Timothy, isn't he? Hello, good people! I go to bed very early. I told Matthias I'd think about it. I have more important things to do. We've talked about that. Eddie has been sitting in that room alone for five hours. I'm almost broke.

Everything Sanand did, Claire criticised. I didn't wait for her.

I feel kind of hungry. Where's your money? In the first paragraph, she describes an idea of home. They believed me.

I've finished all the work for today.

Benson started the timer. If this train is late, I won't make the transfer in Kobe. I've seen them here before. It's possible to eat green beans raw.

We both saw her. That's the point you should focus on. This district is known for its beautiful scenery. I was wrong all along. He shouted to the men inside that he wished to talk. Why is this so, Yusufu? I didn't mean that to happen. Ramneek and Conrad fell head over heels in love with each other. Are you going to hit me? I was angry and confused.

I'm looking forward to your visit during the summer vacation. Clarence seems to agree with us. Did you do what I asked you to do? Have you got a brother or a sister?

I have not eaten any poisonous mushrooms! We had our backs to the wall. Your house is three times as large as mine. What chord is that? I've always wanted to do that. We were just having a little fun.

Chris walked down the street without looking either left or right. This came like a bolt from the blue. Who will console me? We've worked really hard on this. The better he knows the language, the less he likes it. You played tennis yesterday. What do you say we head over to Marilyn's house?

I think my first name goes well with your last name! I'm charging this amount to your bill. Emily missed the net. You were never very happy here, were you? It's people like you who are ruining it for everyone else. Donald just didn't want to see me. In those days, or at any rate in Cambridge, laboratory life was rather informal.

To preach is easier than to practice.

Would you help me look for my keys? I think of her day and night. The ship was soon out of sight. The game was put off because of rain. Nothing more could be done. He's too old. Does he need to go right now? People laughed at him. You've got no authority to do that.

The insurance company will compensate her for the loss. Don't worry! You will be out of here and running around with your friends in no time. Hurf didn't say anything at the meeting. Kristian offered Geoff a glass of champagne.

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. Let me show you how to do it. He is in a poor state of health. I'm practically melting over here. She eats facing her husband. The president held himself responsible for the slump in business, and left his post. If you truly love your beard, you should let it grow! That sounds pretty bad. Would you please tell me the way? Monkeys are intelligent.

The mother insisted on her children not playing in the park after dark.

Leave me a bit of ice cream. Margie told his teacher that he had been sick, but that wasn't true. Liber is extremely bright. They were stuck for hours in a traffic jam. Big companies need an economy analyst. I think Syun blames himself. I want to become a teacher. Where were all of you? That's a buzz kill.

Any good theory of justice must consider the question of fairness. It will not be long before you accommodate yourself to the new circumstances. That's one reason. Have the courage to use your own reason. We got her to attend to the patient. Oh! I know the man.

You should've eaten something this morning. I smelled bacon. It's really not that interesting.

I still think Takayuki is wrong. Leo has two sisters. It's awfully hot.

She winked at me, as much as to say, I love you. There are thirty students in the beginner's group. No one has the right to control your life, tell you what to do, or tell you when to do it. He can't come because he's ill. I haven't had time to do any decorating. I'll look into this issue more.

I think it will be fine if you call back. Some of the members of the middle class have fallen into poverty. Takayuki knew it was safer to walk on the sidewalk, but he walked down the center of the road. Paradoxically, he is right. He gave it to me willingly. Antonio wrote a love letter to Pilar. Buncranna is mental!

I'm not involving him. I still want to be with you. You sound disappointed. I played tennis with Dominick. I want you where I can see you. Roman didn't know the gun was loaded. Polly went back to sleep. God, this place looks great.

Have you filled out the forms yet? The hotel has accommodation for one hundred. There's an urgent need for medical supplies. The students parted into three groups. Why of course, that's what the "surprise" means. Didn't you go to my high school? Knapper began to get very angry. He likes baseball very much. He requested my assistance.

He realized his wishes. I love this video. You won't regret hiring me.

The true art of life consists in seeing the miraculous in the everyday. After much debate, it was decided that to be a planet in our solar system, an object must be in orbit around the Sun, have enough mass so that it has become round in shape due to its own gravity, and have cleared out its orbital path around the Sun. I've got my own problems.

Nothing is so terrible as an earthquake. Planting trees at this age! I am deeply grateful to you for your kindness.

Send Julia in. Snow lay all over the ground.

It's human nature. Spyros and Timothy just got married, but they don't act like newlyweds.

Can I quote you on that? My parents are familiar with her friend. Why was there nobody here? He has a large family. Don't you think it's still a little too early to talk to Donal about this?

Our boss wants us to maintain a calls log. I suggest putting a comma here. It was a terrible affair.

LISA will look for gravitational waves from stars and black holes. Tell her to stop.

Yokohama is a beautiful port town. Did you tell James he could borrow your car? I wanted to buy a suit, but it was too expensive. Apparently an old friend of mine is going to a university in Osaka in Spring. Gregge is definitely not busy.

I nearly fainted when I heard the story. We need to be paid more. Should I go talk to him? I'll find out soon enough.

I should've studied French harder. You were always a good friend to me. Tomorrow, I will eat strawberry cake and pizza with my boyfriend. I'll call at your house tomorrow.

It's a cultural thing.

It's her problem, not mine. I'm your older sister. I have a strong backhand. I am disgusted with him. Bonnie is the last person in line. I was so homesick. Mickey has worked in Australia. You could help us. He wrote the article "Robotic Mining and Minerals on Martian Terrain." I went fishing in the river.

It was clear that Hawking would live longer than was first thought.

Is there some way to check for ovulation? What does Trey owe you? Why aren't you using it? There's still plenty.

What has actually happened here?

Deirdre never said who he was with last night. He is active although he is very old.

He confessed that he had fallen in love with me. I think we should tell Fred that he needs to work harder. The church dates back to 1173. A fish can swim. It's good that the sun came out. Everyone loved Deb. I'm sure that is the truth. It looks like something's going to happen. Ralph will be OK. Are you the group leader?

What on earth are you doing in a fishing boat? My father celebrated his seventieth birthday this year, but he's more energetic than I am. He stands about seven feet. Jagath didn't need to hurry. He had plenty of time. Morton was accused of neglecting his duty. He doesn't care.

They will be safe with me. Don't be too hard on her. I thought you were grounded. She didn't buy bread. Every man has his own strong points. I'll try to finish it in time as best I can. He was aware of my presence but he did not greet me. Nancy has a hold on her husband. You're not my commanding officer anymore. Ricky sent Manavendra a message written in French.

Do you know what it means for a man to give a woman perfume? Jones is an office administrator at an electronics company. Please don't panic. I feel I need a whole new lexicon, as my language fails me.

She could have resisted more aggressively if she'd wanted to. In 1847, they declared independence. Why don't you talk to her? I don't want you with me. Why is she sulking? Tait definitely does that. I think I'll ask Randy to marry me. Everyone for themselves! Elliott insisted he hadn't been drinking, but his slurred speech and unsteady gait gave him away. We can't prevent Jim from seeing Neil.

Everyone I know has been there. When Bud couldn't bear the pain any longer, he went to the hospital. Where were you standing?

You'll be all right. You must appeal to public opinion to win the election. The injured man was carried to the hospital. He was rather careless to say the least. We took pride in our strength. I've never actually been alone. The textile factory's windows are fitted with iron bars so when a fire broke out inside the factory, most of the workers died. Kieran was aiming his pistol at Marguerite when John shot him.

Shutoku looks unfriendly, but she is really very kind at heart. Yes indeed, it certainly is. I dare not go back. Neighbourly relations are necessary for success. Are Rebecca and Theodore really married? He has a crush on the girl next door. I always say yes!

By such means the Vietnamese soldiers succeeded in making a devastating strike against the fighting spirit of the powerful American military machine's troops. There was no student in the playground.

Frederick really knows how to tell a story. "You're playing a game? Can I join?" "Sure." "Okay, cool." Sentences begin with a capital letter. Avery is a dance teacher. If I'd known the truth, I would've told it to you.

The water came up to my knees. She poured water into the basin. Neil doesn't drink wine. Andries is the real hero. I agree with his suggestion. Our school trip was spoiled by an unusual snowfall. Don't bend your elbow. Ricky filled the kettle with water and put it on the stove.

I was born and raised in Tokyo. Actually, I'm not sure who Kaj is.

Mom alone can make this cake.

I appreciate you telling me. Anita didn't provide further details.

What will I do? The strap on one of my geta is broken. It's estimated that 40 million debit and credit card numbers were stolen from Target. I used to live in Bydgoszcz. Is Randolph going to do it or not? I think I have a decayed tooth.

Don't forget to tip the porter for carrying your luggage. Charlene has lied to me too many times, so I don't trust him anymore. I'm not arguing with that.

That's a provocative pose. I never had a car. Rodney always wears goggles when he swims. I would like to propose a toast on your birthday. Whether you like it or not, you will really die someday. Many new teachers feel ill-prepared to teach basic literacy and numeracy.

This textbook is designed for beginners. It's not safe to drive without wearing a seatbelt. What color is Loren's hair? Is it meant to snow tonight? Who would look after my children if I died? That's the real reason. Starbuck's actions aren't predictable. This sentence is not a translation. It's the original.

The elderly couple drive a brand new sedan.

Let's ask a travel agent.

He put the phone down in haste. I was with them last night. If this is a dream, I will kill the man who wakes me up. Water expands when it freezes. Mr. Johnson is a wonderful music teacher.

He confessed his crime. I want a licensed guide who speaks English. I wonder why List was in such a foul mood. I won't be able to eat all that by myself. Why are you giving me such a scornful look? Instead of posting here, use Twitter. Many retired people move to the Sunbelt to enjoy sports such as golf or tennis in a milder climate. I'm sure going to miss Carolyn.

Hey, thanks for everything. I knew it.

Hey, thanks for everything. I knew it. One problem translators face is that sometimes the source document is poorly written. Feed me, please. There still aren't any highways in this mountain region. All goods are transported on the backs of people and horses. Liber was asked not to speak at the meeting. When did you get through with your engineering problem? In my region there are beautiful and living cities you will surely love. Would you gents care for some refreshments? He is speaking quickly.

I know very well who you are. But nobody can help me. This is not funny. May I leave my phone number? Doesn't Lester's ex-wife often run? Noemi always sits in the front row. We saw an old hut standing at the margin of the forest.

The main shops are in the city centre When is the first bus to Boston? I'm based in Boston now. Even Antony couldn't do that. She had the kindness to show me around the city. Please have some copies made. The trend is your friend. It is worth fighting for future generations. The Internet is so slow today.

He spends every weekend surfing the Net. Beckie didn't hear Sassan. Once again, Lojban is at the forefront of human creative experience - which, of course, will slow it down even as it strengthens it, like a tsunami as it approaches a shoreline. Christopher is a good man. Not knowing where to get off the bus, I asked the driver. Many nations had signed the treaty in 1997 in Kyoto, Japan. How many people are there in Europe? I'm going to go there with Erik.

Don't lash out at me just because my brother treated you badly. Does Konrad go to the market? This is not an official matter. He bought out a business.

At least I'll die happy. Is that a scientific fact? In spite of the heavy rain, he decided to go out. To whom will our debt be transferred? Don't forget to water the plants.

Don't ask for money. Sanjay has very high expectations.

I heard about your party. I don't want to know the truth.

I'm going to take a break now. I feel a little burnt out. John likes to trade stamps with his friends. The twenty-first century begins in 2001. He's done it in the past. Don't you think that's a little too much to pay?

What can't you do? Life is just the extreme expression of common chemistry. It must've been quick.

God help your mortal soul.

He who lives by the sword dies by the sword. Elliott certainly isn't the genius he thinks he is. I've lost my watch.

We needed this. What is it you do? He saved money for the trip. We'll have to go about it with care. The party for Coleen has been canceled. Why are you dragging this out?

When I speak Quechua, I am like a child.

I can't even afford to buy a used car. The precise time of their arrival is not known. I'm not really in the mood. Are you saying that for real? We've never seen Brandy like this before. May I see your birth certificate? I showed him into the room. I'm going to get some coffee.

I hear you're selling your car. What do you want for it?

He likes reading English literature. Are you interested in anyone in your class?

The neighbor is walking her dog. I always speak French with her. Each sheet bears a number in sequence. You really put that much in the sandwich? The actress sued the magazine for libel. Saying something like that is not going to go over very well.

Hey, I was wrong.

I cannot wear these pants. They are too tight. Martyn has lost about thirty pounds. Leigh couldn't help but be impressed. The farmer planted barley.

You shouldn't tell children things like that.

Maria's late husband was a violinist. After taking a drink of water, the Prime Minister said, "Ask away!" Bob and Lex are playing Minecraft together. Only they can save us. Please see to it that children do not go near the pond. We'll be ready. My brothers are under the tree. Let's just stay out of each other's way. Did you remember to wear warm socks?

Elias has been patiently waiting all morning.

What do you say to taking a rest? Quiet him down, will you?

What are you going to do to me? She seems totally at peace with herself. I told you Nicolo would be late. In most countries, with the exception of the Arab countries and Israel, Saturday and Sunday are defined as the weekend. The lecture was very long, but I enjoyed it none the less.

Are they sisters? I refuse to be treated like a slave by you. How long are you staying in our country for? She was on the verge of fainting out of sheer terror. I'd rather have tea instead of coffee. Are you sure we're doing the right thing? Today is a very exciting day. They are in their seats at the table. I don't have time for games. The rose is pink.

I don't know how to pronounce Benjamin's last name. I'm going with her to Boston. Jeanne showed up at just the right moment. Do you know when the musician will come here? He was at a loss to know what to do. I'm curious. You and I are fairly evenly matched.

Lewis and Roger plan to go hiking tomorrow if the weather improves. The sound was distinct from here. Perfection is a trifle dull. I'm going to help her. My motto is: Comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable. That's up to her, not me. That handbag is mine. I wanted you to see Helge one last time.

If you participate in a decathlon you'll be throwing a discus at some point. We all want to be forever young. My father is a pilot on the domestic line. She blames me for the fact that our married life isn't going well. I entered the room and shook hands with him. I'm eating a yogurt. Elisabeth walked Tahsin to the elevator.

Ann sang a lullaby for her little sister. I am reading this letter. Do you think Valerie will ever go to Australia? I won't allow myself to be fooled by you.

I remember last night perfectly. Grace used to be friendly. Carelessness often causes accidents. A dog is a loyal animal. I probably swim better than Grace does. I'm confident I can do it. State your business. The dinner was so tasty. Can we talk about the wedding?

I can't stay here forever. You're home early. Ole tried to conceal his disappointment. Skip is going to pick me up at the station. We'll never give up. I use my VISA card. We talked about it all night. There's an emergency. We use them often as parasols or umbrellas. I'm not doing this.

Is there anything more I can do for you?

Schistosomiasis is a tropical disease that affects millions of people and may lead to severe disabilities or even death. He knows about the modern history of France.

Vistlik seems totally confused.

There were few, if any, trees. I made a deal with Mott. Zurich is considered to be a major financial hub.

There's something missing. The town was deserted by its inhabitants. It should be noted that "let me go" and "let go of me" do not mean exactly the same thing. He finally showed his true colors. They are wanting in industry. It's obvious that she's sick.

Who's the better driver?

Why should I stop doing this? I have a dim memory of my grandmother. You should resist the urge to do that. I don't think Al is going to study French next year. Sit down! Don't stand up. The man to whom I spoke was a German, not an American. Do you know Clayton well? Why would I steal your wallet? Have you got through with the paper?

They were admiring themselves. That's why I came to you. Dan announced that he and Linda were getting divorced. When a new electronic device is released, everyone goes crazy. What makes you think I'm your friend? That's why we came here. We don't. I mean, we could, but right now we don't feel like it.

"Please, sit down," he said. Don't waste too much time. Each year many children are kidnapped by members of their own families. You're a baby.

Beth told Chris that if he didn't take a bath, she wouldn't go out with him. I'm here to help. She became a teacher when she was twenty. Have you ever heard someone speaking Esperanto? Morris offered Vadim a drink. Lori wants to study in Boston. It took him three tries. How do you like Japan?

It was required. What if we don't find her?

Arnold had no idea I'd be here. Constantine the Great is discussed controversively in modern historical research. Why doesn't he dance with me anymore?

I told her to wait over there.

If you want to travel to a store located 10 km from your house, and you drive at 50 km/h, it would take you 12 minutes to get there. I'll just buy you another one.

I'll go to Kyoto. I cried reading this book. Let me introduce you to my sister. This isn't a good sign. There are many politicians who don't keep their promises. Hunting is prohibited in this area. Man differs from animals in that he can use fire. If it means what I think it means, we're in trouble. He has never really got over malaria he caught in the East during the war.

Where in Mexico are you guys going? Have you ever memorized the national anthem?

I didn't give her a choice. The worst thing about spring is the mud. The cat loves playing in the garden. That's what I want most in the world. Are you going to see Anton? I'm really sorry about what happened. That's all I was planning to say to Brad. Why do you study every day? That man is strong.
He fell overboard and was drowned. Too much drinking will make your life a ruin. Why do you seem so angry? It's the way that she laughs at herself that endears her to me. You look like a million bucks. He knocked at the door again and again, but there was no answer. We left Africa forever. Leo didn't call Marie like he promised he would.

He knows whatever. I don't disagree with your decision. Can you spare a few minutes? Nothing is as expensive as what one gets for free. I've been to the area surrounding Shanghai. What! This T-shirt is 3,000 yen? This is a rip-off! I like the rain when I am in my house. That's a stupid name. I went to sleep with a handkerchief over my face. He is a distant relation of hers.

Alexis is a man of action.

Do you drink iced water? When her uncle died, Pierre came into fortune. The hat was dirty around the top.

I can't find the hand net. You look after the children, Gerard. Stop teasing Claudio. Can't you see she's going to cry?

Merton is wearing a mask. Dogs must be carried. He is fond of swimming. Mikael couldn't take it any longer. I hid my worries from my wife. You should not talk back like that.

He is twice as old as I am. This should be corrected. I went for a walk to get some air. What I want to know are the facts. Lester certainly has the right temperament for the job. Serdar and Yvonne often work together on Friday.

I need some time with Herbert. I couldn't get rid of my doubt about it. The whole world is on fire. Maria took the eggs, one after another out of the egg carton.

Suddenly a man appeared, grabbed my suitcase and ran away. I broke up with Margie. I wasn't too nervous.

"Call up" is a phrase that means to telephone. She is very anxious about his health. What's going to happen? It was Angela who put William on to Steven. I'll be finished by the time you get here. We're on our way home.

The learned man worships his ancestors. That's not what I was thinking. That song reminds me of a famous movie actor. Adrian worked day and night for weeks to meet the deadline. Do you have a recommendation? Kim apologized for making Donnie wait. Officially, we don't allow that. I wanted to see how Miles was doing. Teriann wore a camouflage jacket.

Victor went to Rob's funeral. I have a husband. The drinks are on you. She gave him the elbow yesterday. One of the American states is famous for its pineapples.

Come with me to Boston. Who made this pie? The man is making a telephone call. The leaves on the trees change color.

Would it be all right if I visited you today? She doesn't know what to say.

I'm never sick. My cat is so adorable. He put up a brave and lone struggle, but up against such heavy odds he couldn't get his business plan accepted. Help me, please. I'm feeling depressed. If thou doest well, shall it not be lifted up? and if thou doest not well, sin coucheth at the door; and unto thee is its desire, but thou mayest rule over it.

All the old magazines have been sold. Brendan told him. You'll probably see me again. Give me some time to think it over. Now, resume reading where you left off. The top of Mt. Fuji was covered with snow. The beach is the ideal place to play for the children. Where did you get all this wisdom? I'm not accustomed to walking long distances.

She has a lot of English books. Loren walks his dog every morning. He came only as a witness to the light. I just never will understand women. Not all of us who have dyslexia mixed up "d" and "b" when we were little. Did you let Lester kiss you? Kathryn told me Vince wouldn't want to play volleyball with us. I helped him do some chores. You shall not for nothing as long as I live.

Fill her up with regular. I'll be paying in cash. Are you done upstairs? I think Emil is too young to be dating. You must have dropped a bundle for that wedding ring! The law needs to be amended. Let's not keep them waiting. We'll be moving to Boston in a year.

I like to watch TV to see the movies and soccer games. Lorraine doesn't have to wait for me. Leith was driven out of the synagogue.

In the meantime you can just put on a sweater if you're cold. Reality can be beaten with enough imagination. Obstetric care in crisis as the number of obstetricians continues to fall. Can you see how it works? I wish I'd thought of that. I was just talking about you.

Hey, guys. What's up? Everyone is exhausted. Bill and his younger brother are nothing alike. He's a big coward.

The typhoon did great damage to the rice crop. Nothing will happen to her. It's the only thing we can do.

It's getting warmer and warmer. You gave me no choice.

Ofer is just pulling your leg. I'm not going to let you commit suicide.

Why not just call the police? I want my money back because this computer program is not efficient like they promised. Where's your baby? I am seeking the path to the end of the universe. Let's work together to do our best. I said I wouldn't worry.

/ / /
desire surveillance

you in 3 1/2 because of me, i completely five
(iphone autodication notes)

post-plagiarism project 2.a
dimitri karakostas

ok can you hear me ok so if i put the time out to actually can record pretty well it sounds like ok.. i had so ship so i went and i picked up one of the two books i needed which probably is a book they need more anyways i still haven't really eaten yoghurt that was placed in front of me this morning just did not seem to be interesting to me i'm just realizing that occurred in the stall in these headphones him and that makes me laugh oh i wonder if i keep drinking if i will end up looking like george soros i wonder if that's a possibility. i put down this project couple weeks ago because i think i was just too depressed i didn't want to really do anything i stopped reading i was just kind of going to the waves of barely living with us today i kind of feel a bit out of spite revival a bit more focussed but still like him i'm sure of my genuine intentions with this amazon and things i realize that there's a lot of side work that i need to do like more administrative things like updating my website and sending out emails and press releases and getting in touch with publishers again but i feel so defeated that i don't even know why am doing anything i just want someone to come to me i suppose. i spilled my coffee on my hand walking up dufferin and trying not to get on my white sweater i liked out my jeans instead i also realize that me doing this and to headphones or something or to the pile of makes me look a little less crazy even though technically talking to nobody but myself again so i have to pick up green onions and annoyed ago i don't want to go back to my neighbourhood just yet i kind of was hoping to get a little bit of free time in ok? yeah crazy. i realize and keeping my head down and not looking at anything i'm walking through i am definitely definitely hungry been listening to the same three songs on repeat for the past four days. as far as this transcription project as i realize i definitely am going to need to buy a power bank heard over the bullshit is whatever mobile power source for this iphone because even though i had only purchase this iphone 8 maybe six months ago the battery life is absolute trash because i'm fucking constantly using it as a nut case. there's got to be away to where i can keep a google document or an apple know it constantly updated i can real time i had better date on the letter must be a way to do that probably contact somebody i can call. so i haven't smoked in 24 hours i have a drink and

just over at 7:35 only thing that's changed is it feels like my nose is constantly bleeding.

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give me a batch of the clips in and just relax have a short looking for coupons and can help us build it up and fill in for me was wearing clothes by pacsun instead i'm looking around for a quick cigarettes or have him by name at work smarter and the paperwork for the kids seem to reconcile between the two and standing on the shady side of the street with the big people to be eddie constantine.
do you member when we ordered new bike with you sunday and can you pick me up thanks though package still here.
are the time when we saw saw saw the homeless handling means and let live in poteau drive time and it was given the movies we could be still giving the baby while we had our weekly more expensive than necessary if you could let makes me feel pretty guilty.
maybe every time i feel like having a cigarette i will just mean even right now i feel very good at math is no smoke and i just don't smoke i don't smoke indoors and i think that would be ok but i will even if i just want to go outside just following up everything and also i should probably stop putting so many books that would probably be fine.
they call soon babe real place that is close to the flexeril which is even more hungry can you take some time to take it they will not give him a warning is it weird that i like in albany so if anything now it is almost 4 and i can't see figure out what to do to resolve this problem in this.
good. places with you ok if we fix that had nothing to do with him not sure if it. what to eat when i gave her myself i can't even have a date yet because the pizza places in the area and i accomplished was three movies at the video store.
when you think of it it is the releases receive a reply from robin i suppose that's really interesting sometimes that could be a simple everything is in the hands.
you sit at the bar so you have someone's attention immediately if you need it.

so now the report shelves i believe we can make reasonable actual house the plan is to make the outside studio actually make sense of the word space even if it is just for i should probably do some sleep this week i have a need to finish if you paid so if i can get rid of some of that stuff you said i should also that's need to get coach at macomb to pay back cash from trip today tomorrow and the dish rack in the report and it said people can get personal reason i'm not to. i could text you now i'm on my way and i think i want to him down then ok i need to. but i can only stay for one drink because i need to get a map. i need to text and tell him i'm on my way but i can only stay for one drink and then put it in because i have to be on site at 9 o'clock i really want to get that shit done and hopefully get to our room to get them after the course of the next two shells. i need to figure it it! it is this and i guess it is what it is minnesota at disney with the kids if there isn't one. let me know if that car accident.

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and so i am glad to be back in activity where is the active even imessage
i'm checking to see where i stop thinking we could anybody not have any interest to ready ok picture i don't know it's hard to do next service second to long
i'm always thankful for a good period of restoration can you see the agency to just use anything but do it faster than everybody else the bookstore with her not find anything else beyond it's a good wife is my blood coming from his off all of the things i cannot and i have become more important now i get to be completely alone especially since i stopped listening to music on my walks again the kids started to do years ago probably
but now i'm excited to get back to work with her working at the bar were actually finished everything possible and for real i ate the luxury of being alone is 142 is long as i don't think the city i'm also quite a future for me too so it's not for anything other than a good understanding of where i belong in the home i know that has to be in some otherwise my guy is hard to hide it academics

it's kind of a mess i have a second. i can go to the city and suburban it's always more accurately report and christophers where is the school directly to the monetary five.
73. if after
if you can take me to look at it but i wanted to see if it was me and my neighbours facebook can you at least something i will have to address it with the curtain call david tonight i will plan to do so we'll just have to see
probably somewhere someone maybe 50 but when i think about it and read it that number makes sense for how i think better very reasonable heist
reminder. very good days for a few hours so that is ok that idea has crossed my mind if it's not useful it's still worth doing
bury those keys the really old ones you had this idea about before quit smoking dope and facebook we can go and not smoking part and it would've been with her since i am too? and is it is taking a glass of wine or having hot heat have become increasingly difficult because they're the obvious that you will follow up and see
i am walking to work taking the usual route which are usually take a little extra despite dropping rocco work just a few hours ago whether or not that will be welcomed visit we shall see you regardless the cheshire is what counts
what are you up to in such a hurry why am i constantly pulling over them into and i really that distracted and i release working for what is happened and really trying to find something that don't have access it if he does i'm just leaving work but if i find it perhaps not know maybe that's what i've been doing this whole time even walking with you and help you for an hour work shift but still worth saying
yeah my sinuses are blocked by at least i know there's a chance could you edit it after taking two years to get fired fired two years ago just makes me dizzy to see if i can i think about it next weekend to maybe it was the one that i had to as a client at everybody right now if i can help with think that maybe i'm ok because the three it's just it's just a bunch of nothing really i'm quite aware of the plan being more aware of it every time i walk
so the plan is is long as you can which i've made extra one by

mistake this long weekend at the beach perhaps go to the black sea something natural products plus aware of the shoes on my feet warm wear something else i don't have a dress up for nothing i just had to show up right beside dressing up showing up and if i just show up and be worthwhile found something that was in the movie will come together maybe that's what it is maybe it is a movie but the movie maybe that's the thing that i need more distractions and even his mouth to me. i'm not showing.
damn stomach hurts and i want to get to work late i can't explain practice everyone shorts are too short because of your lack lack slow on my walk maybe that's the problem my eyeballs do it they want they don't fuck with my grandma and maybe that's the problem it's ok for me since i have my bike.
if today is a very nice sunny day the weather was driving usually a bit sticky but the flyers. have you had problems. hey i had to take a different obviously him taking things back to tel aviv for a few hours and will get home i don't think that this is going to be down in the next little while so if i just push it off until until it's ready yet walking to the park yet until he gets off at five. no the dogs are also misunderstood.
i don't know if it's a step tracker mix with people living at her but still i should look at what computer just to see like it was gonna happen. thinking about finishing this record really starting to finish the record for free second you going this couple weeks and i have to recap on able to do computer stuff maybe monday because sitting indoors for the next however many hours does it have work in the computer right.
even though i try not to drink until the time he right i think that's a pisces office fairly difficult if you can figure as long as i didn't think lots of water i'll do that type bag still. it feels like one of the things we're not going to.

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i guess it has to do with me tired just because i've had forever everybody still think your morning at least half of the time because of the wi-fi and why is that.

instead of doing any work when i get home i'm more likely to just now jack off and then shower and watch californication something because i love.
for the most qualified job website i'll be there original copy source code and then add on the right side preps and solution view about me being beaten up or something like that something pretty much the same idea so what i'm thinking of his photo shopping works on gallery walls as though it's a pseudo-virtual space that would make good sense

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day two of being fairly sick and i'm extremely cold but i can't seem to figure out how to get anything dad should be using this time wisely like doing something useful but i can't seem to get my fucking brain to work. even if i choose to be big i could still say this is not a very good trip it wasn't due there anything particular just was an overwhelming very much i mean.

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it's been a rough couple days i'm not really sure what the specific depression spiral head but i haven't really been feeling to mentally well i'm not really sure again at my place or by purpose more i work the less i feel like i even have a purpose excited that i was think it's a shame when i think of will just be there to guide them to maintain any sort of workload many of the people feel that way actually can i think a lot of people feel that way were just there's no way to keep up like one day it's all gonna catch up to me and then i'm fucked. hello i just tried to do it i can't like knocking to go ahead and say that many better words for anything that i do basically been feeling really harshly. pretty much over just to waste money on food and booze and shoes and books and records and barely paying my bills in between like i don't even think that i had of that excessively anymore and definitely did but now it's more just like a victim casualty. i think it's a problem literally just in my head like on this walk i realize how easy my wife actually games and then

knowing that makes me feel good works because i don't understand why i saw reserve the right to be so unhappy i have time i think even though it's been a rough week or so for me that they said only get better from here i don't know i guess he just have really tried hard to not take myself too seriously and in doing so it makes sense i don't really take anything seriously. the past couple hours of been pretty casual i tried to nap but i didn't leave down cause my eyes for 30 minutes and i really sure if it's a migraine or what but i deafly was not feeling good little bit better now i know it's just because a drink for beers and head for shots but she had a pretty fun night all things considered today's been ok.

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this morning i have another hangover i really wish that i had eaten there last night instead of just drinking had her for too long wait for me really quick so i'm also kind of depressed about work so i don't know i guess my plan is i'm gonna go print off some copies of this book and then she fucking called a punch of exclamation. i have a fairly massive headache and sit on the couch and pretty much do nothing if i can actually stay pissed ok because i want to get too far so stupid fuck.

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just a particular person i fell sleep to some lectures can't talk playing computer to the left of me in bed. i didn't sleep very well. it's really super hot today i kind of messed around the house really didn't showers just way too busy because i forgot glad i didn't take into account for the weekend been making everybody come out and throws so we switched places. a line cancel up to field trip on tuesday evening at actually doesn't make me feel like anything. it's a fairly controlled situation no shots won't mention of tequila and a bottle wine it's a very reasonable we said to go have another drink so we go to school. we could go to swirly's seventh avenue you tells me that name ethan that i've never heard of it sounds like it's definitely up my alley i am i saw some of the books from the

book that i deathly don't need but i don't know why i wanted it just happened. i really stupid idea go for a walk and get more just went in her purse you were three at his clothes cause i just keep walking so intense it's also going to stop soon and we can cut the rain and wind up with the measurements guinness. what back to you our way we stopped at beaver for tonight and music shop nervy stop one spot and have some time with you thing with this for so we keep going towards washington you're going to this week that is better didn't we go to super point instead then keep walking going to play pool super drunk rid of stuff. . i have another buyer your regular doctor and they are used to go there when i lived with go there for filled and cheese so go there we have a nother drink leave me to walk him in a while either just talk to alex fell sleep.

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wake up i'm over fuck around the house everything is ready i literally waste kind of nice. take to advil in a head of beverages. i took alex for 30 minutes or so and really just kill time on instagram thing for at least three hours trying to decide if i'm gonna work for us of money fuck off for a while. can i eat a handful of radishes i have to look at the bed last night. take a shower kind a day which kills my hangover pretty much right away. since i can't decide whether not gonna work i want to be there all day i kind of except i don't busy don't want to do that. who said i'm gonna take a walk and grab some food somewhere because i can't decide what i want and i want something easy as you have that fucking meeting tomorrow morning it's kind of put me at my work schedule but i guess if i plans for a few extra hours.
i decide to leave the house and i tried to change up my usual habits so i don't stop and get coffee before the server lock is that i pick it up halfway through i going to starbucks and order a venti caramel maki otto and i get the name alex because you know call me by your name as funny thing and i go to the bookstore and get it back so quick at four bucks because i'm not finished with you guys or this week. feeling actually they killed walking into anything but feeling really guilty even though i haven't eaten except for this

morning i suppose i deserve actually a decent. not sure why i feel so healthy but it definitely the very good mood a bit of fucking self but i think the point where hopefully to three hours that would be an ideal situation. so nicely.
in the book donation bin if i had two really great ha ha paris books just take the title page from because i think that's even better than never it's very good.
i realize this point in time. and i specially if they work really easy on the schedule moving this downtime privately yes i do and i'm in fucking read and send it to you actually think doing the sink. you i think train or threatening maybe i will just won't go out tonight i'll just stand if i spend eight hours today six till 603 maybe they'll make sense. i decided not to order it soon i'm just gonna focus more on getting some food in and charging the phone and doing this and sitting at. i think it's been on spadina in a long time and want to grab the fucking slow tourists and get mine filled in the city now. leave at 3 pm else walking more sense because they said i wanted. i have mentioned read about 50 pages which is 50% off so my lunch is at 5 instead of noon so. i'm not sure if it was enjoyable and i drink even one drink however i did smoke all my cigarettes which is annoying. the kids that's me and says my shoes nice to respond and the absolute silence. i am now walking back home and unless i end up stopping and play changing my plans and means i'm still on schedule for the rest of my day. i know that i should stop by the grocery store and i walk home i took a stupid route back home which makes me think he pulled everything i needed to do i don't know why i think i want to check if it's her that they were busy clothes which doesn't help that means.
i don't know if i've been noticing anything i haven't already seen which means it is experiment is failed or if i just am already to my first problem where actually thought about walking through the neighborhood that i don't like him and that's where the media would life be something good for whatever reason i haven't done that yet which leads me to think i should pursue these on the days before work this coming week which provided if i finish my work in the next few days that will grant me that much. i stopped at the convenient store and buy cigarettes in a battle even though i know

that caffeine is on the bad idea it probably is he told her and at this point i feel like i'm being enough to where i can balances out right. my feet hurt as of photos of my oversize nikes.
however i'm being honest with myself or do you want to see it and keep reading i just don't know how to keep reading through the phone. i stop at the store and pick up two notaries records paris in so i mean maybe that makes it ok but maybe that's where i was going at messages in but now i can simultaneously desire to do everything at home. the sun is shining so bright and i can't get you off my mind.
ok to maybe find a place that i want soon sometime i will walking way from home as close to you towards the restaurant just move bit of a mood. i can still do everything at home so get everything done this a matter of staying up all night to do it which you can if not what's the song goes down easy for me to focus. when i'm on my way to see me i'm out of the sections where i was i guess is a bit more control chaos with you.
so i do end up seeing out but i don't need it off which makes me feel fucking useless i'm not gonna say it was in the time that i'm certainly didn't like it i don't know how things are going to the hospital now 8 o'clock and i just want to say pocket every day and do something else but i also want to go home which is the most emotionally and feelings because there has to be a happy medium where i can work it's the plane because nobody's paying to do anything at this point but i mean what else is there also my supposed to do. i feel like i need to get it because i really just don't have it to you as soon meant really want want that referral for you to input i also want to know what it is i'm sitting.

-

and i wake up around 11 which kind of makes me feel better getting some sleep at least it's been far too long really nice sleep i guess even listening music at hilton it better i get up and talk to alexa pregnant pregnant my pain is back in the face and it turns out the sleep to do anything beneficial to me. i forget that i had plans to meet with billy for coffee which we had agreed on

earlier but it slipped my mind wasn't my schedule anyways time get him a package of old books which i know he'd like. so now i'm on the phone with lexi. i decide against her even though i know that i'm acting so stupid and friends but after i get down and lock the fuck of it further and i was initially thinking time to get back in the coffee which gives me the shakes pretty much right away we talk about this introduce you send her problems running time and then the mission chips that's weird thing that you have your own tv he's doing. we walked back towards my place were stopping over and i grab a slice of pizza. another 20 minutes or is it dinner today catches this book down which is great. i get probably five hours of editing them 11 thankful for moment. and i was so sore more more like a bucket asked. the book looks more complete now and is being laid out in texas feels like it's a real thing which is always the hard part everything for me is changing it from the document or preventative into the better format because i feel like some of the stuff is lost in the in between the moments missing. so chapter 12 download and super bowl. we decide to meet for dinner around 8 o'clock and it was super popular always been a little late will be working with him getting pretty easy a clock on saturday because i don't usually take saturdays off but now that it's just thinking of you don't you want to have one. walking realize how few photos are taken in the past few days pretty much nothing for them and i guess nothing is been that interested in spending time just focus on work and her otherwise just thinking seven working with probably maybe this one for things that. meet us at the seventh. pretty much fine i love you girls credibility he probably help we go back to his house with the forms which other the whole day talking about different those things are enough for me to read done everything i guess we can talk about those things.

-

even though i fell sleep super easy i wake up with no problems at nine in the morning which i know is because the sun is pouring into the bedroom window i wake up and then use the washroom and i just kind of debate whether not to sleep but overall i close

curtains and end up falling back asleep another three hours. eventually wake up air show testing makes building shaking from stupid everyone's round very close proximity makes me regret on my september 11 jokes. i talk to alexa before i get out of bed and feel very happy there i know she was very bothered and having difficulty on this ok with her mom again. we talked about having kids which feel like i want to be the norm now probably not biological clock but because it makes the most sense sooner than later if we're thinking life span. makes me some people bring for tomorrow much drinking which i am lucky to not be doing anymore. i sent her a quick nude when i get off the phone shower.
i had a set of the work space in the house when i realized i have not missed placed my pack of cigarettes. i am at my back together dismantle everything by phone how true i'm fine sitting on the armrest of the house. and figure out how to set up i go back out and decide to work at the coffee shop i change my mind about which coffee shop and going to end up further. couple my understanding dropping off a package of books and classes with her be sold at a laundry mat. however i do end up doing a reasonable amount of work transcribing the last two notebooks and doing a good dent on the last one and after the cereal done i figure that will officially marked my end of this plagiarism five unless of course i want to add in the book it is in the 90s which i might just wait and push off until the next project. after all this next project will include whatever it is that i'm off now with me into my phone and ipad air transcribe my words so maybe the next time that makes enough sense for something else to. after saying it out loud i decided have guests over after this next couple hours.
the bar something.

-

i waste literally the entire day fucking around the house calling out boxes of the table organized put somethings on existing bonds but really i know that some of the land up in the garbage and shuffled into a different closet. small bucket is involved in some of you i find that real one book that was looking for which i assume somebody

stole years ago. i don't read it all. not necessarily still is. make a new stack of books thanks for coming from ramsey with an answer few months when on new project.
i cut out caffeine mostly make myself happy and have a good mostly just to get the brain booster omega three things in my body i probably drank half of it though. i do eat pretty much constantly veggies snack and everything like that happens on the overall better i didn't end up getting the shakes at all today. i do you sugar tremendously ice cream from next door kind of gives me a stomachache but nowhere close feeling. i buy a lottery ticket i'm back on the first try tomorrow i win $10. i somehow a drink with the close of the day and i guess half of a beer.
no problem realize. i'm going to get all even right.

i rate zero words today.

i wake up around the house i have have a cigarette and pretty much right away and the wake me up so she screams at me for food. i try to masturbate but can't come. i check my emails get out of bed in shower.
i have an appointment to get my haircut at 12:30 to richmond i am 10 minutes late after getting longer and cigarettes steven is waiting for me at the corner piece meal with a big smile we talk a little bit about the absence of cartons no sleep both of us are kind of zoned out. during the hurricane we talk about physical contact and cursing i telling the book is coming along well with tells me he's kind of accomplishment. i will re-cut my hair short and then i was gonna ask if it's really really good shape and needed me to see a client to go to the other guy by the coffee shop but i'm glad that we got to do it now save a bit of money. i hear pieces to take my money he has he broke up with me but can i tell him i'm in amc next week he had to back in $10 bill. we have a cigarette outside just before i leave we talk about confidence in writing he tells me that he ran a bunch of ps i don't know what to bring and things can come tomorrow if you actually think i want to take ownership for it we hug and i had walking east on dundas.

i planned on getting food at the place closer to close to the street and change my life in the last minute also change i won't have a coffee shop seems like i wanted something still a bit further i did want to see close work then whatever i'm extremely sticky dimensions are for today. i walked out it's my adoptive parents café for east college everywhere with no shade i'm not even positive i know what i want to eat which is even more night. i'm i reach intelligence and try to maneuver a very very sticky and never situation around nothing grants reprieve from the humid dungeon my jeans.

pick up snacks for tennessee maybe that's why i take this road this route. i can't decide i want to so i eat nothing. i have makes me feel it would use little bit of a project i realize how far behind i am completions own stuff starting practice and just start finishing. i waste too much time talking stuff i was expecting i saw read 100 pages in my book.

i wake up around 10:30 but not very tired my alarm didn't go off. i said 25 minutes of tv probably get in the shower and dressed and pack around and you have a job lunch. i can't decide what worth it to send to sam things for the past month and a half every some time on my phone and i forget to do a few errands which i'm gonna push off until tomorrow. we had talked about getting steaks for breakfast yesterday so we plan to go to the pedal we decide to meet outside my building where we well i waiting make to do list for tomorrow which hopefully sounds reasonable.
we walk going self cleaning will be general john dimitri conversation bothering him agreed that we had headaches pretty much all the time. you said we have lunch? talk about difficulties having at work whether or not i mean side. after lunch can you do nothing. i suggest we go get smoothies and then go to the bookstore there's nothing i'm really looking for though i end up finding a richer try to get a book that i haven't seen before in real life i put it back because it's 20 bucks too expensive for me drink my smoothie protein has and it's only gives me a stomachache. i decide when i get i will research i still think that it's an easy format copying brought again. we separate we heading north to go to work don't see anything 14 on my walk especially in harvard it does feel like it's gonna rain now. send imessage lexi each other her cooking chicken orange cat party fluffy crossed my feet doesn't stay to be pet. i stopped into one more record books were bumped into a friend and his daughter she says it's good to see you i can't remember the last time i saw her but she does she says that she saw me july 2011 before she went to school i'm like ok very surprising fact. kids grew up so fast. i am now totally back to you. i feel one drop of rain as i jay walk towards. i consider stopping in to the library to spend an hour but i change my mind i need to use the national washroom but i have too much shame right now. i excellently snow now but the cover from another. i have a cover this minute after accidentally deleting it. a teenager has recently shaved up her eyebrows bikes past as me on the sidewalk and i'll schedule it for scowling locked eye contact. catcher flexion at myself in the glass and realize that my hair does look really good yes steven didn't very good job with his haircut think it was too short and actually it's really nice.

a client to go to the other guy by the coffee shop but i'm glad that we got to do it now save a bit of money. i hear pieces to take my money he has he broke up with me but can i tell him i'm in amc next week he had to back in $10 bill. we have a cigarette outside just before i leave we talk about confidence in writing he tells me that he ran a bunch of ps i don't know what to bring and things can come tomorrow if you actually think i want to take ownership for it we hug and i had walking east on dundas.

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walking blacklist playing to work a bit later than i usually do really unsettling really hot out and i still can't seem to enjoy the sun and currently drinking a half a bottle of strawberry water. i'm getting more more comfortable talking to my phone looks good. i realize she's not at all. i am feeling petite you still. alexa has been on for 36 hours and i feel really torn and hyper only is over i have nothing to say to anybody and nothing that i want to hear. i hope today is easier than usual so i could actually really use the money i'm not sure how i managed to spend so much time the past couple weeks but i suppose it has to do it in the summer please. i'm walking the same path it taken this is the third time in two days it locked on college west realize i have to take a different route because i always. i see you're not like acting in the sun. big black cat.

i consider ordering a sandwich and a salad instead to which i change outline for more time and i feel like it's basement for the whole day i called my order in and i walk through an alley to having been down in quite some time.
if i find a painting in the alley in bring it home probably because i just got in. it's a decent size canvas.
work is really slow ok i threw very sore from smoking so much pretty much yourself on its removal day. nothing happens but it's making good money and explicitly tired but definitely malaise
end up sitting on instagram it's really nothing for 11 hours. a few friends come by relatively low-key drink one beer at twodollars and computer. lexi and i talk about the moon. jonathan i make plans to have lunch tomorrow i don't know maybe steaks.
walk home at 2:30 michigan interchangeably can you painting very very few people on the street wideawake think i probably should go to sleep when i get home i don't know i'm pretty sore probably will still just watched the same week until six again

-

i wait until i've alexa disappears custom screening zone before i walk away three sets of extremely steep escalators with it lukewarm cappuccino right hand and even before we separated i realize that i desperately needed to find a washroom because i couldn't decide whether not i was gonna throw up or if it was nervous or what was it still extremely awful pretty immediately. are bypassing reach to the second first floor first grandma to wear call me what sure if i can find is a single stall handicap try running within one second i realize that i'm not there. i don't need to throw up i sit down and focus until everything goes soft white someone bangs on the door it says incensed reactionary spots to which i frantically get off looking looking down i think either the beach use that i've had seeing as though drink for leaders of bitches friday and saturday today being monday call use the lessons today anyways either i got a septic due so i have 700 the other. i guess be to start all over maybe maybe because i don't know all i know is i panicked for a moment which doesn't do anything to settle my nerves obviously and professor

that i try to wipe that's why try to clean up the more fervent to bang on the door comes i exit washroom with my head down low hello and i am surprised by it to many people are actually waiting in line. shuffle past and immediately leave for the shipper for taking a left onto state road find still same lead redlands swagging i guess i don't make it i feel it now i think maybe.
i need another public washroom redness at least finish the task. anyway how much take longer than i expected. i catch one tag on the inside to have to go to a b take to the left i take off my wind breaker and stuff it into my tote bag.
walking towards like going westbound is the baseball tournament in the field left i had cigarettes probably sitting there i can't imagine being idle for that long.
fencing for things baby there's a nice car since the wax think now under bridges is our.
there's nothing to see over towards fort worth surprisingly nothing more that i look around the more i realize how paper cleaning but even in the picture and snoop repeated i think i'm actually lucky we are currently three fuck all of this work is going well anyways yeah no idea of the street and see if the egr and now he signed the points in india ok.
really hungry knowing that i love you next two weeks means that i had to make a serious for clan excited just walking through the creek stevie idea on the way with me maybe this is that idea desperately want to smoke now so realizing the chances of quitting is pretty much zero space i'm passing something called grand magazine street left pocket for keys and they are there. i just hit right in pocket making sure that my money is here as well since i'm not caring wallet today it's just loose somewhere around $70 ok walking to the bridge into an additional x like i'm actually going backwards into condo and get back to the humidity is increasing fairly quickly post raven a.m. oh yeah i walk to the back with ok ok so.
i turn down the brightness on my phone and turn on low battery mode even though i am at 73 percent. i figure i will be doing as much of the day anyways this other dictation i was about to skal that was super sick. i don't think he understood that is doing.

i realize i must be sort of hung over from last night i think i said that i had three beers for a reality in this and had closer to seven drinks while dj i don't know just kind of happens i get carried away i looked at this much fun maybe that's a thing where i think we'll see if i'm pressing the birds and if you're in the treatment of that i know of someplace close the office for me just 1130 mg probably just for that.
ok so i am sort of behind lucky through the end of residential lowers the bangles on that's a construction still wondering if you would like to have two separate things to separate appointments this afternoon and meditate is cute cake for her. i am supposed to go for the hydro therapy session at 2 o'clock hopefully to give me some ideas for a good project to do over the next two weeks grab that organization and i do think that this walk and talking to phone it in the van it is wonder how much and when it be repeating itself still are still a lot of graffiti again.
turning back again was found that i see right there to store cigarettes and a bottle of smart water i pay with the 50 realizing that i have less money with me. are looking up i see gigantic pikachu in apartment until i realize it in the company for the café journal will grab until you know maybe like it it is page 1. maybe the photos on twitter.
realizing i still have a half hours to kill before my first appointment to turn back around the way that i can and i will go to the bookstore rest of that money back that i want to! but i want this to be peaceful but lauren elkin i believe i don't know what happened to him. i'm walking with him without changing anything to the other side of the street traffic permits it.
i can actually do the next two weeks if it does and i know there's no getting it.
walking through scaffolding with green wrap around she's with her friends cast everything in here dizzy hazy fern barely showing. i don't really come down to this neighborhood with people wanting to ask people obviously going back-and-forth with you because it seems like the people go to the gym let's go to the gym seems super cyclists with way too much gear and it's on the way into your condo. like takes a long time at the lake or dogs lots of new

arrivals to see if you're coming in for a surprise in there obviously fake yeezy she such a strange look. there's a giraffe stuff weird thing thrown on factory theatre i wonder how long it's been there. some graffiti finding one friend i almost walk into head down looking at phone.
after walking two blocks with absolutely nothing to report from 10 to 1 supporter friends well we talk about how weird it is working downtown and the struggle for a studio we talk about how much we want to look like epically later ed and take a photo of one of his tattoos dangerous and every time i see him for who you talk about the swimsuit a call from the 50s with no difficulty of language very easily understood so we're kind of at the same age and they're asleep.
as i walk into a more densely populated area just before my schedule is i'm not ready do you agree so also wearing the same closes yesterday which looking down at cc. big biggest thing that i'm not sure if that's from today or yesterday but can't place it now i'm getting hungry but i don't want to eat junk and you don't wanna stop for 10 from lunch i don't know what i'm gonna do.
take a photo of my reflection the window display and mannequin breasts.
definitely my stomach is still aggravating me everything sweetheart sounds gross.
i take a photo of the taurus with oversize novelty cheque.
starting to rain again but i think the premium windbreaker would suffice still haven't seen anything smoothie or juice. i wonder i wonder if they have them pretty good i see it sore deeper and more music. maybe i will.
i think tape has that book you were telling us what about my blog will pick up a copy of that form is called the one that goes with. sorry sold as a lot and i see something else whatever flu i have a sink that i have to do some work to probably finish appraisal and then i'll get excuse read both get inside and be finishing thing is if i don't finish it this year they think it's a lot of work but able to be finished in the next couple i don't see why.
this is spence is a fire truck because they hadn't used it which makes me squirt even further i stop by dollar shoes is maybe that'll

help me out here i realize that i should keep all of my receipts from this project that could be part of the project everything has to fit in somewhere that makes really good sense to me.
i honey i tried to pay with $100 bill i paid she couldn't be true so i'm giving the rest in change kept for snacks.
life realize that i'm not. take a photo of men's shirt that says fight the power your cute couple.
and what kind of question every member of the first investigation do this by the café i remember hardware store has a noose i don't take a photograph as the new stairs me down and he didn't instead i pick up paint swatches much maybe can be use for photograph i think they had a purpose with the present.
right after leaving super lame love not war still take that photo.
right after take another photo three kids taking photos of starbucks cups on the corner my third cigarette of the day.
what is the name of that magazine i said it wrong about floating i can't remember find that knowledge from you where i'm at right now but i don't wanna go home just yet.
as i walked by tactics like hole actually happening is i can't imagine a face-to-face interaction right now i ask if they have that release the new york times book in the name slips my mind as i called him after bit of shuffling around i remember that the book is called live blog and it actually isn't released until late september we both laughed i hang up the phone i decide i will have pizza because that is probably the most familiar option at this point safe washroom situation.
i pulled into pocket just checking to make sure we have those so there is the fourth time i've been missing three blocks that is if i'm being paranoid and take a photo of a man sitting around and park bring the newspaper at picnic is on six.
i'm reminded that my stomach hurts probably hangover must be hangover any minute so i can o'clock i have never in 15 minutes before my fault nothing else i have to do and have dinner in 30 minutes i realize that i walk up.
i sit and disassociate with a marinara pizza add arugula. i forget to use the washroom until i am on the way out. it's got to be the beat juice i don't think i will be having that anymore my head too much.

i'm at hilton else on the way made me emotional such good way writing.
i think it would be very very clear to me this morning for me not to need to get new keys made which i will do it later this week when i get home i need to practice scheduled for the next month at least there's no need to be so hard on my behind work. and surprisingly quiet on all the side streets except for one or two bank it's not much were taking photographs of them so looking around maybe detox make sense if i can do to help me quit smoking too. i have a better baby dollars left for me and my phone is at 29% but if i can get them to charge my phone i will keep walking at least another few hours hopefully something reply hope the outside even if i'm just thinking of you and it scares it on the other side of the sidewalk done.
i wonder if i can make for 200 bucks this week and tips wild but i mean that would be also pretty take a photograph cool intentions vhs looked in the mirror trip into trash.
need to put things on craigslist buns whatever i'm early for my float. sticky sweaty i think those t shirts will look nice if i print them this week. this person is way too loud. i should go buy headphones and groceries after this maybe later 10. the man charges my phone.
i suppose i sort of relaxed however i was extremely sore i don't know what it aggravating me so much but i suppose it has to do with what's been going on with my body in the past 24 hours so i don't really think i had any great ideas or revelations i do however feel at ease i thought about the film and what it's actually going to take to get it done and i realize that it doesn't need much just needs to be put down into him and will be easy to finish at that point.
i have to leave on the floor quite finish it without feeling pretty good left right can jack off now in the end everything tomorrow maybe feel like you want to do that if i go home. venture pretty. maybe i had one of the end ideas of the squid trying to do it. and i finish the rest of them continue graphic fruit and turmeric.
i walk to the same store and i called earlier and pick up different book as my mind i'm now at $60 in my pocket and contemplating staying out and getting coffee and continue this walk and coming

home i feel like both ways i'm not gonna really accomplish much boy somethings there's something nondescript into the sewer. i know walking on the words.
i realize that this project is going to be very difficult to continue just due to the better use of using your phone pretty much constantly and not that i'm super worried but it does make me feel a bit like a crazy person talking into the phone walking in the street not really sure what i'm doing.
leaving the bar brian and i talked about the difficulty of actually finishing projects because you are responsible for them responsible for i realize that it's not necessarily the finishing difficult figuring out what to do that makes sense for immediate distribution what that means. it's now 615 the song is hi in the sky but it's not super humid walking west on dundas. i cross chevrolet lets me go north west dictated by stoplight sets my route home. i am anxious to move it. that insured something that i have. i also need to source that's just how my body.
i bumped into somebody there to get my can't remember she asked if she can be if she can dj with us again sometime in the future to which i respond i will get all excited to take care of that when she gets back in town at a glance in my right and i see one of my tags and dust still there so i can't place when it actually happened.
the closer i get to home the sweater i am a definite to stop in before going out to get something because i need to find a place that i can go with me but for the time being i figure give me.
people think they ensure what is order school now. just next minute maybe it's just being mean because talk to brian about his script and they are talking too much taking up too much time remember you also didn't know who it was and have to ask. brain tells me it's almost as it happened with my corporation haven't seen in years but i'm actually happy to see him right now. tell him his hair nice and go back to reading. woman to my rate picks an anonymous bug bite and drinks rose.
maybe tomorrow i should walk to the reference surprising how much was in my fantasies or cuddle together for other peoples answers. the interesting part.

i'm being difficult and being on the far back wall for a moment. and i hope that i will be going to pay 75 and masturbate more we can remove the empty house.

-

and so the shooter got shot yeah he got shut down and this wouldn't happen if he still stopping hearted people you know like you have all these people and now they feel free to carry around weapons because the police can't stop before the cops used to they still could stop and frisk snow if we have all these criminals and i you don't have to ask me what i think about it but you know that they can just feel free to do whatever they want i'm not sure if i even like dennis cooper if i just have to finish all his books because i started reading sure though it's a bit too great for me you know it's a bit to keep shut plan yet but for people who are too ashamed to say that they still like him i'm not sure if i do i mean i did when i was 18 however i'm not 18 anymore of 30 but i feel sort of 38 and yes it up when i got up with you i said oh yeah i mean i don't know if it was the chicken white but it certainly made my stomach hurt so i hung around the house for a second job at the house looking for that extra dvd the one that was supposed to be with her stuck in the filing cabinet so now i went to the bookstore i'm trying to go to the other hustler i got to be honest with himself and then you have this guy with the backpack on and of course the chest straps are clamp together of course fucking what a fucking idiot tourist fucking of course it's so fucking life can you be going around him in this tourist trap fucking christ
why do i feel confrontation private with you today. hope to hear from you in 3 1/2 because of me i completely five if you're really tired so i'm done pumping and saw me through that light this is the only time in my life when i am taller than five foot five
i wish i was colorblind so i didn't have to fly fighter jet for you sometimes life lease itself out for you and you got to fly there for your jet fighter fighter jet fighter know if later flight or jared later fighter jet later fighter jet there we go better than nothing

yeah and practice was the carmen sandiego questions for teens.
oh hot question wow and what did you think of my question yeah
that's right nice looks nice it was before that was before i had at
this point i don't know truth and how do
text me in the morning i haven't decided whether or not i'm de-
pressed

in my mind your mouth is always tasted like green olives
even though i feel unsafe in the country i can't help myself from
following black cats into a band and sheds

/ / /
desire surveillance

i'm difficult-icult-icult-icult

post-plagiarism project 2.4
dimitri karakostas

don't worry if i write rhymes, i write checks
don't worry if i write rhymes, i write checks
don't worry if i write rhymes, i write checks
i'm difficult-icult-icult-icult
i write checks

sorry, i don't know what to say
i'm ruining everything you make
maybe i don't feel comfortable
when all the lights are set on me
i tried, it's too hard
i just wanna leave and hide
that's why i'm difficult

okay, i don't wanna set a trend
if my choruses are not catchy enough
don't listen to them
i just want to be fine with no troubles on my mind
so i'm difficult

bring the bass here
swallow and dry up the tears
life is too good
i don't want to live in fear
that's why i scream at the world
"i'm not trying to be the best"
so don't worry if i write rhymes, cause i write checks

bring the bass here
swallow and dry up the tears
life is too good
i don't want to live in fear
that's why i scream at the world
"i'm not trying to be the best"
so don't worry if i write rhymes, cause i write checks

i'm using my voice
i'm singing this song
i'm using anything i can
to take what you own
at the end of the day
i will have done what i said
and if you chase me away
i will be back the next day

/ / /
desire surveillance

“very minimal slogan based high fashion streetwear”
(unfinished and misfiled to-do lists and ideas)

post-plagiarism project 2.5

dirty projectors
tim hecker haunt me
in praise of copying
tan lin
duchamp infrathin
bruno latour
derrida difference
whats up tiger lily
zelig
jack smith filmmaker
mr akadian
spike lee bamboozled
ariel pink's loops
sorry to bother you
georg perec
david horovitz
ocopy.net
interior design gondry
yoko ono grapefruit

things to put on craigslist
hpdeskjet 1010
hplaserjet p1102w

safe word album 2
william basinski sample "i was born"
-on iphone? video for sure

muzak
frippertronics
rework and archive old stuff

now that's what I call contemporary art volume 1
#2 wall stuff dundas Gladstone
3 canvases to this point

"post-plagarism"

projects:
rewriting hollebecq
notes whilereading MH in linear order

autodicate project update
self portrait tweeting about suicide

pornhub poems
button zine

research zine: screencaps
hoarder: scans
vitamin water: a story

amnesty me
problematic behavior madlibs

put booze on website
themostqualifiedpersonforthejob.com

color fields again
ikea flowers

soundtrack
the news on sept 11
“our anniversary”
film everything

overdub film slow motion movement with audio from tape recorder
extreme slow motion shots of faces
out of focus shots

technicolor sound slowed down 1000%

if i were to:
overlay video and luma key it
75% slower

would i get trails?

macros for abstracts

nike commercial
black nikes red swoosh
filmed fisheye and long lens
bombing hill
just shoes on board
“these must be my lucky shoes”

tattoo: 29 may 68

60 second video demo reel for instagram

dub video with every synonym for love

saucetradamous

make a tabloid sized PP zine

whole page: serena williams
perec, walking
mavis gallant 1968
sophie calle
john ashbury
wittgenstein’s notebooks
wcwilliams

how do poets pay the bills

“very minimal slogan based high fashion streetwear”
could be a great t-shirt

killing the kardashians and redistrubiting their wealth:
tmz poems

jersey drawings
oklahama city bombers
draft dodgers

for design:
acid angels
useful work
mystic swimming
sensitivity and empathy

play stupid games win stupid prizes

3d render color fields
cosgrove kaledioscope video

we bring a french touch to house

clean out those screens asap

pablo neurotic

give flowers to the living not the dead

me, the maestro
them, the orchestra
    hand out copies of work and have other people read it

rewatch baltimore shopping newwork and turn it into a social media influencer painting and sculpture marketplace
clearninghouse
social media artist influencer clearinghouse and marketplace

i want to fuck the earth
karakostas on the campaign trail

update cv:
shows,

all day, FMT (full moon tarot), new media

erase everything on price tag except “invisible”
-invisibile city

word mood boards
60 second new wave films

think about art in a broad viral sense
make noise records formualted to pop rhetoric and structures

utlizing and applying skills to help form other skills

paintings:
    a generous donation from the karakostas foundation

anyone is capable of terrorism

redacted zine
plant slut

poet/painter redacted

poet work – tags, designs, stickers, t shirts

addiction as performance art
    not rationalizing but explaining
contemplating drug time, the calendar of neglect

suicide note anthology

even venus was crosseyed

revist the idea of the ‘notebooks’ film.
small notebook – talking
med – fucking
large – in love

black yes/no paintings
horny y/n

shoes:
cease and decist

chatting about orgies orgies with a lady buying cat food at a bodega

essay about why I don't buy books online

I used to not look twice before crossing the street lol
-30 millenium poems
a career in the arts hahahaha
poems
reset to factory settings
30 sober poems

screenprint over existing t-shirts
ie over mickey, etc

koshka as a character name

all the lillies painted soft purple

islands 'I wonder if I even remember it right' slowed down sample

mark essex essay
new York strangers

one week of smells

fendi Gucci on wall

heaven's gate nikes

painting:

link in bio

abandonment issue
journal of aborted prose and projects
apres des poems

abandonded suicide
abandoned art grant
abandonded projects for website

PLEASE DON'T STOP

book dates with:
Gabriel
matt sleep
rajni
chris / violin
zak / poems

redaction book
screencap book
1/1 -> three hole punch

surveillance books / ex libris
        you can't ruined nothing perfect
alexa on white wall projecting herself on herself via video cam
infinity style

severance package- the book
awareness – monthly zine of photographs
a million shades of worse – apres poems january

give kevin a copy of 'topics'

resin paintings

abstract art of Instagram in the age of digital reproduction

art show of screen shots, essay, things get screen shot
all work exists to be viewed on an iphone
this wasn't a serious consideration until recently
a long subway commute might give you an understanding of Rothko previouslt missing

the cursed poets : film?

alprazolam now : film

don't ask me, don't @ me
regarding obvious social media baiting
I'm sad, you should be aware, but if you ask me about it, nothing is wrong.

make a letterhead

mythology -> pseudonym based reportage on myself
 exhibitions?

dick in the age of digital reproduction
karakostas x Benjamin
essay on dick pics

burn a screen of mostly redacted page, just bare minimum outer letters

deposit a book in the 416 lockers

bad sex t-shirt

broken social scene essay
crystals, johnny marr, rental cars, foreigner, inaccuracies in newspaper articles

abstract art on Instagram in the age of screenshotting and reposting as reproduction

24 screenshots
a book/zine featuring an essay on authorship, how we perceive art, how we feel about exhibitions

More sucktempos

Bring zines to Art Metropole

poetry reading video of 10 or so people read along a poem?
at the same time
“karakostas poetry choir”

RECORD CAMEO AUDIO ON IPHONE AS WELL ALWAYS
tight shots of text from books?

record zak reading a poem in his truck
walking

site specific installations and shows

fitness film:
slow mo audio ‘pressing on’ running / boxing

slow mo audio
chamber of hearts
aloe springs are blooming

leave paintings in front of ago

the most qualified for the job dot com

essay about porn savant

a crate in a store with a packing label indicating that it is my work

evian bottle painting

fiji water painting

update whole website with pdfs

perhaps the surveillance books should be called
the best words in the best order?

diy is fucking dead
art of the scam
art of the parody

upload alprazolam to pornhub
YOU HAVE TO DO THIS ASAP

market wide cryptocurrency crash book title
these poems are lgbt trans poly queer specific poems - title
home office solutions and the heaven's gate religious millenarian cult title

review those helmut newton big nude style photographs i took

a new food and wine zine of just buzz words and meaningless facts

fake wine lables for natural whine

essay about floating and being aroused

broken social scene
crystal shopping
almond milk and avocados
globe and mail untruths
jonny marr conversations
it's just showbiz

book about ideas unfinished
title:
some older ideas, some good, some not so good

executed in 2018 to alleviate a nagging feeling
Gucci bootleg with spraypaint
Algeria soccer jersey 'camus'
vhs sticker
notebook lifespan project finish
a list of all of my cats for poetry book
Aristotle had the claws -20 poems
sample christian loops put arpeggiator over
ojays sample when the world's at peace
for oizo stuff
culture dub slow down and layer
make 4/5 records of soundscape stuff
screamo capella seven years ?
ezra is a great jump off point
the speed up slow down stuff
castlevania sounds for drums
iphone screen art?
recipets - for zine called "hoarder"
rent, phone
flinch mob
no cops no cucks
hashtags for website
instagram acct: ihatephotographyportfolios
rethink and edit a final version of this book - using old quotes and the like
daily writing / print cycle
button zine / package
size?
pornhub the poems
those text paintings i was thinking about yesterday
medicine bottles from that place up dovercourt for a photo
rap record idea
take melodies from bright eyes turn them into dance
ie hungry for a holiday
nas made you look "they shooting" sample
video 3d print jordans -disgusted woman's face
victim kink

what was that jay-z quick cut dream about?
the film or the music?

should this safe word record be cut to a minute or less in songs?
memories of stepping on twenty dollar bills

i still think about killing myself twice a day

pornhub - the poems

post-15 : after the fifteen minutes of fame, struggle etc

alcohol, anxiety, drugs, depression: a study on the internet

plotless fiction

on a bike i wqas always spitting on cars
kicking fenders
looking and acting devoted to the act of cycling

cut faces out of magazine and put them in the shot
welding keys wont work, but superglue will!

Tape transfer -> stick to clear plastic -> bend it around

DKbyJLG

Buy panties from dollarama for the receipt

Research
malreaux
ducassee, isadore
Pagnol
Duras
Guitry
Cocteau
James Nares

his style over Xerox base?
auge – non places
alain delon

word paintings:
am I happy to see you?
am I happy to see you!

film with kevin?

idea for an essay:
man commits a robbery,
declares war for being gendered in the media
"5'1" olive complexion, male
no, that can't be me. I'm a woman.

video ideas
slowed down 'partisan' french"

essay on the preservation of street art
obviously anti
all art exists to be preserved via jpg

idea for a film:
runners
boxers
slow mo, close
long shots
atheletes

start late feb
ref godard's 'aria'

writing about sex and shoping

the disaster scenario has already taken place
you're here and I never told you how beautiful you are

find out the system,
print out markers
file my past notebooks at the reference library

solo library project – book release at 416 phone room

how to make money off of the money I've spent
-the writer orders another a drink
yes, this will be good for my novel

alexa I've given you all and now I am nothing

upload film to pornhub

you taste so good

alprazolam now

website uploading all the pdfs on google drive?

idea: man tries to trade his identity, citizenship on craigslist

idea: the writer plans his suicide by baiting the left to assassinate him

cv: obsessed with magnum
flowers,
fashion
vandalism

PICK UP BIKES

calendar: making progress
anxiety
sinning

I was fairly sure I was going to kill myself in montreal,

otherwise die somehow.
the table salt of the earth
REVERSAL OF FREEDOM
PARIS RIOTS FOOTAGE
As It Comes
 workbook for video ideas, process/progress
Aucun Certain Regard
 30mins-45mins
 more focused new wave film
sometimes with a narrative, never with a story.
 a film about a novel that has no foreseeable end
 new work keeps being added on. A
novel about the work made while not working on the novel.
Kidnapping
20-30 mins
 structured around more vague footage
Another Unfit for Print
 essays
-Dictionary of Rescued Ideas
 120 pages?
poems written while reading or otherwise
-Paradise Book
 Untitled as of yet,
 images of the word
-Still Ill
 Nausea covers
 masking tape cover and t-shirt
 print cover on white envelope
 include those two nausea tags
-Participant Awards
 Blanks from dollar store
 big one made out of poster board?
-Quality of Life
 New show of paintings, follow up for paintings for condos
-Price War
 Follow up for Quality of Life
-Poet memes

Stickers of reworked memes
-Surrender Poet
Tape up old sheet with the words on balcony, take photo/video from street vantage point
-The Clothes Make the Man
Selected t-shirts 2007-2017
-15 short essays accompanied by their bar tab
sex shop, etc
-11:11s
find more, print, frame, 11x17 at least
-Burn Paintings
20/30 for zine?
I CANT BELIEVE IM IN PARIS
shots of riots with this text over it
Rimbaud and Baudilairre mural still
Xerox project
every week, Xerox the best images from the phone used exclusively for highlighter project
maybe find classics to use too
submit to west end phoenix the believer
make a large form compilation of places to submit to
projected portrait paintings similar to the Sartre version
reset to factory settings
50 sober poems
find Even venus was crosseyed

find mark Gonzales essay
-
do collabo zine
chronogic resume
rethink david horovitz

floppy disk labelled
aucun certain regard or whatever film
compress the film down to 1.44 mb
upload to vimeo
the whole film

show idea
his sins were scarlet but his books were read
install books in high park on picnic table in the middle of nowhere.
a better place is hard to find
using whisper narration in filM
-Quality of Life
New show of paintings, follow up for paintings for condos
-Price War
Follow up for Quality of Life
An essay about the pink power ranger being every mans first crush
Set up a lot of my current interests:
dark hair, good eyebrows.

au revior pronounced forever
merci pronounced messy

reading, working, writing, researching

nonviolent working class criminals live forever
wasting time: a writer's guide
stuck as fuck

pick up bikes

jlg
alprazolam - film and book, burn dvd

what we talk about when we talk about contemporary art
don't yuck my yum
ass ass or ass nobody rides for free

808s and essays

post plagarism ideas
in the spirit of duchamps readymades, the work already exists. it just needs to be reorganized.

reading and writing
“language is a system that has punished me, and so i, as reciprocation, will punish language.”
- koestenbaum
undecidability
essay on kink?
drop notebook at ref library
paintings for condos pdf
how to be betteR
casual vandalism
newbusiness card
cuck cyberbully
i’m queerer in real life
fake fortune cookies
video meditations
how do i get rich quickly?
solo show in newspaper box - bag already prepared, just print out the main paper for inset
upturned holy
-400 google searches, april 2018
dimitrikarakostas sounds emphatically like dimitri karakostas
how to make money off of things i’ve spent a lot of money on?
booze drugs food graffiti publishing books travel
vhs / dvd stickers
alt jobs: pro skateboarder
digital drawings
barbed wire playboy
barbed wire word
continue astrology books
a piece with words similar to the existential doubt thing?
essay about me cleaning the balcony
first time i’ve been on it for more than a few minutes
3 years lived in and finally don’t want to jump off it
an unread murder-mystery:
michael moore slips and falls on a burger king soda
an important novel by a young writer
a case study in patience

/ / /
desire surveillance

post-plagiarism project 2.4

erased by grace
(prelude to meta-plagiarism)

post-plagiarism project 2.6
dimitri karakostas

last x amount of pages of self-help book.

The hedonic treadmill, also known as hedonic adaptation, is the observed tendency of humans to quickly return to a relatively stable level of happinessdespite major positive or negative events or life changes.[1] According to this theory, as a person makes more money, expectations and desires rise in tandem, which results in no permanent gain in happiness.

The set-point theory of happiness suggests that our level of subjective well-being is determined primarily by heredity and by personality traits ingrained in us early in life, and as a result remains relatively constant throughout our lives.

Serotonin syndrome is typically caused by the use of two or more serotonergic medications or drugs.[2]This may include selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor (SSRI), serotonin norepinephrine reuptake inhibitor (SNRI), monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI), tricyclic antidepressants (TCAs), amphetamines, pethidine (meperidine), tramadol, dextromethorphan, buspirone, L-tryptophan, 5-HTP, St. John's wort, triptans, ecstasy (MDMA), metoclopramide, ondansetron, or cocaine.[2]

Shem HaMephorash (Hebrew: ▯▯ ▯▯▯▯▯, alternatively Shem ha-Mephorash or Schemhamphoras), meaning the explicit name, is an originally Tannaitic term[1] describing a hidden name of God in Kabbalah(including Christian and Hermetic variants), and in some more mainstream Jewish discourses. It is composed of either 4, 12, 22, 42, or 72 letters (or triads of letters), the last version being the most common.

john tavares points in 2018-19
regular 7
menu for fresh
menu for mother india
refracted through the memory of a memory
always already absent present
dirty joke theory to true crime classics inspiring today's leading artists
girls on the run
obsessive cataloging
on truth, fiction, and the holy grail
logos: the photographer's dilemma
job positions i will not apply for
nike air stab persion violet
anything other than wild success is failure
nanostories
frequently asked questions
syncronized
required risk
literally millions of people
round objects
semi-ironic sports
crucial location
hyperquick blowup
punchline
act accordingly
ideas fail
ideas succeed
bedroom producing
tools for selling
"you"
forward
exactly what you're doing
measuring
unsatisfactory
whatever the matter may be
monitoring

trembling
minimal risk
in sympathy
don't tell me about your friends
undeniably evocative
excited then anxious
poor work performance
trapped doing meaningless things
erased by grace
support
glimmer
especially acute
self-conscious culture
ironically wild
riot
from time to time
enormous attention
well-liked
popularity
to merit
pure scene
boosting
copies
similar interests
searches
so-called
own terms
a simple maxim
so close to the center
as specific as we've gotten
relying on action
a limited amount of attention
keeping secrets
elevated to celebrity status
with dismal results
set to bewilder
where does the idea go from here

standing ground
organized by the unemployed
to advance the story
intuition
remarkable accuracy
destined to die
ecstatic and moaning
a sacred site
60 seconds or less
ample evidence
constant distraction
multitasking
ultimately time hijacked
a better reveal
as it spreads
early adopting
high ranking
best guest
niche culture
directed banter
keenly aware
narrow view
center of the universe
marginal status
happy to oblige
apres moi, le deluge
odds of backlash
stripped down software
closely cropped
pre-existing tastes and preferences
not now:
dotjpg.com
dotpdf.com
dotpsd.com
dotavi.com
dotmp3.com
dotgif.com

no sequel discovery
wasting time
an inevitable appearance
the closest thing to ambitious
a cycle lasting longer
sowing uncertainty
monumental
technically sound
prolonging the story through controversy
scheming a path to fame
administrative applications
a timeline of projects
a real schedule
contagious
pleasure in something new
new tab

a list of words:
forever
mineral water
cell phone battery life
work week
atmospheric pressure headache
proboscis

a list of places:
union
squirley's
mezzrows
the beaver
el almacen
superpoint
city pool
el ruddy
swan dive

it's a conversation for kids

500 words on bias and redact everything inflammatory

the culture i belong to,
the arts and culture closing sale

i have so many complaints

the least important part of me in forty stories

January - July
Complete Scripts – Debord
Three Interviews 00/01 - Godard
So Sad Today – Broder
The Lovers – Vida
Consumed – Cronenberg
Romantic Movement – DeBotton
You Deserve Nothing – Matsik
Vanishing Point - Markson
Under Milk Wood – Thomas
the selfishness of others - dombek
No One Belongs Here More than You – July
The Conquest of Happiness – Russell
the Argonauts - nelson
A Lover's Discourse – Barthes
Wittgenstein's Mistress - Markson
Player One - Coupland
This is not a Novel - Markson
tenth of december - saunders
civilwarland - saunders
destroy she said - duras
narthex - h.d.
poetry as insurgent art - ferlinghetti
the bride stripped bare - anonymous
the bathroom – touissant
the future - auge
permanent red - berger
xx - mcgrath
diary of an oxygen theif – anonymous
desire lines - whyte
the truth about marie - touissant
making love - touissant
camera - touissant
taipei- lin
trip - lin¬
bright eyed - vaughan
permanent red - berger

why grow up - neiman
xx - mcgrath
enough about love - le tellier
fraud - rakoff
men in the off hours - carson
public enemies - houellebecq / levy
keep it fake - wilson
unquiet grave - connolly
difficulty of being - cocteau
imaginary men - ayala
papaya - ayala
guignol's band - celine
the second sex - robbins
concept of anxiety - kierkegaard
ugly man - dennis cooper
marbled swarm - cooper
pisces - broder
jesus' son - johnson
men in the off hours - carson
bright eyed - vaughan
crystal flowers - stettheimer
uselessness - lalo
slow twisting - anonymous
art of recklessness - young
polyamourous love song - wren

conspiracy theory book
/pol/icing my /b/rain

when i was a kid
passive research
introduced to 4chan

g20, first taste of fear
obsessive twitter searching
photos being used by media
andrew being arrested

mtl, unbearable cold weather / depression

untouchables: the poems

sometimes it's best
not to get involved
(fuck the police)

On drugs
on booze
on prescriptions
on makeovers
on meditation
on work
on time off
on retail therapy
on smoking
on wine
on being alone
on being social
on reading
on walking
on cycling
on instagram
on research
on getting tattooed
on painting
on having a cat
on cleaning your house
on cooking
on dining out
on kindness
on faith
on the weather
        sometimes it's best to stay indoors on a rainy day.

shakespeare
self-portraits
detective
a divorce
a death
the kids move back home
the body language of a couple fighting
fantasy football
downloading fortnite and not playing
people who love christmas
make america great again hats
count chocula import and export
tennis
whatever you do, steal your shoes
david shield's 6000 promotional interviews for reality hunger
i had a white duck named heinz, he was eaten by a coyote i think. i laugh about it now but it was quite traumatic.
buying more books than i have time to read
techno/house
novel memories
drinking whiskey crouched down hiding from view behind the bar
alexa cutting my hair with kitchen scissors in an airbnb kitchen

word didn't save, whatever common error. 0kb file size post-ritalin high. probably wasn't great editing anyways, but now i have to redo it just as bad as the first time.

Alpers Roof Life
Austin John how to do things with words
Badiou
Barthes preparation of a novel
Baudrillard simulations
Beigbeder
Berrigan Ted
Boll something to do with books
Bose - too much
Bougoise repressed
Bouly Jenny
Boyer - disappointed fate
Carson Anne
Chevielle Eric
Christa parravani
Clark TJ - sight of death experiment in art writing
Coetzee- Elizabeth
Cooper Dennis - the sluts
Coupland - earthquakes
Cusk Rachel
Cyril Connolly Enemies of Promise -
Daniels JD the correspondence
Das ram - be here now
Davis Lydia
Deren
Dyer Geoff Paris trance
Elliott Stephen
Eula biss
Flaubert dictionary
Gaddis
Gide - thesis
Gilman yellow wallpaper
Giradoux
Goldsmith Kenneth
Gracq- balcony
Grief against everything
Groom Kelly

Guo- consider dictionary
Hart Crane
Hempel- reasons to live
Hooks, bell
Hughes - nothing if not critical
Joshua Cody
Kael
Kazantzakis Nikos
Kharms today I wrote nothing
Koestenbaum
Kreider - we learn nothing
Larkin Phillip
Lem- imaginary
Leslie Jameson
Levy - suicide
Maddox Bruno
Manguso sarah
Marczewska not a copy
Meredith Andrew
Monson letter to a future lover
Murakami runner
Nancy Jean Luc Being Singular Plural
Nikas Bob
Pesoa
Pico Tommy - junk
Ranciere
Rankine- don't let me be lonely
Reverdy
Reznikoff
Rhys
Robbie-Grillet- for a new novel
Romains donagoo tonka
Sartre - the words
Sex magazine
Solnit getting lost
Tisdale - violation
Toussaint - urgency and patience

Wayne Kostenbaum
Welsh Denton
Williams - Kora in hell
Wolfe - new journalism
Woodson Jacqueline
Wren Jacob
Zizek - hopeless ness
Zizek - living dangerously
alpers - roof life
rishanmurti - love and loniness
solnit Rebecca
swofford Anthony
wittgenstein Thirsty Muse

/ / /
desire assistance

last modified 2012-01-31

post-plagiarism project 2.8
dimitri karakostas (?)

part one

Now mind is clear
i have a thought

as a cloudless sky.
and as dripping as this brush
constellation of cake color and chaos
the only shelter where i've breathed
waste beats, matter and paper
because my legs have grown weary of this cobble
blink rapidly to break moments
how peaceful the pedals in your cheeks
freedom beyond the snow
can't be trusted
am the one for blame
while in the womb
the sensation of fullness
must be tamed in the stillness of frost
like an amulet past down from finger to neck
of loss and rejoice
whimsy
bed by which i pray to your self
where you should lay
please pack me with your books
we shall grow and decompose into a greater stream

Now mind is clear
i have a thought
dripping from this brush(a)
constellation of cake color and chaos
sheltered breath
within wasted beats, matter and chords
because my legs have grown weary of cobbled stone
so i skip rapidly to break moments from moments and moments
moments
how peaceful the pedals in your cheeks
free the flakes from the snow
but glimmers can't be trusted

am I one for blame?
waves while in the womb
false sensations of fullness
must be tamed in the stillness of frost
like an amulet passed down from finger to neck
of whimsy tales of loss and rejoice
lost rejoice
rejoice in loss
... how tall they are tales
pack mine in your bag of books
we shall decay and bloom into greater streams

an unforgivable honest caress
i have a bad habit of soaking in fumes
baking crumbles to sooth your bad mood
in the core of your prints
bark branch and root
curving my lips to day, amber and moon
it's obvious by the way you stroke my hair
that you searched for my hips from the time you were bare.

The great hanging weak teat of India
i can hear it dripping for me across the ocean floor
on the map
folded and crumpled and folded folds and worn
The Fingernail of Malaya
i would unweave all my cells from this twine to feel five plumb
lines running down my spine
The Wall of China
a massive waste of stone and bone

The Korea Ti-Pousse Thumb
The Salamander Japan
the Okinawa Moon Spot
The Pacific
The Back of Hawaiian Mountains
coconuts

Kines, balconies, Ah Tarzan-
And D W Griffith
the great American Director
Strolling down disgruntled
Hollywood Lane
- to toot Nebraska,
Indian Village New York,
Atlantis, Rome,
Peleus and Melisander,
And

swans

Spots of foam on the ocean

slept to the vibrations of your drips for fifteen and three dreams
folded, crumpled, folded folds, worn
unweaving cells from throne to feel five plumb prints carved
around my throat
for a decorative piece to accentuate the glory of grace and greed
only leaving dissipating desire
the thread count of your flesh is beyond my own
the gravitational pull of my many manifestations
pleading to perish in the south pacific
the magnitude of her majesty fills the moon with insecurities
could i grate you on my tongue for every meal?
i drift through rises from vine to vine to wine
the gardener of my yellow brick fantasy
hire my devout debt and desperations
mutants and monsters in marylin cloaks
devouring aspirations and hope
piece of thought,
thoughts on peace are only to be found in a corn field
nine years of layered liner to fuse red lights from bitting my sight
i wish to bathe in your myth

slept within the vibrations of her drips for fifteen and three dreams
folded, crumpled, folded folds, worn
weaving cells from throne to feel five plumb prints carved around my throat
for a decorative piece to accentuate the glory of grace and greed
only leaving a dissipating desire to dissect your waste
the thread count of your flesh is beyond my own
the gravitational pull of my many manifestations
pleading to perish in the south pacific
the magnitude of her majesty fills the moon with insecurities
could I grate you on my tongue for every meal?
I drift through rises from serpentine vines to supermarket lines
the gardener of my yellow brick fantasies
hire my devout debt and ruby red insanities
mutants and monsters in marilyn cloaks
devouring aspirations and hope
I wish to bathe in your myth
southern comfort smoke cushioning the crest of this couch
a misfit plus two and a mouse
rubbing soaked eyes with leopard laced sheets
wrapped in January Montauk dreams
diluted in the glow of a scratched plasma stage
weeping over youth, broken sheets, youth,
you, shallow stains, wasted moons
weeping over losing losses we haven't lost
but feel like we've lost
a lot.
side by side by side by tide
limbs lay locked lay split lay knots
abruptly woken from lucid childhood meadows
harsh credits rolling without humor or haste
rapidly raped into reality
heavy hands found full gripped to another
I hold what I've gained

The wheel of the quivering meat
conception
cured meat beyond edible desire
Turns in the void expelling human beings,
curdled tongue

Pigs, turtles, frogs, insects, nits,
Mice, lice, lizards, rats, roan
Racinghorses, poxy bucolic pigtics,
Horrible unnameable lice of vultures,
Murderous attacking dog-armies
Of Africa, Rhinos roaming in the
jungle,
Vast boars and huge gigantic bull
Elephants, rams, eagles, condors,
Pones and Porcupines and Pills-
All the endless conception of living
beings
Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness
Throughout the ten directions of space
Occupying all the quarters in & out,
From super-microscopic no-bug
To huge Galaxy Lightyear Bowell
Illuminating the sky of one Mind-

Poor!
I wish I was free
of that slaving meat wheel
and safe in heaven dead.

peeling cured strips of chandelier light from your chest
frying cloaks
in the spark of a mississippi smoke

part two

black death, second coming

time, memory, perception
towards
“death becomes, or rather IS, the defining characteristic of a being”

campfire ambiance
wine glass released

independence day alone

space, multitudes

you’re loud enough for two people

contaminated aesthetic distance

i won’t ruin the fun
it’s practically impossible

what we know as “natural” causation

our land, our language
something attractive

a symbol of
an ambiguous heaven

escape ignorant methods

merge glory and hell

murder loops
sever the shame
old earth heartaches
average vandals
cold cliches
rooted in crime

permanent culture

the systems by which we live today are simply non-sustainable

there's no reason why we need to survive
thank god when i cut myself it heals

very seldom are straight lines in nature

meditation and observation

you are here
use the fucking sun

perhaps success is essential

of course we are challenging nature itself and it hits back, it just hits back that's all and that's grandiose when you think about it and we have to accept that it is much stronger than us.

shadowboxing
swords
dangerous
ruckus
blast
gun
burst
i did worse
rough
hard
locked
chat
loud
hazardous
sparks
texas
literate
gold
loops
stroke
prism
raw
shame
shatterproof
teeth
sever
lexus
thick
warrior
burnt
drawers
murder
tiger
taste
swarm
master
civilized

dome
brag
hang
merge
metal
cut
swap
camouflage
math
train
night
attack
killer bee
method
root
monks
body bags
inspector
armed
raw
sorceress
terrorist
curb
yellow
moons
ignorant
blood
plate
sixteen
stream
cliche
shade
awake
strange
glory days
cope
lesser

lessons
immensely
immune
cocaine
devils
slum
sweating
renegade
spiked
homicide
stature
eardrum
birth
razor
dream
dough
gates
landscape
hell
sweater
combination
crime
smoking
survivor
incarceration
clutch
handcuffed
destination
staircase
escape
old earth
heartaches
maintain
corrupt
bedpost
rusty
dice

light
saran wrap
beware
overage
average
motion
rub
lotion
forty
skin
commotion
bags
ballistics
swarm
raising
vandals
hit
clip
melting
blunt
screwed
neck
damned
creep
shapes
around
border
ten o'clock
apostle
committing
genius
cold
misuse
deep
script
lip
concrete

a masterpiece:
sit with me
this won't take long
i have nothing to say, after all
you're so pretty with that jacket on
you're so fucking pretty all the time

surveillance desire
20xx

the drunk man looking for his keys under the lamp post,
just because that's where the light is.

post-plagiarism project 1.9
dimitri karakostas

i wasn't making money i don't think people got it, it became too circular, too small, too much noise, usually too quiet, i was usually drunk, i needed angels, you must work harder on things that pay somewhat, no, things that don't pay at all might pay a lot someday, life is zen, work, stop being so defeatist, you have time, reading, show up to work, everything is perfect by itself.

i must be more disciplined; i must be more sure.

hi, i am just touching base regarding the $150 cab fare after my flight, delayed ~5 hours, diverted in a different airport in a different city. after being assured i would receive full compensation, i have yet to receive a follow up to my initial claim.

hey pal - so, going through my invoices - i pretty much haven't been paid since the rebrand. i am owed for the following dates: oct 7, 21 nov 4, 18, dec 2, 16, 30 and dec 31 at $500. this all seems right to me, i'm not too stressed!

i love toronto because it knows me. it isn't about being familiar, for most people i see – i'd rather not. it's more that the streets feel permissive. i can take that walk to the bookstore. i'll find what i'm looking for. i'm guaranteed that.

this approach is "the drunk man looking for his keys under the lamppost, just because that's where the light is."

passive consumers pair their wine with food.
i prefer to think of pairing with a task or event.
examples:

blanc de blanc in the bathtub
south african oxidized cinsault trying to impress a stranger
that black cahor dripped onto the third revision of a suicide note

my 31st birthday:
i break several canvases over my knee and punch myself in the face. i wipe my blood on your forearm. i'm not sure why i decided this should happen.

i have tried to kill myself so many times, i feel like i'll never succeed. maybe every attempt has been half-hearted, a fake. probably. i thought about throwing myself off the 20th floor balcony as recently as last night - but i wouldn't have been able to write about the experience of actually doing it.

i don't leave the house for 48 hours until i run out of cigarettes even though i'm quitting. lighthearted sunday morning media, netflix tells me plastic is killing the ocean.

i check off tasks, finding new and diverse distractions. my ecosystem is fucked, too. i downloaded the criterion collection films you asked for, how come i'm not smarter yet. alexa drinks from the brita water filter jug, i refill it. i move the cheese back into the fridge. i boil water for instant coffee. it is 12:30 and we can't decide on a movie.

i restore my phone after deleting my notes, instagram, and twitter. iphone 7-iphone8+, i exaggerate my silence for safety's sake. i don't know, i don't care. i drink dr. pepper for a sober day four. i add $50 worth of sushi to my cart before cancelling the order: i call instead

i realize i've been researching wrong. i never follow up on open tabs and screenshots and bookmarks. i try to change my habits but it seems unlikely.

it would seem like i've actually been working on nothing the whole time i've been 'busy.'.

another bad mood: i hadn't smoked in three days, but i feel like i should start again.

i buy the expensive juice and mix it with tonic water so i can make it last. the honey throat spray hasn't done anything to fix my cough.

my obituary: enough is enough.

i stopped stopping by for a quick drink.

i should take a few weeks off work and get that surgery on my sinuses, but i can't afford it. it'd be nice to breath like a normal person. i'm not even sure what that's like.

i had an avocado and tomato sandwich with a small bowl of curry cauliflower soup. i smoked no cigarettes. i couldn't focus so i didn't read. the flu medication i've been taking hasn't been working but i went to work anyways. i made decent money.

there are too many giggles coming from the back room- four adults and two kids. they are talking loudly about the upcoming municipal election. i turn the music up louder. squarepusher.

the other men dress differently than me.

kids are crying in the coffee shop and i want to burn this place down.

i have been collecting 12" records from the trash behind the thrift store. moldy, warped, sleeveless. titles i've never heard of. songs of devotion. i shelf them with no plans to ever really listen to them. i was thinking they'd be good to sample, maybe. i'll probably never get around to doing it.

"prayer music," clement says. i want to punch his face and break his reel-to-reel.

nobody wants to talk about the murdered saudi journalist anymore.

maybe this convenience store has the cucumber lime gatorade i was fantasizing about.
maybe if i were 20, i could start a streetwear company
called "day job"

the young man, 26, heir apparent at the cheque cashing spot by my house, was murdered in broad daylight in what the paper refers to as “having all the tells of a hired hit.” roy. awful.

i wanted to eat lunch alone, why did i come to work so early, my nose is still fucking running, coffee is making me shaky, i refuse to go to the doctor, my chest hurts from coughing, i forgot to buy socks, i shouldn’t have put off today’s errands until tomorrow, how did i forget to buy cat food, who broke the brita filter, i picked up the wrong swiffer sheets, i can’t imagine going back to the mall now, i should have slept longer, my lips are chapped, i’ve been thinking about making loops again, what am i going to do with the iced tea in the fridge, i have to follow up on those invoices, i can’t find the reciepts though, i have to work wtfssmt seven days straight, i must be depressed.

“what on earth has happened to my ability to focus?”
“you grew up.”

i forgot my wallet and now i can’t afford a juice.
i was almost hit by a car while i was crossing the street. i was thinking about your cell phone call history.

i hope it’s a quiet night. i’d like to finish this book while you watch the hockey game.

i look tired in photographs.

at one point, i could tell the time just by looking up.

i complain about a pain on my left side. you complain about a pain on your right.
we are both dying.

good afternoon! i forgot to do the things you asked. i've been wearing the same jeans for a week. i have to close the outdoor studio before it gets too cold. i worked on a layout for the new space. it's in the other notebook. it's late october and it snowed lightly last night. i need to buy a tarp. i was looking at used macbooks on craigslist when i should have been working. i should switch my coffee to tea. after i made a smoothie, i watched the hockey game instead of reading. my day has been ruined.

i prefer to walk away from my problems, unshowered and with no place to go.

i want you to apologize to me first.

i'm used to not getting what i want. that's the freelance life. you get sample-sized bites of what you want.

i think of myself of smart but impractical. unmotivated? i think that's the whole "depression" thing. why excel when i can remain misunderstood and mysterious?

i was eating a slice of pizza and doing math. 900x2=1800, 200x4=800 800x4=3200 3200+1800=5000 ??? this doesn't explain why i am late on my rent every month.

after an argument, there is a space of tentative silence before one sends the other memes.

i have to run errands, i have to buy a sweater. i need to go to the bank. i need a new passport. i need a new health card. why am i so bad at doing normal tasks?

if i am to become anything, i need to be louder and alone.

i'm writing an epic novel on the difficulties of buying a used macbook pro off craigslists.

driving, walking or i make myself smaller, wedging myself into a corner half-sleep itching sweaty rash.

this new pimple, the size of a button and located right where my glasses rest on my nose, was making it hard for me to see. analyzing my face in the mirror, we decided it needed to be popped. i laid down in bed and you stabbed at it with your nails, soft pink. you suggested i put toothpaste on the spot, running yellow-orange fluid towards my mouth.

a week passed and the blemished remained. we agreed to re-pop the pimple.

using an ikea kitchen knife, we scratched off the first few layers of skin to ease up on the extraction process. i'm unsure if it was the actual pain or the fear of having a sharp knife so close to my eye, but it hurt the front of my brain. there was what could quantify as being "a lot of blood." pushing upwards on the pimple's core, pressure was applied until a ball-bearing sized piece of me popped out and landed on my left cheek.

"oh, weird. a cyst. maybe you have cancer."
"well, maybe i did but not any more."

webmd suggests i seek medical attention.
i throw the lump in the trash and put a band-aid on my face.
i look great. like a rapper. i'll live.

my jacket smells like me, i'm not surprised, i mean - it's mine. this smell, uh, smells like the weather or the transcript to an interview conducted over lunch where i feel unsure about buddhism or whether or not ill have a job next week. "i enjoy doing things, yeah, things that don't pay well - everything unattractive is a good question."

what's in my perfect bag? having a laptop is too heavy unless i have a backpack and backpacks look awful on adults. i can't carry the things i need anymore.

i'm more concerned with, well, work that you can't own. i mean, you can have it, but you don't own it, it can be anyone's. like, put it on your wall, sure, but there is no original - it just exists on it's own, but maybe that means it's the only one since it is yours?

i just want some where quiet that isn't home wow i spend a lot of money, honestly. we have a lot of photographs of each other reading with wine glasses. yes, god, the work - some things never change. my work has always been making more work for me.

a weak person, he said, jamming his fingers into his ears as as a fire truck passes. a return to bach, bruce springsteen, sometimes. it's always a ritual with you, isn't it?

chorizo, fries, al pastor, chicken, tourism toronto. i'm so happy to eat, i need to apply for that art metropole job, that uh, art director position, resend that piece i sent to new museum, the fax, send that. caprese, eggplant.

ooh, a new wave of anxiety for no reason at all, ooh, a yawn, in general, a celebration of the great narrator, no personal responsibility - enjoyment. blame it on something absent, reasonable but tough, end of the day two suggestions. tomato bread.

three women, early 20's, two in glasses, discuss applepay and the inconvenience of carrying quarters.

a b52 shot dropped into a manhattan in a rocks glass: the inside job. oooh.

it's not as much of an inconvenience as people say it is. make the windows tremble 3am new record. in my defense, no ambivalence. to speak and occasionally assemble - who doesn't lose focus? i walk, or is it march? the girls all loved the steak tartare.

remember what the tarot reading said? no, i'll have to go through my notes. i remember it being correct, though, if we're being generous. my mom was right about being scared of everything the older you get, though, that's for sure.

vaping is actually pretty sick, maybe - i vape in the washroom, blowing smoke into my jacket and steal a wine glass. a woman in love, by the waterfront, nectarine, vitamin water, perrier, absorbing language. less is more, we both mean.

can we make love after our walk? oral sex on the couch maybe listening to your new records, mexico city in the shade india ink on glass. set back behind hedges, a shaded pavilion. an appetite for personal openness. banana bread. annexed to take a beating, survival based on assigned seating. yes, i care about succeeding.

avocado toast hours far apart clinging, paying attention referencing something else.

i maybe quit smoking, trying to quit smoking. i mean, i have had two cigarettes today but it's not the same. i have been puffing on this juul thing. yeah, it's a vape but not an obnoxious one, less obnoxious.

i'm trying to edit this film but i don't really know where it's going.

life as a passive consumer:
idling about, lazily reading every other sentence in his book, always chasing a new one, somehow.

a stripper, or i assume a stripper because i've seen her going in and out of the strip club, steps out of her tesla. i congratulate her on caring about the environment and she flips me off. elon musk was on the joe rogan show earlier today and he smoked weed, or at least that's what twitter is telling me. a backwoods, maybe. there is one person in my bar and i sincerely can't stand him. he's become an accidental regular, the kind that nobody particularly likes. nobody talks to him, he just interjects into your conversation with a "tell me about it" or a "i know how that is." i nod and my face looks like this usually: -_-

i'm exactly the kind of person i thought i'd be. my face is a liquidation sale. i have three desks to work on, they pile up paper until i stop writing. 100 pages and i'll leave here. i wish the blue jays were doing better so i can have my summertime distraction back. something generic, apo-karakostas. my eyes vibrate as a child screams in my otherwise quiet.

sudden death, but what about the cat? 1:46 wednesday, i fall asleep from a dream about guantanamo bay. my nerves, woo, vitamin water, woo, that's what normal people do. reluctant to motivation, but i guess i have these survival skills, like paying rent a week late. don't call it a comeback.

even though i'm back where i started, gripping sober waiting for rain something more stable to compliment me, vitamin water? hey, just checking in, i'm always just checking in, haha. nonfiction missisippi goddamn. instead of reading proust, i could be a dick sucking factory.

as much as i'm not welcome here, i don't think i could eat pizza again. maybe i don't have sex again, either. salads and yoga, no, not eating and walking, if that answer is satisfying. being here is perfect, with your hard to pin down accent.

passive aggressive revenge is cleaning the house thoroughly and drinking tap water, charging my phone at 30%. a party with no

cover, you don't know how good you got it. sore throat, still smoking, trial by fire, liberation of spirit.

now, i smell like shampoo, sitting in a window drinking gatorade at the pregame. this is stability, recently showered, reading.

i have been off my meds, and i guess also off the self prescribed "stuff." i don't think i ever had a drug problem, it was more of a drug inconvenience.

a wrtiter, lucky to write most days, feels happy with anything but does want more. a writer the way that people can be writers. slightly maladjusted. has anyone written something like this before?

he hoped people would stare at him from across the bar and whisper "isn't that the filmmaker?" no - "isn't that the writer? the famous one?" no - "did you see his most recent show of paintings?" hm.

immeasurable anxiety regarding my hair, teeth, face, height. all blemishes. i'm just a blemish.

remember that girl from the health food store? turns out she's really great in real life. funny how that worked out. you don't feel sad very often. you lay in bed, smoking, trying not to wake her – it doesn't matter if i did, she wouldn't be mad.

i lay back in bed, googling "why do cats purr?" i know they purr because they're happy, i just wanted to make sure. the cat jumps out of bed.

"if i'm a writer and i'm a poet, i might love you but never show it."

my stomach hurts. i shouldn't have eaten all of those vietnamese leftovers. i wonder if she thinks of me fondly. i hope she's not thinking of me at all. there's too much too bad if you really sit and think about it. about me, i mean.

back to sleeping five hours a night, if you're lucky. a new, unique pain starts in your stomach. similar to the vietnamese food pain, but not the exact same. you call it "both excited and worried for the future." you name the lack of sleep "my, how things change but how they stay the same."

before falling asleep, he thinks of what he'd like in his new life. he was a bookshelf. an organized bookshelf.
-fiction, nonficition, alphabetized
-new directions books, however, are separated. they are organized by publishing number.
ie baudelaire's "flowers of evil" is ndp71, so it comes before sartre's "nausea" – ndp1243

my academic career didn't work out, but i'm still finding myself aroused in a book store. soft sexting on my walk today.

when i laugh, i sorta feel like puking. maybe i have the flu, and maybe i'm in love.

writer who writes about intimacy issues and believes he is able to write well due to sexual sublimation, finds happiness in a relationship that offers the exact intimacy he craved. delicate, loving, rough, public.

as a result, the work suffers. he thinks it's due to the sublimation wearing off. the aura disappears, proving the previous work contradictory. reality is he is actually happy after years of self-diagnosis as a coping mechanism – a way to make sense of being specific. is specific the right word?

"just a heads up – i got a confirmation email and our wine glasses will be arriving there on wednesday."

everyone goes the wrong way, looking for the washroom in an unfamiliar bar.

why do i prefer to sleep on the couch?
why do you always take your time when returning calls?

personality traits: "reserved about asking for things directly."

i enjoyed the ruins, the nothing, and then the return. return to existential dread, then back to the ruins. 'it's better to destroy than to create." sober days drag by, disassociated from lack of sugar.

i've decided i must try to be less like me – abandon intuition at the door. how can i be sure i'm actually going against my first instinct? which instinct feels least like me?

i fall out of love just as easily as i fall in. not always, but it does happen.

rambling about god - hmm, now i get you. how interesting.
what?
hmm, nothing. just realized something about you.
did you just psychoanalyze me?

which made me feel prone, dreadful, unaware of what i said, what it meant about me, what that meant to her. really made me dislike the idea of being candid.

i realize i must remain more quiet – listen more, react less. a more clandestine experience.

why do people go out? why do people do anything?

i'm actively feeling memories dissolve. new love is the gravestone for old love.

should i feel sick? i need to nap. maybe i'll take a bubble bath. i only have dish soap. i'll take a shower.

my hair long, made me look unhealthy. every part of me feels ashamed or dirty. just not what makes sense with someone like you. who set up a mirror in this washroom? i assume it was purposeful. so you can see your dick no matter where you look in the room. maybe it's for selfies. my dick does look good, though. i should take a photograph. fuck, my phone is dead. better write this moment down.

sometimes while masturbating, i stop halfway through. walk away. go soft. think, "i don't know, i don't want to have sex again." frustrated at my lack of desire. i return and finish the job 10-15 minutes later.

dearest,
i love you for your sensitive features,
but you should have gone to that party.

i counted. i've given you five "i love yous" to your one "i love you too" today.
you counted?
no, i just noticed. i was just aware.
yes, i started counting after the third.

protected, as if a passive riot cop. shield up, looking past you – bored of everyday intimacy, preferring to bludgeon someone with his love.

i don't not want to be held under duress
power dynamic

yeah, i slept on the rug for a few hours – only because i was too sad to get into bed. maybe it's the dairy. maybe i should stop eating cheese. when i say i'm not drinking, what i mean i'm not getting drunk.

i find my speech restrained, previously free – the other, now open wide.

she refused to tell me the hour her plane arrived, if it wasn't hard to find online. i laid, book on my face – i wonder if this looks constructed.

do you want a splash of milk in your coffee?
more than a bit but not a latte.

when i met you, well, first saw you, yeah i was just buying juice. constantly buying juice.

"god, i've been loving the idea of the world ending."
"lately?"
"more than usual."

the past two nights and one daytime nap offered more pleasure than i've had in years. finally relaxed. small things – "our house," maybe joking a bit, not really. the parlance all "tomorrow," "forever."

"i've never received the physical affection i wanted. i always was made to feel guilty for wanting to hold hands or to want to be hugged without asking for it."

“it never happened for me. everything always felt rushed. sex felt like washing the dishes. an avoided chore.”

we locked eyes too long, we laughed too much. i guess that means we’re in love now.

“you make me so happy, i’ve forgotten every instance of presumed joy before you.”

when you’re young you think love is important
when you get older, you know love is important
you just stop giving a shit
you know love is important but so is paying your bills,
doing good work, quiet moments alone

there are no promises shared when we kiss:
just a short reliving of kisses past.

like i would ever believe something that negative.

project desire
2019

the collected abandonment issues
2017-18
(and two things from 2009
and one zine from 2015 [?]
that I found and retyped)

‘post-plagiarism’
simply means
that i’ve been
repeating myself for
fucking years
and years and years
and will continue to do the same thing
for years and years
and fucking years
and yeah,
i guess
that’s pretty clear
in this body of work.

extremely happy until further notice

continually working on something mysterious

the main point of contention
being geographical

unbelievers

this, being the second chance
you've been waiting for

wearing black from head to toe

I need no understanding,
I need convincing

viewed quickly, silently
on reflecting, what else?
harsh weather
subtle patchwork
"the work"
twelve point times new roman
coming back to the same thing

myself, so dumb in your vision

I should start by explaining
zen and romanticism
ancient metrics
the real and ideal,
at least for a while

the mostly holy guilt being formed

no necessary consequence
the structure of feeling
ahead of this eternally delayed book project
the self beyond the subject
or the other way around?
another –ism as aesthetic

widespread ironic cough of tragic desire
too myopic to love

my heart gathers disasters
flimsy sheer black lycra

ordinary things in detail
people aren't going to like that

kind-of degrading
somebody memorable
quickly changing in real time
an acceptable amount of anything other than what was intended
looking closer from the observer's standpoint
paying my bills as performance art
practicing virtue
oscillating between new conceptual shenanigans

falling apart in fresh, innovative ways
shuddering into eternity and wherever else, I guess

practice made public
"the boy prefers poetry"
writing about myself, angry and bored
when will I become serious about anything?
spread out
making a mess
grapefruit juice
knowing smile
very friendly explaining
how I would rearrange your hair
one handed realism
"and then what?"

misspell playful
making me cum with your mouth

loving magic,
my, what has happened to the morning?

fastening your watch
next, flipping pages
sparkling water
the passing of time
wiped nose right sleeve
nobody noticed
overcast sky
renewed passport
those very lips

to-do to-do to-do
performed in reverse

eyes apologetic
fixed on a point
swift as it may appear
I panicked

essentially
himself, his past, his work

not partial to Bordeaux,
preferred Burgundy
enthusiastic whenever fertility
self-mocking, smarter

“how do I write about sex?”
the same way you’d write about board games.
the same way you get arrested in the 8th arrondissment

do me a favor?
define “misleading” for me, ma’am?

if your literary posturing insists

“voyant,” seeing
“diamastigosis”
at the shrine of artemis orthia
the whip, the english vice
pleading struggle pathetic

the imagination runs with what is hinted
cold, at parts
the language at the time
no argument recent
ritualized suppression
both of these things
sterile, deliberate
collective cultural memory
digital camera narrator

to “not attempt great themes that have been tried many times before.”

shoot the portrait painter
brooding over the crucifixion
sky blue in the back

stay here with me, my sweet
read me Judith Butler quotes
which we both agree
take control of the failing
popular nostalgia

lopsided
never considered not dying in the city
delightfully impersonal organic

mythological hangover
the yoga of the west
industrialized speed
compassionate reaction
suggesting value
never let it show
even if ill at ease
kinetic rivalry
minnows
suspicious, something
probably a mistake
idea slightest hadn’t
imbalance, exactitude
working part-time

something with my eyes closed
troubled movements

it was monday
I assume you're home in bed
thanks, doc

white, showing dirt
sabbath, black

in touch with the gods
acute trauma
a cute
a fair compromise,
all things considered
tranquil, enamel
features so radiant
no, never seen someone so beautiful
embraced and holding
eroticism, ritualized
not a sign, maybe a sign
(and so are we)
atomic gold
locking eyes
I understand completely

2200+3100
5300

stockpiled in the second drawer
all hundreds
systemic fear
three uncashed cheques

990, 930, 1010

attention to figures

"the fear"
no, "the worry"

running after you
with convenience store flowers
I had changed my mind
ready to spend the day with you
never just coffee

i'd sell it all but the books
if things were different

you have my attention

the plants are nice, but we need the room darker
the soft part of your wrist, that's where the ink is

a hard time understanding what I want
the cat curls up on my feet
existing everyday severely
the weather report
and you're not adjusting
suggestive cynicism touching
in such a rush
"you want me, come and get me"

hmm?

feel sorry for your brain, momentarily
compassionate maverick to irresponsible lunatic
personally terrifying potency
when you love your job,
it's only half a job
in gullible research
"how to declutter your life in 12 steps or less"
no illusions
a very compelling scenario
calm, cool, collected
when you love your life,
???

there is undoubtedly some truth to this

symbolic surveillance still comes as a shock

a nasty habit
like none of this ever happened

suspicious avoidance
again and again, graciously
in that situation

you couldn't help but sit and wonder what goes on in there,
her head

you couldn't spend a lot of time trying to figure it out
I checked the weather on my phone instead of stepping outside
3 degrees doesn't tell me what jacket to wear
you leave so early, most mornings

short week days off pile up
june, july, august
i can't describe my relationship with you
testify!
turn around and state your name
that sounds about right
gaze kept pace
recognized wrong
thinking with my mouth open
I had decided to look serious
no, no arguments
not exactly complicit
free when convenient
the glasses were delicate, so one of them broke
wandering around the flat in an open shirt
we are talking about the same person
squeezed with all my strength
still warm with sleep
squinting towards tomorrow
very agreeable translation
Gramsci, Mussolini
ambitious on paper
ok, big shot

lots of scary work to do
loyalty rewarded with
stress-less-ness

not forever, just for today
and tomorrow

my young girlfriend and I
in control feelings
eavesdropping
no, not swimming
peppered “no” answers
thought a setup
seduced
in books I’ve read before
aroused calm
wink,
gotcha
devotion
a face that can change in an instant
increased episodes of paranoia
in books I’ve read before
interoception
the contours of sadness
complicit mistrust

you put the money in the machine and the candy comes out

automatic response,
technically
the results a “debacle”
and a “failure”
fi lled with painkiller humility
no smiles or interest in small talk
restricted line of questioning
a couple of places worth complaining about
open success
just doing it right

a generational thing

fingerpointing
as a joke,
it doesn't sound very fun
a testament to it's rhetorical power
the age of inexperience
a white background with nothing else to soften it
that one future self
raised very independently
re-framed as a flaw

I was surprised she'd never brought it up before

cold shower relationship
the kind that's easy to cut ties with
the memory not messy
concern shouldn't be there
cat eyes narrow
off key sung

a chore, a challenge
left leg bent
right leg straight
start, drop, resume
discarded, forgotten, damaged
in the word processing pool

reinvented impulse for rescue
a secular way
speeds up the process
refined, idealized
peaceful sleep and pasture grass
obsessive demand for carefree use

prosciutto and brie stuck in your teeth,
that makes sense
I guess

needing a shower, wanting to be home
plunged into perplexity
smiling at your reflection in the mirror

luck was certainly with us

a literary event
boxing up the past and starting a new life
again

having sex on a white leather sectional couch that keeps shifting
and splitting apart

an emergency always

now you sit in furious silence on a train heading south
and there is still snow on the ground
and there is a fourty-something year old business woman
having trouble with her pc, it keeps beeping
making a 'krshnk' sound indicating a crashing program

you close your eyes and forget the layout of your old apartment,
trying to find the washroom in your mind

quick to slaughter

the thought shatters and you wonder what time it is
time moves faster when you're unaware of the time
ah, I forgot to pay the rent yesterday
am I missing the appropriate paperwork?

no offense, I just hear and obey

the mercurial type
pout, pouting
hands shaking
total absence, sugarless
know what I mean?
too new, it's understandable
bronze in birth
but where is my wealthy patron?
skillful translation
threatened by the real change in contemporary writing

no, the writer and his four-minute mile

in the garden
thinking staying skinny
knees down
it's what we pay the rent for
we collaborate via skype,
ranking academic systems
why I haven't been reading
didactic and plain
the pursuit of self-improvement
a permanent rehearsal
a matter of taste
constant repositioning
urgently clear, not interesting
but what does the algorithm say?

belong, betray, simplified liquidation
of course

a great virtue and a big sky
utility,
you ought to know this
practical experiments or incidents
whether or not you agree on our compatibility
hit the breaks in a different way

I agree to this without explanation
unceasing work on obsession
speculative realism
the condition of absence

careful and rationalized categorization
accessible only upon an encounter with a personal disappointment

familiar things
memory, again
inventory, archive
clear, not interesting
identifying avoidance as troubling

and you, so fucking great
not generic

new life easy
in love with my lack of a dictionary

I can't be more clear
resisting language
per se

an undisputed absolute value
learning
that's how it is
rendered passive at first
pathological self-conscious unapproachable confident dramatist
gentle focus

sun and moon and stars
saying nothing in particular
staunch defender of our future
though I'm embarrassed to admit it

metonymy instead of metaphor
you, the link I've been searching for
the water I drink and the data I transmit
against the background of another crisis

this one particular one this one
institutionalized refusal
andrea the hanged
keep it honest, temporary
clock ticking toward the work day
losing five pounds in five days

loud, hard-drinking, ladies man
remarkable intensity of feeling
markmaking more revealing
already needy capability

see what I'm saying?

a possible insult
authentic when going dark
with your head down
past the end of your myth

the protagonist,
the suicide bomber
both, tranquil sometimes

ain't that right, tomcat?

the whole working
a pleasure to see
painfully honest interference
giving shape to its yearning
very demanding but worth the effort
a considerable future
yet we must remain evasive
as the practice becomes commonplace
content in our trembling
nude gesture studies
counterbalance of exceptional things

now I am adrift in my apartment,
perhaps a worthy theme for the book I must write
a soft novelization
of how I fell in love with the religious image of you
or narcotics and a sedentary life
boxed hair dye named after a natural disaster
'hurricane sandy blonde'
available everywhere beauty products can be found

forgetful, we laughed
thinking about face fucking
a hysterical statement

"my need is such / I pretend too much"

holding tight to montreal empty empty storefront

maybe we could but later

instead,
undress

usual kisses ordinary eternal
one lost comma
clear crystal

zodiac messages taken under advisory
grow your hair long,
take your desire seriously
go down on the dictionary with remarkable style
describing what is revealed when the veil is lifted
understanding to pursued
marginal obscenity apocalypse

early morning
recent manicure sharp
writing Picabia verse on my back
upper thighs Proust

central heat means no socks are needed
radicchio double c's and bitter greens
puntarelle everything

holding your legs up preventing a headache
until we're both sticky

botanical garden climax trance
outside felt too harsh
afternoon anxiety nap
family sick and language barrier sense of things
blood rush useless adding sorrow to facts

all your bad words for me
you can keep

cool and collected
lousy complexion

as if the demand is all too great
a comforting message
asking all the suitors to leave
I had to see if I could pull it off
a sobriety dream

that name still tastes like vomit to me

black shirt used as a blindfold
not bright colors but a blessing
you never know what may turn to be useful
the weather turns to fl rries
cashing a $1000 cheque

minor poet
oh, just existing
mercy

where does one find a horseshoe in the city?
fetishized good luck charmer writer's wife
sleeping naked knees knocked
grocery list
meaning it is sunday
perrier and ice cream
has anyone ever grinned more than me?

do nothing better,
sober honey baby
masterpiece lost moodswing paradise
"without you I'm nothing"

good health
away from my thoughts,
your 'just visiting' cynicism
running the shower for the sound alone
forgive me, I just wanted to taste revenge
unstimulating as time spent

you, mosquito bite
scratched til it bled

to a more brutal eye
all flowers look alike
bored again of witchcraft,
a synonym for having nothing interesting to say
“adam was bored alone,
then adam and eve were bored together”

apologizes for the attitude,
I’m trying to quit smoking
no objective signs of withdrawal

kindly keep me from sleeping, sweetie
naturally, nothing to do with us
we keep up on our expenses on time, brown eyes

I did forget to get the newspaper
I was thinking of renovations in the house
the study has become a studio again
ugh
take the paintings all down
put them on the terrace
until they find themselves
penicillin useful
officially fragile
nose running -3 degrees
I can make myself feel as bad as I want

yeah, vivre sa vie
my territory

late night memory disoriented bewildered declaration of love
tired gestures made clumsy I have to stop looking
keep your sadness at an arm’s length
postpone that moment in your notes
never forget, one day you won’t be beautiful to strangers
a teenager makeup how-to video of a person
not me, I’m thinking spring
sockless feet and you and me drinking warm white wine
in this fantasy on the beach probably

hair two shades too light I'm aware I'm irritable
daydream disappearing with a shiver when I hear the tea pot

grim faced in a vintage Guess sweater
I look like I should fuck off
waiting for that response text
feeling like I should fuck off

naturally, all my attention approaches this
dizzy doom various upsetting thoughts yeah
I got that from my mom
decidedly occidental and discouraged, love
as brief as it is usual
the words arranged themselves left to right
parallel pleasure
proof that time has passed

"all we do is talk"
leather jacket surrender
"you wanted to know and now you can't stop looking."

ceremonious guillotine speak
without seeming pleased
dismiss me cavalierly
reckless armchair subversive mistress
miss me, maybe
not now

I'm in danger of repeating myself
holy city eternity
forgiveness rocks off, my love
lazy magician
close the sheets over me
the same thing forever
intensity balanced in beauty of living and belonging in the world
tomorrow has a wet dog smell to it

take my photograph but don't do my laundry, please

I don't even want to I'm just smoking because I'm bored

white rag shower at the bar before coming home
absolute composure
completely normal tone

little by little, you realize that is how you smile

careful smile lip dot distinguishing
landmark on both our maps
your breasts bearing no marks or scars
until you explain that which I don't see
topographically blind, apparently
being there, are you not somewhat of a tourist?
exacting love, you know
flat loving Matisse

put your hair up in a utilitarian fashion, beautiful
I'm surprised I ever didn't know you

say something about plants grown indoors
something yet unmade
let our noses collide painless
paris neck and lips
virtue and peace vision

a noir
e blanc
i rouge
u vert
o you
oh you
I got a kick out of you

left eye dulled migraine vision
does your nose bleed like mine?
why, are you worried?
this is how it happens

hold your chin up
it looks better in photographs
naturally

off ended at the sentence of death
organics not leaving your side never leaving mine

ooh la la

I feel like I might be losing it
I do not go searching for that which I don't want to see
turn your head towards kissing me, please

I am aware of elsewhere
I just don't care
heavy adjectives
jealous vacation
I do smell your absence
east coast anecdote
the test, a false positive

on good days it's champagne we think of

the prophesy proved space saving
discrediting former lovers in long form essays
I think it'll explain a lot of things

I always assumed life is short
be assured, my world view is a pretty one.

no need to choke me i'm already breathless

I wonder what she thinks like with no clothes on?
“the work”
spent time
a long time
along, time
hey there sunshine
how do we get married?
“effortless,” she says
our lives in order
or just the words describing it?
follow your dreams
small, manageable dreams
is it valuable just because I think it is?
or valuable because I commit it to paper?
choice, stress
“I wish I had what you have.”
the way you
personally, worry
things happen quickly
falling in love with life
achieved with admirable ease

statement of intent
quality assurance
missions
thunderous applause
irony, empathy, affection
oft en anxiety
visual prompts
photographic reality
genetically useful
neurotypically handsome
American noses
changed tense, preserved tense
veneer of emotion
never been missed
rarely achieved
lewd smirk
is this a foreplay question?
a question of tone
paralyzed with pleasure
empowered sexiness
openness, intimacy
surely, relentlessly
smoking less, how does that happen?
southern hemisphere chardonnay
looking like a nap

cocktail bar
newspaper dulling
club soda stain removal methods
methodically touching
nothing of consequence
it doesn't need to be remarkable
or amusing
what, exactly, is going on here?
the better version
dream vacation
a little place, away
perceived wrongs
inefficient, undesirable
on the brink of all sins
bug bites
we need a new apartment
first, foremost
looking at the world
taking pity
slight, sweet
committed to the vision
tragedy, sin
a complex hoax
bad imitation
truly dreadful

the world series
re-imagined maybe
a technicality
duplicate recording
the present tense
presently, tense
another round of drinks
personality quizzes killing time
cnn.com
nobody is interested
arrival, departure
no guarantee
reading about yawning makes me yawn
we should go back to work
expecting someone?
yes, but later
alt-ctrl-del
or is it
ctrl-alt-del?

explaining the concept
means of explanation
instantly analyzed
“green initiatives”
or a smoothie
flax seeds?
something natural
seeming much quieter
a disaster
the buffer zone
chilled
it’ll cost you
not the price, but the cost
google search result
impressive abilities
entropy, laziness
boredom, luxury
triumph, human spirit
unprecedented, history
I’m sorry, who?
suddenly everyone leaves
coincidences that might have happened but never did

always pay attention
serious aesthetic consideration
nothing bad happens in a miracle
I don't believe we've met
meanwhile
skincare routine, immaculate
the world changes, us
genuine biological reasons
probably everyone else
presumably everyone else
french grammar
dior glasses
how does this happen?
again, it happens
another, so slow
if I may interject
the only reason time exists
I will not tease
licked lips, fingertips
continually automatic
the story already exists
ready?

I'm at the bar with two bundles of tulips at my feet
happy place, my
a to b to c
a list
paintings, on the other hand
ideal for life
pretend you're dead
cause and effect death
the succession of reveals
sequencing abilities
I'm not sure why I called,
I should have sent a text
technically
I have three b**ks coming out in march
technically unemployed
no need to erase the past
despite the seeming apocalypse
such as right now
aim low, brother
you're missing nothing

no more middle class
but what's in Winnipeg?
this, my sister
working best when not depressed
the outside world
soothing, successful
genetic dumpster
exposure
sober up before heading home
fortified adrenalin
caloric assessment
normalcy training
I want to go home but I don't want to distract you
a man orders a drink for a disinterested woman
oysters
would you like a shot?
no, but I'll have one anyways.
gestural
bored, boring
gestures, boredom
a spectacle
cut ties, losses

take a left on eastern blvd.
what kind of person I am
or can be
“what are you working on?”
currently eating a clementine
talking myself out of being frightened
blood on the barricades
backing up quickly
Dylan Thomas
me? I didn’t learn much
ok, very well
your
new
life
like 9/11
I’m on a roll
making connections
always ask me
but yes, I love you

no means of thawing out
tired, perhaps drunk
has the narrative changed?
I can't get through
"who we are now we'll always be"
leisure, theft
enemy of promise
pornhub title rhetoric
firm, unforgiving
I slouch too much
I'm already short yet here I am
slumped in a chair
slowly getting tired
it's not even 9pm
but let's go to sleep
hands sticky
nerds drinking bourbon
ugh
yes I am making fun of you
where does this specific narrative end?
it's already finished, silly!

the indicator of success
just love
love, success
I never thought of it that way
not handsome,
maybe smart
smart?
the capacity to be alone
tractatus:
a) “practical”
b) “dragged”
good research makes good work
booking flights
rice in my teeth
ok, bye
no, let’s have a cigarette first
time frozen
photocopies
mathematical certainty
all possible
true life
poison the well
almost charming
the rest of us

reflective thinking
trophy taking
hard to imagine
chemical cues
I think I can do this
ambivalent most people
variations of confusion
what a burning book most resembles
collectively cut tension
slight
tactical advantage
change your life when your life is good
passion, crime, betrayal, loyalty
a cautionary tale
contamination
double-dipped chip
witness relocation program
get rich quick scheme
crippling fear
Kinsey scale
y2k virus
controlled obsolescence
you must be new here

darling,
honey muffin,
sugar
baby
now I am sleepy
officially
distracted for a little while
a series of statements
opinion doesn't matter
my conclusion
everything I can think of
inevitable conversation
faintly like lavender
completive reflection
zero commitment
thirty seconds
slightly apart
soft focus equals
love?
love
rapid memory loss
February 18, 2014
I don't even know what city I was in

abandoned history, situations, landscapes
not afraid,
are frightened
in trouble
in the past
you're all of you
praying your prayers
a decision away from eternity
everything, timing
situational landscape
from a certain angle
richly satisfying
ozone
permanent accountability
no eureka moment
I'm staring at you, reading
red pen, writing
long pink nails flip pages
I hope you're happy
or at least not unhappy
mindful of worn leather couch

Tommy Hilfiger ankle socks
black skirt, panties (?)
nose not broken but was
Super Mario Brothers soundtrack
or it sounds like it, anyways
a prophet, alone
posture, perfect
evidence
the way our parents punish us
explain that to me
life, endlessly
human, vegetable, mineral
practical knowledge
the cat just kissed me,
did you see?
oh, she's gone now
nevermind
is the housecat aware of continents?
getting cosmic
suddenly, I
(not fit for print)

unaware of my face, reading
taking photos of text for myself
or someone else
touching feet, singing in key
“with your arms outstretched to me”
day lilies
greater glory,
greater suffering
erasing self impulses
ok, I’ll leave
no, don’t leave
people leave all the time
just like that
really
trapdooring, actually
where am I going with this?
I’m sorry sweetie
I stopped paying attention
don’t take it personally
a certain yellow of anxiety and jealousy
maybe
was it the drinking that made me sleepy,
or was I just sleepy?

softer sleep spiteful gestures
smoking in bed
sensitive to energy
the seams in my jeans becoming obvious
falling asleep fully clothed spiteful gestures
should I continue?
going back in time in a way that wasn't good
time, always
how old am I now?
easier to kill, hmm
replaceable, identical, forgotten
feeling unique, being unique
protesting the unexpected
all my life, not surprised
the incident, without transition
overdue
I didn't find any errors in my words
and yet, the apocalypse?
did we speak of that yet?
déjà vu?
worst concept, infinity

whatever generic weekday
is that what I mean
sugar?
my stuff y nose means I've been snoring
I should work harder in case I get sick
or rather "really sick"
awareness, never ending
you can do better for someone else
vanish, avoidable future
I didn't check my horoscope this morning
a pattern to be broken
not recognizing poetry
"ecstatic schoolgirl anti-style"
something is always the matter
and fate is for losers
shattered glass ceiling

one of those lives where you can't remember your life before

and now that you have everything you've ever wanted,
what's left to do?
"you may not like the weather,
but it has nothing to do with you."

i used to not look both ways before crossing the street lol

you, assumed lesbian
me, detoxing
a love story

sit on my face
until my nose bleeds
if you love chrysanthemums
or me

please don't shower
when you get home from
your run
(just out of
curiosity)

yeah
sweet
biological clock
tick down
“did you cum in me”
I’m not sure
but I don’t think so
I came on your stomach
remember?
I don’t know,
let’s go get coffee

“I always get cold feet
about asking you where –
or when –
I should cum”

18%
I unplug my phone
from the charger
enough for a few flicks
of the
rorschach cum shot
on the sheets

www
dot
pornhub
dot
com
(obviously with you
in mind)

I mean,
yes I want to cum in your mouth
but I also want to know what your favorite
truffault film is
and
what vegan ice cream flavor
you prefer

love poem feb 5th
I picked up the shoes,
those ones I was talking about -
you know?
I just wanted to pick up a new pair of sneakers,
but then I thought about you,
and that we need a new lamp,
and we still haven't moved yet
so I put the black/red/white Jordan 1's back

trying to decide
what my favorite trick is
in pj ladd's 2002 classic
"wonderful horrible life"
while trying not to cum
(nollie up curb or backside heelflip,
same line)

(over chenin blanc)
your right hand
grazes my thigh
and I wonder
if this is an
appropriate bar
to have sex in

‘pain au chocolat’
she said
perfect
touching my dick under the bar
$6 cappuccino cold
Gladstone hotel #2
(leonard cohen something)

life:
not that bad after all
(book report on your body handed in fourteen years late.)

a quantitative explanation of how much I love you:
I have no idea, precisely
but it is certainly a lot
before you:
an incomplete dictionary

“Perhaps we’ll
be able to do
beautiful
things,
since
I have a
stellar, insane
desire to
assassinate
beauty.”

the best words in the best order

love poem #14
-
FIND
IMPORTANT
ANSWERS
THAN
YOU

;but god iswithus, *little hands shaking
hopes+dreams (altered states)
all palmistry past loves EXCLAIM:
“you have such a strong love line; mine?
barely there at all.”
;hypermistook an exclusive trembling meant four you
>unsure remembrance>truebeauty in suicide note secret alphabet,
“I WONDER WHAT SHE THINKS LIKE WITH NO
CLOTHES ON?”
tactless muse; my appropriation :/ for I am not absolute, true to you
is forgiving those dust a second time. feeling better? waking habits
old and sign for registered mail (checklist of all things unforgettable)
the joke (ex)is(ts to be) everybody -> eternally shrugged shoulders.
*thesecret in beinghere is that iamonly half here
secretly,
I’d love you to worry
my rarely entire life an inimitable seven year rabbit cycle;
impulsively most loved qualities.
GENERationALLY, no change in last words heard:
I ACCEPT MY OWN FACE IS AN ACCIDENT.
picture yourself alone in bed,
coughing up #920503

love poem #36
-
burned at the stake
while keeping careful company
; even
linked hands
are in the past
; sure, deported
to the passed
(there is not
one part
ofyourbody
I do not
want to
stain
)
with a secret or two
everyone pardons the phrase
of no-direction unisex fragrances
working out, establishing
undying persistence and influence
I can adore you in gestures,
perhaps
“understanding is the right word.”

love poem #24
-
decided life
“resaid” a rule;
>always what in a god’s name??
need to stay off the news
-half reading
(stopped stomach sick lately)
anticipatory stunned,
oh the top coat
weather
alternative staff
meeting
infi nity soft
must be summer
not a sex
in my bed
yet
It sounds a rustle
out of clothes
>your sharp naked waiting
arms stayed cross
it sounds like a long
no-promise
club soda
bubbled
get to staying
undecided voted
pictures you don’t remind you
of you then, no considering
spoiled
>x
to lay down its sun secret compartment
introduced binary deadened tomb

love poem #29
-
most
poems
die
on the
operating room
table
meanwhile
>perceived
>commercial
>success
the very last stop
to
actively unpleasant
less aware
)not the person
sleeping in transit)
- and the back pain
less work on the path, done
a pleasurable couple of
minutes,
the NEUROLOGICAL
low-dose warmth
;you
comfortably settling into a
status quo or graphed modernity
maybe reckless but
; “I’m yours!”

love poem #22
-
far very similar
squalid love affair “of course”
to sleep beside stored straight
sudden hands fl ee from warm space
between
alarm clock stop 3x
morning breath clings to teeth
tongue dry visible in narrow
division understood
in constant held
close
scowling the away softer rare
bound-to-no-one
nonrepeating? longest straight line
of trees disappearing point horizon
gets noticed, you know
>stranded herself to history
a rarely entire life by imitable eyes
careless and more correct if least expected,
separate bleached talked about later,
a pleasanter place obsessive dry dreams
of your scattered hairscapes
(my italics)
am I nervous in habit or repeating infinite loop?
to become a stranger you, wave cold captive
half-truth in cell-worth
and defi ne mislead once again, sir?
no struck dazzled,
resisting arrest on a cloudy winter day.

dictionary of rescued ideas

THIS ISNO CRITIQUE
(I just thought there might
be a story here)

scowling the away softer rare
bound-to-no-one
nonrepeating? longest straight line
of trees disappearing point horizon
gets noticed, you know
>stranded herself to history
a rarely entire life by imitable eyes
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habits old and sign for registered mail
(checklist of all things unforgettable)
the joke (ex)is(ts to be) everybody
-> eternally shrugged shoulders.
*thesecret in beinghere is that iamonly half here

secretly,
I'd love you to worry
my rarely entire life an inimitable seven year rabbit cycle;
impulsively most loved qualities.
GENERationALLY, no change in last words heard:
I ACCEPT MY OWN FACE IS AN ACCIDENT.
except !
;I laugh when I think about the future]\
;I still see your workplace refl ection]-|
;no two bodies are the same]/
picture yourself alone in bed,
coughing up #920503

ecstasy remains ;
shimmering sheer
every stain realized destiny
faith in waiting chromatic
opportunity
onset
shall we proceed a bit
stretched out in failure
caressing your good news
all in two independent locations
new sunlight and yes
pleasing compression
to top it off
best-in-class bruising
never known for the rest
of your life,
; I wish to exchange meaningful looks with you

no not, you
sort-of daydream
a helpful push off the shelf
fortunate words washed
right to departure time
why so all quiet
eyes watching weather
seats pushed back, times two
straight from our pockets to the participant
maybe a change of socks a long the way
; worn out on the way out

I can't help it,
(explicit
confessing(
love
i have around - - -
tell me your dreams,
sweetie
text on praxis and you
alone, no new love,
it was something about
too pretty
doesn't seem fitting
I continue reading
with a secret or two

everyone pardons the phrase
of no-direction unisex fragrances
working out, establishing
undying persistence and influence
read or recognized a reader
or feeling better, forbid!
an inadequate engagement
cleverly fold conversation
into clean shirt sleeves,
sneaking on bended knee
burned at the stake
while keeping careful company
; even
linked hands
are in the past
; sure, deported
to the passed
comfortably settling into a
status quo or graphed modernity
maybe reckless but
; “I’m yours!”
infinity pressed into me
pinpick martyr
garden
only skimmed the surface
of
; “ figure it out”

a Love meant non
concrete still cold titles
warm weather sun still rain
matters
yours truly,
suddenly away of
struggled shoulder
promises to your
paid no attention
composure
testing
(your patience)
I would rather not think
like I am thinking
about you
waiting in line for coffee
without thinking about me
not thinking about you
first*

you
>chap stick lip lock
are all too
common
I'm afraid
an everyday dulling
you want
anywhere
>known change
or
you like the way
the word sounds
;today made gone
who is it
leaving before
the kettle boils
>youcando the math
a late walk home
for the center of the
world
just isitoutrunning
disruptive weather
(or whatever)
cup of tea
provisionally given credit
>the right word used wrong
when it is unclear
more interesting
average
fatigue inone second
>my outsider opinion
>on the program

;you are a diet cola personality
together done lazy
>response 1960 psych rock
the physical gets misunderstood
a bottle of Perrier,
bedside
a pleasurable couple of
minutes,
the NEUROLOGICAL
low-dose warmth
;you

(on the record off
track(of time
incurable
absolutely late 20s
trauma
being here not a
>intensified lemon
>dropped in water
emotional dry run
in the daily news
awareness
meanwhile
>perceived
>commercial
>success
the very last stop
to
actively unpleasant

less aware
)not the person
sleeping in transit)
- and the back pain
less work on the path,
done
“the alternatives”
forage or
thrown seeds
into the wind
(don’t get rid of your oldshoes
until youhavea new pair)
(often times)
often times
the last packed bag
is stuff you actually
need
(just a fact)
a relief
no
a respite!
yes!
that was the word
I needed
>two days ago
when I was thinking
of how to next
ignore you

most
poems
die
on the
operating room
table
anticipatory stunned,
(oh) the top coat
weather
alternative staff
meeting
infinity soft
must be summer
not a sex
in my bed
>yet
held to a
pained composition
by everything other
than language
(a developed taste for
innermost
gold and silver)
cut
corners
GOOD GOD
should I indicate
disposition
(supposed)
finer physical gesture
- a moment,
eyebrows mocking
(I was thinking to myself)
revealing very probably
criminal would tell you
one way or another
later

temperament separate same paths
>in that direction
young phenomenon
stumbling in pursuit
optimistic sudden
separation
(not your lover)
generous nature
(but dictator)
>go lay in the haystack,
they said
coincidences banned
(where they belong)
dark hair served messy
(ignore me)
just as I remembered
>ALL LOWERCASE
>FOR AIR
short exclamations burst
legitimate
(I am not the young smile,
you just missed me)

mr –
look away
I'm joking
(or melting)
a grid we are about
to receive
occupied or curious untangled
lights strung early nighttime
then again, a whole mockery
may be deep
or all different
; there is a person for you
throws all bets to black
4yearsago too custom last
solution; fine, ¼
advised against
parallel creations
and I tell ya
be not confused with
how to hang your hands
\symmetrical violence\
ours never a
stylish headwound
slept again;
amusing
exception
. a mousetrap
SNAP
(I find dawn
for no one)

I
who concentrates
CANNOT
UNDERSTATE
IRRITATION
IN METER
made edgy
observed
no different
depth discolored
blacker
pleasure in terms of pointlessness
(I haven't made that trip in years)
so, romantics
show your work
on the blackboard –
try to be useful
>read next to nothing
>conventionally seize the past
pass on peaceful companionship
the memo read:
going somewhere hard to read
classic grief (a dispute at work)
laughter irregular yes
>I have had a very good day
>in many different situations
"my work is finished"

must be
more alone
or a born
natural
you, in glasses
arguing no, telling
or raining
or whatever it is
you tell yourself
(moving about life)
visiting sighs
(sound pursuant)
and spread preaching
commitment to fatigue
and back
the witness,
singular,
precisely,
>were you drinking more
sometimes nothing special
when nothing happened
very sudden ?
>in the mirror, I
organized in series
understanding you correctly
(kissed only drunk)
in return –
invented lacking point of view and materials,
showing a convincing foreclosure
; yesterday a record of dynamic knowings
(I am trying to solve this problem)

raw material appears unpublished
: for example :
“a straight line no longer has anything
to distinguish it”
the process:
produces nothing
>clearly I fixed the meaning of the word
>with a psychic disorder
<the speech was already perceptible
required absolute closing infinity
>without giving away the plot
“unspeakable self sameness”
active fact accordingly
excluded absolute subject
(teeth showing)
of passion or
alternating modern
immediate blank
last love
nothing of risk
regarding return,
preserved ironic truth
if belief left fiction seated
; leaving the lake “relaxed”
uncustomary concern the
truth is
if I were to enter the garden, i
reduce opinion
desire remains intact
*;thetruth
authority deciding lack
of projected contrast
contingent of geography
appearing reverse
presented in character
“i’ll believe it when I see it”
- not a punchline
*;thetruth

“should I not write an essay,
I shall write a novel”
pragmatic (by the title)
unrepeatable optimistic seeming
sensible (by the hour)
subject-point-situation
(in the daytime)
question sudden paradise
recognizable as anecdotal
(or the multiple)
militant in moving “r” off your
tongue
>you can not exist all together too significant
>to meet without ever ceasing
occasional syntactic confusion
somehow is her
>I am clutching you dead
>making sense of your calendar

avoiding abstraction in romance -
self-definition champion,
not hesitate gestural border making
(standing in position to see it)
available made practice
distinctly, I speak
(English seeming second language)
cooperative not reaction
stocked well in
three thousand
words and equations, vivid – to say,
finite resolutions
less surprising than mathematics
(there is nothing to eat,
and I haven't read your letter.)
>there is no reference to
rescued empty space ourselves
with nothing in between
- a natural state, mind you
not experience repeating
or accomplish multi-zero
glory

expressed apologetic quotation marks
->itis generally understood
credits classic style
“I couldn’t think of a more dignified way”
- compulsively possible
promptly assumed position
of eyes less sleepy a
“sweet and sour secret”
obviously talented,
- the narrative strays
may not be a part of the enamored
; it
(happy to not be here)definitely
performing other way “
stayed in my lane”
banged into the rocks
isn’t working
basic, safe
(an outsider perspective)
the years, what have you
taken more of a romeo focus
these days
acute negotiations in progress
(for the public interest)
rich soil
everywhere the
lake effect pattern
sounds a rustle
out of clothes
>your sharp naked waiting
arms stayed cross
it sounds like a long
no-promise
club soda
bubbled
in glass

decided life
“resaid” a rule;
>always what in a god’s name??
need to stay off the news
-half reading
(stopped stomache sick lately)
i’m not a crazy worry
not after
>“remember
>not wander”
LOVELYlikeYOU
like that not less
cloudy-sexy-lovely
glitter-ripple
braille-less-face
walked back and cloud cover increased
(I’m not complaining)
pockets kept receipts
“hair the black as black
could go.”

macbook pro in sleep mode

now:
twice weekly visits to reference library
photograph everything again
more photos printed, colored in
bubblegum, pastel
patterns

is anything funny?

paint over portraits

desires: purpose, stability
looking forward to loving you 2018->

and then came nothing

asking the chicken about the chicken soup

more beautiful in the future
being lonely in the city is better than being lonely in the country,
for me

the breakthrough brokethrough,
though

broker and buffer interactions

polyamourous in creative endeavors,
monogamous in love.

I want to get pregnant in the summer.
my girlfriend, wife, no partner, wife – says,
sitting on the couch, after heavy mouth petting.
this is the happiest I've ever been in my life
I must be dying
this is not a thing I would have considered a while ago
having kids? no.
dying, yes.
I have a stomach ache often, I probably have cancer.
shit, I should quit smoking.
or at least drinking.
shit, I'm dying.
shit.

“I like the idea of putting someone in a new place and watching them have things revealed to them by the situation they find themselves in. Or have them changed by it.”

Having an overall enjoyment to working is key to producing good work.

Keep the house clean, keep life right.

Notes on the text:
This book of poems was written while reading and writing other things.

All attempts at further editing have effectively been disbanded, and this volume is definitely 'done' as of Wednesday, December 20th, 2017.

But what book did this preface belong to?
I have no idea. What the fuck was I thinking?

i'll never drive a car
or own a house

that's dimitri karakostas, for ya.

a large amount of small things
memories?
no, just things.
cassettes, vhs tapes,
ramazotti bottles
things.

make whatever house you want, it's your house anyways
i agree, kill the clutter
creeps keep receipts
baby baby baby baby right on time
2018
every artist I like let their 'firstname-lastname' . com expire
and I like that a whole lot.
is my nose bleeding?
no, but I'm crying
ok
feels the same, though

mostly a spite writer
a spiter

anyone?

we're sorry,
you've reached your monthly limit
of feeling sorry for yourself.

I admit,
I maybe looked around for you
on my way back from the bookstore

I assumed you would be on the other side of the street
staying in the sun

if:
everyone deserves love
and:
everyone gets what they deserve
then:
?

I can disappear all over your life,
yeah,
“I want to know what love is.”

material distress:
I am sad, I should buy a pair of sneakers

my heart gathers disasters
flimsy sheer black lycra

height
weight
temperament
abandonment issues
“he got it from his mama”

yeah, I had a good march down bloor street
in slight flurries that melt as they touch the skin
sobbing quietly into a tommy hilfiger hoody
now I feel like a person again
I thought about getting my negative tattoos covered,
ha

someone called me
“the writer of a thousand suicide notes”

at least that’s what I heard

drinking kombucha until I throw up,
new healthy lifestyle

this new sinus pain
suffocate me, daydream

lost,
the day gone soft
remember?

a novel idea:
I die at the end

I anticipate keeping you clean
3am hallucinating nosebleed

the walk probably did me good
but today I hate every bookstore
in this city
(seeking beigbeder)

I find myself
neither lucky or cursed
the four coffee shakes
you do it because other writers do it
and you –
an other writer
will talk about it

hasty, but still
it feels important to mention your place
shoulder to shoulder
with other writers
thank you for doing the laundry
I'm ashamed of my pile
I'm used to living alone in some ways
neglectful habits

drinking an ipa
reading an ebook
on an ipad
I find myself waiting for you often
I filed away opiods in my late twenties top drawer
leaving a bit even though I don't want it
moving beside the soup spoons and my one expensive knife

velvet draping life improving
while she's moving
frisky thunder lightning lovely

come on, catastrophe!
tired not sleeping honey baby
rough and tumble turned out
no doubt right off
announced injustice
stretched out
confident knowing,
that's all!

good bye, karakostas!
you'll never see me again!

“stud”
(for zak)

pornhub search results
my wife

make it ambiguous

“i’m with you in rockland”
me, in the don valley jail
the truth, without matter
dead birds in jars
dozens of them
waiting for an hour
for someone
to show up

a cuck problem,
a liberal cuck problem

isn’t that right,
snowflake?

probably easier to just
fuck off

9/11 breakup line:
are you building seven baby,
because I forgot all about you

the building seven
the official 9/11 cocktail:
it goes down easy

people find happiness
in strange places

me?
I just discovered I don't know how
to eat an orange

for a smart guy
you certainly have
a limited vocabulary
all
"honey sweetie baby I love you I'm sorry"

first kissed
pressed lips
held the void
of each other,
empty usual
blank page with no pen

“merci” pronounced “messy”

what have you found in your research?
don't go / please follow
luck and loneliness are very compatible
it was purely a sensation act
presenting the work unedited
for no concrete reason
controlled longing elaborated in
paragraphs, scenes, stories, characters
after the bliss,
realization
not a part of anything, no
never be alone forever again
unlike any feeling i could recall
our neutral dna
and some pheromone thing
rational thinking
associated with pessimism
conventional wisdom,
basically, yes
but don't light a candle for me
recommended focus on experience
violating discussed qualities
the word "real"
tv white noise outline
indirectly satisfying sensations
hashtag "research"
some kind of influence
one version
fucking around unlikelihood
failing to interest a publisher
one of the many sequels to 'hellraiser'
teaching english
however we delineate it
resisting rational chronicle
'bad' becomes 'impossible'
kiss me on my spore prints
glass jarred in different contexts
a landscape out of print
what ecstasy means
no plans to meet in hydra

no plans to meet in jerusalem
no atkins diet
no lip injections
probably describing ‘consulting’
[laughter]
something happening and repeating
found incredibly irritating
the crystals i’ve been collecting
paradise: a modest proposal
within our own agenda
the guilt of wanting to read
lying in the park
in the sun
discussing themes of polygamy
seeking solutions for viable work
what are you looking so pensive for?
28th cigarette of the day
the ready to wear collection
or however you spell it
shallow answers provided
that impossible to discuss
can you translate this?
for fuck’s sakes
revived greek ideas
and the roman
since the problem got worse
traveling feels unprepared
nonsense to our civilization
efforts to be decent people
easy to read
anecdotal version
ordinary vicissitudes
the words are categorical
“she fucked me with her fingers”
cinematic, if one can imagine
almost full-time work
lucid and focused addicts
nonphysical activity
before sleep
legal mood-enhancers with disappointing results

i'll ask the question again
that secret mosque
with it's secret qu'ran
written in obvious blood
can you imagine the amount of hormones
on that particular work?
opposed "too explosive"
suggested working 9-5
looking at the concrete
not at celebrities
not at advertisements
frustrated with my 2011 macbook pro
refurbished twice over
and it's charger's specific surface working
adjusting to death
before veering off to become
something else
strenuously thinking about one's
"whole life"
absorbing inaccurate information
aware of the reality of tolerance
worried about the situation
although it would benefit me
as an artist
a concept we will name "recovery"
a paradox, maybe
a certain mental effort
resolved with a sense of urgency
interrupting my continuous experience
resisting language
"meaning?"
a synonym for "bad"
predatory behaviors
repulsed, but silent, because, how, except, i mean
"i'll be there soon, i just have to do this thing."
sit in stasis, waiting
hyper focused note taking
conceal these contents
eating healthier
sleeping better

exercising more
deviant intellectual working
understanding the pleasures of home
required belief
the surface of this volume
breaking the thread of return
a disco nap and withdrawing personal support
it seems more than fair
the prayer position
serious scent investigation
for as long as you can
restless energy becomes anxiety
landing or arriving somewhere
i cover my face ashamed at my neediness
staring full concentration
in reference to the unknown
are you going to kill me?
hold my hand
please, honey
quiet voice
going to make this public eventually
sometimes blurry during
sorry, so nosy
beginning legibly and ending in scribbles
a good ironic reversal
my lower back hurts again
will turmeric be helpful
detail observed later
in photographs
praising the fieldwork
yet preferred to "stay home"
or close to home, rather
always feeling some sort of sick
lazy, distracted
change my diet from "pizza" and "not eating"
breathing through my nose
sustaining that tension
journalistic attention to detail
continued recording
part of the plan

desirable and stinging
happy and alert
yet somehow still thirsty
stereotypical “never happens”
back in serotonin overdraft
it’s become too project like
liquidation prices
listening to plants
schedule iv drugs
macbook air craigslist ad
how to organize the kitchen
did i lose my passport
it must be in a drawer somewhere
jacket pocket probably
come pick up paintings
saturday sunday monday
mkultra
institutionalized design
a safe house
5-meo-dat
suicide headaches
engaging in sensible conversation
public account of abuse in the past
against abuses in the future
suspicious opinion structure
which the blade is idealized
the pagans which pray to females
sacrosanct
suppress and
nearly forgotten
slow intoxication warmth
walking fourteen miles
studying the gods
until i feel productive
a reasonably functioning member of society
stubborn as all fuck when it comes to this
always there on the tip of my tongue
the paperwork vanishes
the sexwork stays
fractal geometry

inherited programming
twenty-five
twenty-six
twenty-seven
eager to discuss experience
or is it the limitations i'm after
busy isolation
cosmopolitan status
seeking the beauty of nature
weaning off civilization
tired of this timeless epic
anxiety, despair, tedium
referenced as "staggering"
unconscious reasoning
talking quietly
so far away i forgot it exists
beyond
immediate short term career goals
a brick-by-brick linear extrapolation
gathering noise
keys open doors
is this urgent,
something that needs an immediate response?
that bicycle that needs fixing and how much i hate jazz
mixing kombucha and beer
means "not drinking"
the future
a myopic passage of time process
what is to come beyond the persecutory
"zahir" meaning "visible"
long weekend bank holiday
moon in cancer
the language of love and betrayal
nobody can stay in the garden of eden
at least not without an ulterior motive
two adulteries and a suicide
a matador's veronica
leonine
resembling a lion
leonard

reading lorca
alfa romeo
affluent parent
peach
grapefruit
green tea
whatever you want is what i want too
what a seducer
merging seamlessly
fennel fresh tongue
“oh, how she must have missed me”
lol
a smile of award winning indifferent apology
thinking summer swimming
future perfect tense
making the pleasure last
democratic definition of happiness
isolated moments of intimacy
faintly existing in the present
anticipation and desire and vivid awareness
am i referencing witchcraft?
every day ritual logic
traditional formats of study
ambivalent discourse of
how our concept of the future changes
repeated observation of life again and again
first person plural
possessive adjective
“we,” “our”
an audience encountered
separate from original destiny tension
“meaning,” “freedom”
everyday ordinary
such is the modern novel
today, we may call that “unstable”
at this point, it is common for opinions to diverge
as though the protest exists solely on the internet
abolishment of distance
non-place notion
triumphant body

liquid personality
unending chorus
libra rising
inclusive measures
encyclopedia
“work”
a considerable amount of attention
remember how we felt it necessary
not sneezing
heroic dose
romancing the apocalypse
keep working through
chrysanthemum kisses
the definition of “too much”
that is my interest
it might not make sense
but in a way it’s all connected
after all, i am not looking for an algorithm
expressing love with no distraction
past dehydration point
sex stable and in control
however, i associate this compound
with a sense of an ending
spreading dna on you
nightly
forgetting that i exist
a new evolutionary direction
i walk away smiling
and
everything
turned
out
fine.

“au revoir” pronounced “forever”

love poem
a $100 value
yours for three easy payments of
$19.95

talking about an unlikely situation

I close my eyes until
black turns lilac

I never considered myself lucky
until I saw you
naked
and not that mad
about me being naked
also

lucky,
right?

time passes more slow
without your black hair calendar
and stretched out body
alarm clock

a thought while crossing the street:
I want to kiss you instead of getting hit by a car

taken -
you can fall asleep
I have to be sure
liam neeson gets
his daughter back

what position should we start this porno with?
“it’s not a porno, it’s art.”
(doggystyle)

“nice.”

lifting up the blankets to peek at your undies
hashtag mycalvins

your nuclear family personality
makes me want to have a daughter with you

-Beverly
-she could be named Beverly?
-Bev

lol, what?
just kidding
eating leftover pizza
wondering if I should masturbate now or later
discarding the crust in the wastebin

it has been decided,
later.

you can choke me if you want, i don’t know,
whatever, just kidding, haha, you wanna watch tv?

make my mustache sticky,
sweetie

I do not recognize you
in the arms of another

I myself have burned your library of Alexandra

I love you like catastrophe,
my 9/11 babe

unsent email to A:
thinking of you warmly,
cold in leather jacket - reading.

unsent text to A:
i don't want to google how to diagnose a UTI, but -

marriage proposal 2018:
you wanna be married?
ok

let's buy rings next week
or whenever

(no gods, no government)
>true punx

sexting
aggressive,
I already know what I would like to do
and where
and how fast

red and yellow lillies
(because I am not meeting you at an intersection)

I'm sorry
I fell asleep
watching
standard definition
Abella Anderson
videos on the
52" tv in the living room
tuesday afternoon

i'm going to
fuck
the fuck
out of you
when we get to
our AirBnB

longing hair
slow curls now
observed
resembling the word
"please"
in your sleep

kiss me minimal drinking
teeth bleaching
vitamin c
(allmylife I've been dying in someoneelse's dream)

hushed tones learned
patience consideration the pleasure of relief
tea+sugar

everyone goes the wrong way,
looking for an unfamiliar washroom

am I healthy today? –
(a private aesthetic quality)
partly acquaintance process of
resisting biography
[non-erotic asphyxiation]
-prompt tired 9amwokeup buzz on my back
(why do I sleep with my phone in bed?)
but yes this is nice

3/hours pre-30birthday
vanished kept kissing
completely mild panic full sleep
beside,
maybe harmony or flu drunk
still easily identify
ear plugs mean you love me.
no new
suffering passive fantasy
us, perfect carcrash match
fl at surfaces not noted
in topographical truth
timezone diabetic
lip lock, sugarless
headache usual lottery
factual basis suggesting
mild surprising middle class
the word “rational” read differently
no-skeptic latent alternative purpose
(audible bitterness,
experience)

(hand slipped upskirt with
the executioner’s back turned)

yeah, I want to go home
(my biography)
not of much interest
(per-se)
but is there a line in my palm denoting crisis?
sterile opaque agitation
(anecdotal sense)
suggesting appropriate intuition
short term restricted enthusiasm
biologically nuanced
“a more clandestine experience”
again intolerable protectiveness
phantom suggestion
(synchronized self-destruction)
some days I am bad at working,
looking for books - > usually,
I can’t write with a headache
I can’t write today
I’m not sad I just feel sick
usually
(some days I’m like – yeah it’d be nice to keep being alive)
enhanced awful trivial depressing
stare beyond newsprint and plate and
you should be included
rhythm nervous aphorism
kisses, once chosen
enthusiastic long absence
a patronizing
hollywood embrace

(but I was thinking about
novels+paintings)

concrete essence specifically for this
apparent purpose
focusononething
no allergy passion
ghostwritten voice of reason

there is a man
and a dog
this time,
more immediately, ecstasy
further even, death

euthanasia deliberate saying nothing speaking

I sigh, meeting your mouth at the most exasperated end

lipsticked
you, the landscape
the orgasm, postponed

poems i don't write change me more

self absorbed
or eyebrows
smiler-really-no-end-sight-andjaw-
widened-ever-so-slightly
or somebody else's seconds
should-have-been already
winding up our own soul coughs all night
and hasn't slept in days

my other half is 2xdoubled me or squared

no lips split from exclusive mouth breathing
no contagiousness or "wake up!"
no more glasses, EVER

guilt or knit projecting always
feeling like it's the end of ending it all minding
your own knees, grinding
or knocked
or are my shoulders
a too moderate climate for your taste?

(quick name ten things that make you happy)
-j us ts oy o uk now

i have not been myself latelymaybe

stressing syllables all wrong, or
writers block.
(bike rides, book exchanges, .)running from everything or
writers block.

(something genuine, alone time,
moments of self-reflection interrupted (
writers block. -
by a pretty face.)

i am a drunk mess,
sidewalker or open letter
to all former lovers or
just one

‘there are a number
of small things, and
being happy is so
important.’

i appreciate all secrets
or 140 characters
windows or
sentimental value

i am kept soft placed at your door and around sharing the most of my secrets on a lot of pieces of paper

our usual quick truths of broadly enjoyed charm
next term disagreed quiet east-end coffee shop
figured out and waiting for gestural dedication
laughed untrust and sleep in accident
sourced future acknowledge not to
stretch out with you
“asleep mouth”
severe in all
absolute freedom
and chewing nails
at love failure pt. 2
eventually seeks
treatment in similar
sordid experience

bright -2 sun splits
the room in equal
parts and hands in
adoration, the never
trembled once here
proud very feeling in
eventful action i am
there with you most
of the time, discreet
in all poems charming
three days away and
shroud in mystery
as if who is this for
unflinching lover
in courageous bliss

american expressed eyes fixed
and i am the smiler wound up
on top of you, resolved to not
do what i ought to and want
suspend talk a fortnight
about rational progression
mumbling heaven's mercy a nervous
wavering and incomplete still quite
explicit i have misjudged those who
are the nose jammers of our time
as self-great and licking their lips
repeated terribly modest and in
chorus pinning notes to your unable
half and heaving dirty sheets, to-do
list longer cautiously admitted
who has since june ended a sentence
with a heavy "ha!"

no obstacle when quick "good day"
fastened decidedly preferable
and set as clinically kept
your throat too sore and trying
something different mouth
shut now mustn't do anything
worthwhile or revive the praise
from all dead amusing experience

you make
a mess
and you
get the
fuck out

what just disappeared into you?
was it a breeze or a memory? did you
jolt something frightening waking
you every hour, hour fearing your sleep
again you have become so still eyed,
hard, sore- songs you didn't write at
sixteen intact, hiding cigarette packs
under the living room
couch with a chewing-gum smile
running swift through 24/h news
channel meaning i'm bound to do it
someday explained friendly enough
'hyper mistook an exclusive trembling
meant only for you.'

a greater
kiss your nose
graphically laid out explanation
the handsome theory of the strange
and sudden self-assured
a quite small ‘sweet pea’ you smile,
only going all the way half the
time midnite raid of complete and total
thoughts thin, and shirts wrinkled from
already worn + devoted to wrapped around
you but good, how to respond except do
not to a suggesting allergic impossibility
post-blues printed and taped up (the door)
embarrassed that it is a good way of dealing
how much of a preparation is needed? comes
in time, surely spotless dinner napkins tossed
from lap to floor bright girl subscription to
smashing starbucks windows late at night
tall and waxing cursed ideal in all the still
unable sentence stringer, satisfied
easily nihilistic anxiety (hyperbole) nicely
given to choices and cleavage, wasting something
so wall calendar conceived accurately and to
all impressed precision forget and uncanny
imitation and yes, it would be nice every
present habit and shifting accounts for these
success paths past and immersed
unclear who placed these bets
twin doubled crisis navigation
makes a charmingly perfect suffering staying
in the business of having no business living.
(it’s good work if you can get it.)

(and there is no surprise)
a slight a mount
ex citement (quick)
re treating back to
the oldest ha bits of
letting every thing
get to you (or at least your kind of people)
drop-deading wanting and
bike-skid-suicide-mission-back-pack-full-of-glass
down-the-snowiest-hill-at-top-speed-too-late-at-night
there has been a lot of talk recently about who, he
cannot be trusted is mistaken or what isn't ours.
a fool in doubting is just a boy helping his mother
bring groceries inside from an suv's backseat:
touching serene fingers wet and running along empty handed
times new irrational fears

the lower back isn't worried!
or badly included/understood,
grazble however!
does the cord undernoticed along
the point have to be intentional
heart scrambled curiously?

passed by the quick glance described
as thinking of you laughing in bed?
your very removed grace reflected?

forget the neversmiles or ordered traditional slack
who hasn't or did want this,
but fixed a long ago?
deader falling for years and
composed of the spirits? will
you hide your eggs on New Year's Day
or the day before? curative time management
labeled with intrigue and underhealing wounds?
the dissolved high account of wire or pleasant english
memorized 16yroldphone numbers and
metered pavement counting stage.
you know all the solved and dazed walkers in love,
neverlinedcrosserundersuresecondguesserofopportunity

you of all, the most
snow waking up morning
vouched personal astonishment
how to go about your day
whisperings on fixed devilmaycare
gifts aggressively building pressure
no-things-like-all-each-other-any-more-funny-in-this-supposed
world-of-contributing-factors-how-it-all-works-out-in-the-end
like a kinked hose connected to
a sprinkler gradually wriggling itself
free and suddenly completely full
one held laughing moment was left
with us here in that which we have
sand in our goodbyes, admired
sum of all shelf space is someone
teached in quiet unlike disappointment
different and normal one from peace.
one second or a stop of all existing
truces and i accompany assignment of
a red-churning tonic feeling
practically true
all-but-looked-at-but-giggly-laughed-along
until-the-big-mistaking-of-you

double plus it all for once and ever
all of none trues very than ever it will
be not sure, enough or wet face no thing
left but upset eyes on a liars face.
you, now, the exactly what is the definition of the
type, smiling disaffected no, with too
the pretty one to cry never and short hunting to
satisfy the stop and speak (if not but for one moment) worst
about my thoughts,
"deceiving is expression; heart" pure; but no
other knowledge how to express or import what (desire,
or putting away the months ago)

I know
that you will read this, and you will know that
this is about you and crossing my mind
twentyfivethousandsixhundredandfiftyfivetimes
since my late-walk-wine-black-stained-lips-chapped-cracked
and opened house-length of walked hours (there is
thus a littler thing which I say outside
extremely that I believe inside
and that you are all years worth of time between them)

i am
not so
shrugging
often with
you

longing left days ago in a deliberate shake of my
hair to the side

obsessive dry dreams of some day smiles regress
back into dangerous. nothing ever repeated exactly,
stuck damp to similar traits and coarse language
river of 'fuck you' to hopefully drown in one day.

(my italics)

'for sale' sign stamped, leasing valuable property
to the recently referenced staple of alternative
acknowledgment. spent two hours getting ready for
the important art show, spent more time looking in
camera lenses with a pout (arm raised high) than at
the work in question. i suppose the desire to be a
missed connection in the morning could be your
conceptual art piece or something.

actor a) walks into a room and states
"you must make art to be an artist"
spits in your vodka redbull and leaves
applause

my great saving idea has flaked off now spread in
my sheets, computer chair and work shirts.
shuffling dust for that one great phrase, perfect
wording, that one needed RIGHT NOW, sounds like
'sunshine, unnecessary! dark skies all the more
fine! stay indoors and read about smiling, do not
be afraid of sleep no more!!'

THE! JOKE! IS! ON! YOU!
ABSOLUTELY NEW MORNING

zooming out as far as possible as you write secrets
on open-source software on your entry level laptop
as not to reread anything and suddenly, as though
all of these people you're writing about are
shoulder-hung and embarassed
all looking at you "why?"
for the sake of our salvation go longer true
authors of concrete error importance council
solemnly affirms unshakable preventing great
practical importance or speculative fashionable
fate.
dissolve our names to publicly perched eyebrows led
to intimacy, now you, new, and i, find something
suitable your own, or another's, but unsaid A's
place-marker until recent, claim full ownership.
abandoned and stick to it, a part of my self,
earlier self, i would admit, kitten, slightly more,
stepping or tread lightly, lengthy, messy, or now
shoulders up, would you like me to be (just long
sleeved?) or had i not bothered after reflected
jump whiles, privy to our nightly correspondence
disproving counts of negligence.
gentle service clear conscious resist the face
never convinced of contradictory threat: plague and
position so half-truth in cell-worth pronouncing
words unaccented

and define mislead once again,
sir?

late, who is more intentional material than first
good and first word, acting too much myself, giving
itself away, possible shame sets in...
now.

i am hushing secrets>% again, ~!i'm sorry^. i just
felt, *nothing, fuck++/$ i did it again,| didn't i?
snowing already, my rear bike tire heeds traction
and skids me left and right around the market
corner with a loud 'a-ha-HHa!', proud. total
control of this situation / lost already on a
sidestreet. i lock my bike near a familiar face and
i taste sea-salt on my fingers. houses here are far
too damaged for the sake of appearance of the lower
class while higher paid nobody's are the only
occupants. the familiar face offers a downstairs
greeting of 'bike, dangerous, hurt, no? good.
cold.' laughs ring, h-h h-h. up these stairs, leave
your shoe- well, since they're already off- fine,
bring them upstairs if you must. (sink
overflowing curdled red wine reduction, floor
scraped bark.) familiar face now shares space with
sweet white-girl traders and herbal medicine
hockers, a statement greeted with my 'i am an
asshole' face. i name a kitten (there are six here)
rembrant (recent book read-cat named rembrant-pretty
kitten name) and hold him up to a window and
tell him of outside world fears. i kissed remmy
between the ears and put my jacket back on. this
could be compared to attending a masquerade ball
with a limited invite list of all your friends all
and everybody is wearing typical 'that person'
clothes. you know? nothing not known, just a bit
obscured. familiarly putting earrings on, perched
bed corner right.
twelve second tape loop laugh track life style.
oh, i shrug.

how can we fall in love when our small attempts
amount to no more than a drunk driving metaphor?

adept at all eyes new masterful totally touching
excuse me, i can see you rarely think but how
pleased to say 'sociopath tendencies, not me or
mine, but twisting and turning spoken wording isn't
working' i splatter anxiety mindless white wall
and sheets make me cringe, i rough up a seam.
ability to echo dirt page and observe medical
journal reverse, what's the new emulation? new
friend and new torn jeans, carton providing cover,
i wish it were more affordable and should have told
you too long ago how crowded you are, dripping
through, awful continuous empty space.

who was it you swore to be true to?

against will even do i even bother?
(confirmed!) secondary barely acquainted and
SNARLING at the mention, greet all serial social
darlings with the sort of whimsy love that a
green grass date or new serious smile can be
associated with. patiently overworking charts to
convince myself otherwise/ funny things, you know,
the pride wars of our time. the greater
non-representational poem does good of all fall asleep
second to keep this a secret only for me.
true worries strain quotes
'and ah will be ah lone ah gain tonite mah dear'
and one line jokes to win you over: a long final
tremble stemming from a forgetful shared exhale.
i just said, ha ha, i mean, haha, i just said
yesterda- haha, yesterday! that i could hhh never
date a nonsmoker!! heeeefunnythat i metyouL*O#:>?

is it a common i do have time, just not for you and
but why? trying too hard or as hell would to not
often thought about it meaning too vague now,
vaguer then likely. it is a funnier thing that i
can hold out in front of my reflecting face or
tripling curses i am not following you outside for
nothing great the degree of words used in place of
saying 'sad' or just 'okay' instead.

our quickly usually pure agony and run off really
start to live some new or tense sudden taking place
and the bottom is so secret and maybe not that
great.

i said for once first done to need to just leave or
do what i think is right right now, arm around you
when i think you look like i like blue skies too.
make the most or is it your face? drink long week
and eat spring green mix one married if not me
right hopefully wasn't a good answer by myself i
left it sensible and if we fell asleep it would
be completely okay.
----------/"you'd fit in with us a bit better in a
----------/leather jacket. i'm not saying anything.
--------/i mean, you have enough mesh to ring out a
----------/great presentation, but you need to look
----------/a bit more like you smoke cigarettes."

maybe we too in common as first private meeting
without compulsive exclude anxious know your name
and what your THING is. if i be struck dumb without
written in full request prior knowledge, he daily
net secrets smirking down face will hint at teeth
stopping short of saying a name out loud.

“i’m sorry.”
what repulsive words. a violent act of verbal
injustice to revoke a true statement or motion.
unsure how this is coming about, really, but you
are snuggled into my bed. “cool.” very cute all
subtle, shy ways: low self-esteem (me) paired with halfstepped
around arm and leg grazes, back rubs fought
in restraint and lost knees knock and stray not
far, in kissed back and laughs bark; spend most of
leaving morning in my underwear.
a moment bliss (old t-shirt, knife knocked kitchen
counter [will it land foot-straightened today?])
victim to charm, the fucked-up one in a week, where
everybody seems so pleased as if cured, sent in
salt. the more interesting facts get rolled in
sleeves in holding agreement to not be where you
think you’d find me for at least a few weeks.
there was this girl, far very similar, squalid love
affair, unable to sleep beside- would rather have a
moment to keep stored very secret away. no sleep
days. long stretch body language straightened
sudden sleep flinch, hands flee from warm space
between. alarm clock stop 3x morning breath clings
to teeth and tongue dry, visibly lingers in narrow
division understood in constant held close.
pleasure principle A opens arms to the every new
day, waking up with new blue eyes; B lies back down
with eye-rolling the all too common “free will is
beautiful, alarm clocks choke back buzz and dares
you to leave, but why would you want to?”

nevertheless, little sleep terrors.
i am saying to myself i will take a shower after
this, ten year gap you, steam nose rolling and you
didn't even notice. out from cold crowded poetry
reading dark hair and i fucking, fucking, had to
smile your way. glance brief catch mistake look
away, sure though typical wooing moves. convinced
this worked through kenzy walk shoulder bumps
'bound to no one' and attention friendly.
open door held smile, no, thank you expected, shy
typical regaling she was confusing such luck for
none, pressure veer right into parked car, feel
better.

to become a stranger you, already proved correct a
slighter shame trickles down and gurgles in your
stomach, wave cold captive in bluish sudden kept.
the hard-to-hate man sits on a red and black office
chair in a post-structurally designed corner in his
artist-style-loft-studio-space. he reads a novel
extremely quickly to have something to talk about
in the coming day, clings to phrases and words and
shrugs away the bigger picture. making something
relatable is hard enough, so force it if you need
to or write a sullen story about sore-hearts and
telling your friends "fuck you" because you don't
want to see them again until spring.
strands herself alone to history, my rarely entire
life by imitable eyes, in-definition and
inexplicable nostalgia, heart of maths and two
closed doors that suddenly open a crack, no-struck
dazzled, no-body secret is safe forever, resisting
arrest on a cloudy winter day.

smoking quiet backyard joints
(50/50 tobacco ratio)
next to gas-can and plants
and feel bad for the flower
that doesn't get to leave

anxiously awaiting
new-night-stomache-ache
but good food
and sleep beside you

smashed all knuckles
on novels
(my alphabetical violence)

punching eternity in the face
with a penstroke

no, i not now or never not
needed no nothing or not
no-things
never

five photographs and a poem [for papersafe]:

- self-portrait in mirror while getting my hair cut
- snow blowing off buildings during a surprisingly sunny winter day
- girlfriend asleep, morning sun, legs sticking out of blankets
- close-up of cat fighting with toy mouse filled with catnip
- underexposed sunset out of the back window of a borrowed SUV

taking photographs is a waste of time, like
reading, walking, running, researching, kissing your lover,
sleeping beside your lover, wanting to be nowhere except
beside your lover, allocating notes, having a late night
beer at your favorite bar, getting blackout drunk at your
favorite bar, jamming text into a word-processor while
listing to henry miller audiobooks, riding your bike,
writing your name on walls, cooking a healthy meal without
really thinking about it being healthy, laying on the beach,
laying in the grass, laying in bed, smoking in bed, staying
in bed, making love while crime serials play on your laptop,
rereading noam chomsky in meticulous detail, making lists,
making plans, taking long showers, taking short showers,
enjoying your day, and
writing poems.

time to kill
24/01/2015
12:15, 12:22, 12:40, 12:41, 12:58, 1:07, 1:11, 1:16, 1:20,
1:22, 1:31, 1:35, 1:36, 1:40, 1:48, 1:51, 2:03, 2:09, 2:11, 2:14,
2:20, 2:38, 2:54, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:09, 4:22, 4:35, 4:40,
4:42, 4:43, 4:44, 4:47, 4:48, 4:50, 5:12, 5:19, 5:33, 5:48, 5:50,
5:59, 6:09, 6:19, 6:22, 6:29, 6:33, 6:50, 7:02, 7:06, 7:10, 7:12,
7:19, 7:27, 7:33, 7:38, 7:41, 7:50, 8:08, 8:11, 8:12, 8:13, 8:15,
8:18, 8:20, 8:22, 8:23, 8:24,8:49, 8:51, 9:00, 9:03, 9:09, 9:17,
9:19, 9:28, 9:33, 9:38,9:41, 9:42, 9:55, 10:11, 10:20, 10:22,
10:37, 10:41, 10:42,10:43, 10:48, 10:52, 10:59, 11:00, 11:01,
11:14, 11:17, 11:20, 11:23, 11:25, 11:32, 11:38, 11:48,
11:50, 11:52, 11:54, 11:57, 12:03, 12:07, 12:11, 12:14,
12:17, 12:19, 12:22, 12:24, 12:32, 12:39, 12:51, 12:59,
1:03, 1:05, 1:13, 1:18, 1:21, 1:28, 1:32, 1:39, 1:41,
1:52, 1:53, 1:59, 2:01, 2:08, 2:12, 2:19, 2:23, 2:29,
2:31, 2:32, 2:33, 2:34, 2:35, 2:37, 2:41, 2:42, 2:51,
3:01, 3:04, 3:09, 3:16, 3:17, 3:19, 3:21, 3:24, 3:26,
3:32, 3:34, 3:35, 3:37, 3:39, 3:41, 3:44, 3:49, 3:50,
3:53, 3:58, 4:04, 4:07, 4:12, 4:15, 4:18, 4:20, 4:21,
4:31, 4:39, 4:49, 4:52, 4:59, 5:05, 5:09, 5:15, 5:22,
5:29, 5:31, 5:40, 5:42, 5:52, 6:02, 6:12, 6:18, 6:25,
6:32, 6:44, 6:45, 6:49, 6:52, 6:59, 7:04, 7:18, 7:21,
7:23, 7:31, 7:37, 7:44, 7:48, 7:52, 7:59, 8:00, 8:02,
8:09, 8:19, 8:28, 8:33, 8:38, 8:41, 8:45, 8:57, 8:58,
9:09, 9:11, 9:14, 9:18, 9:20, 9:27, 9:31, 9:37, 9:39,
9:49, 9:59, 10:09, 10:19, 10:29, 10:33, 10:39, 10:44,
10:49, 10:51, 10:58, 11:09, 11:19, 11:29, 11:35,
11:42, 11:49, 11:58, 11:59 [...]

lead-pack-dog
coughs at the cold wind
already new january

dead-cop-dad
storyline
to-do-right-thing-right-way-right-away
or king's portrait
on the firepit

word, wood, would, wind, wine, wish, went, wire, will, word
celine, cezanne, corbusier

no york for a new one
nine, ten, eleven, twelve - breathe -
(we keep this between you and me)

east river
glittered
catholic men's
crossed gems
(all eyes true for you)
concealing contraband
under a full moon
(for you)

coup de foudre
love at first sight
stasis is death
friends for life

a frequent few days late
and stomach ache
in cafes and no-bars
for a while
and outside
temperature in the positive
implies
better moods

ideally idle
with cigarettes
better wages
and constant influx
of good-drug-friendship
drip-dry-3am-wednesday
leaving in february
in a particular way
or
mid-day-mixup passionate bed-romps

three poems about memory [for papersafe)]
1.
every day a new place of no history for no limits,
borders,
or jokes of not existing -
(men may go dead but never rocks)
another overzealous tip-toeing
along the edge of the boat
(all the english poets drowned in the
mediterranean)

forget the future -
in every thorn, a fortune

2.
my nose a sundial
and you tell the time off my teeth

3.
a dosed-over daydream where no feet shuffle to the end of the night,
too loudly
might change shirts / or else stay another drink
the soft white fog of corner seated and wry no-pouring over
3 unedited poems and
“all your mixed drinks in heaven.”

night poem (very drunk and late):
sorry i woke you
when some spirit followed me home
smashing things around
and spilling water glasses
after i noticed i drank too much
after i drank too much
after i noticed i did too much drugs
after i did too much drugs
and i just wanted to sleep
knowing how bad i was i going to feel
but feeling that bad anyways
because only assholes get married
and i compete with them all day

as distinct as dust returned to eyes
crushingly genuine,
that most gin-blood life line!
you can at least
call yourself a good person
if you worry about
rent
life
dying

the nothing to declare life
cautious crossing nothing
“it’s root, hog, or die
for us folks.”

tennessee cat
sings like stars being born
before i was born

forgive me
the wind turns my mood into
taxi cabs and no fare
in france,
we won’t put a horse to hell for
no man

the coats go on at dovercourt with
the movie theatre stayed silent

compulsive writer of poems
for the city
and those city on trains
no sparkling water or coffee
too rushed narcotic nose runs
toward pisco-sour-saturday-night

an unexpected following
all streets named after governors
and none familiar
(i'm going to live forever,
baby remember my name)
all strangers starting fights
with my precious psychic space

excusing myself to be excused
as an excuse for
bad-behavior-bender
two groping teens in the subway
an american sense of optimistic failure

for every body to be buried,
a hole

a slowdeath on westbound train
gap years and two found keys
on hangover monday morning
last time for a while / research dictates
exchanging for something green
and a woman without
and change gets exchanged
and the day gets expensive (as expected)

all words stay written on walls
the crown for a prince of no significance

must tell you, cousin
all late or loosely
being-date-or-deadline
can wait anyways
saturday nights are off
for most anyways

“reading
researching
working
worrying”

i am surprised
by
the garbage
of my love
on the carpet
of your
better-life-than-me

reckless
and not many pages
in my twenties
or 30 or
'look how they shine for you'
in a cabin
with fifteen men
and
'how long must you wait for me'
'or it'
or however the song goes

i think a bad
thought
or
otherwise
just hit my
admitted
god

i can't wait to share
this mess all over your
life

advil and blood water-down
easily (obviously)
casually quoting
the only cure for carelessness

“it all ends at all once”
heat-wave or head-ache

take my name off your
all yr lists
“i don’t feel like participating”
outside city limits
nothing to blues about

nothing like
north american nothing

CULTURAL BARF? exploration of self- non- being in Google daytimes.
EXPERIENCE, CREATION, RELATIONSHIPS
(clocks/cell phones/calendars/crooked teeth/cold cold walks home)
barely understood, but breeze walking screamed - your knees hurt.
HOPES and DREAMS (altered states) disorganized, desire rare

THE ARMAGEDDON BREAKUP
THE FITTED SHIRT
THE FAKE-OUT TAKE-OUT MAKE-OUT BREAK-UP WAKE-UP FACE-DOWN
THE TEST OF TIME
THE RECORDED VOICE
THE ACCOSTING POEM
THE HATEFUL GAZE
THE REJECTION IN FULL
THE PRESSURE OF PUBLIC TRANSIT

FINALLY INSIDE TWO MINDS THINK ALIKE-A LIE-A LIGHT-A LIFE-A CAR RIDE

disguised as
some thing else where
daveed spead button bonk cris pharlee toep (how does it feel?)
to-do lists:
new style , rode yr bike , apt a
except!
;i laugh when i think about the future]\
;i still think i see your workplace reflection]-NON
;no two bodies are the same]/
[i expect nothing from the eternal musk of trustworthy friends.]

picture Yourself, alone in bed.
coughing up #910503.

there we have it nothing has happened but be good to them always.
i laid there in bed for the longest long time. tried to sleep but half-eyed laughing fits shuffled me about in five minute intervals. i shuddered toward the side wall to my left. i tried holding your hand as an act of endearment (other reasons exist outside of my alternative education, i'm sure) and you scoffed, 'is this supposed to be something else?' so i pulled away fast too embarrassed of something the whole world is doing.
oh, sadness can be so deceiving.
(the 'i wonder what she thinks like when she has no clothes on' issue 12/09)

| [SOMETHING] DO YOU WANT TO BE HAPPY?
| \ / |
KEEP DOING - - -
YES NO
WHATEVER IT IS /
YOU'RE DOING

an elegant rich girl gone bad, frustration bellows over calendars set to the wrong month because you felt september's photo was ill-fitting
fuck our age, please.

never forget this feeling: arm behind legs slightly intertwined accidental or whether or not it was just a space issue at the time.

TWO SIDE-BY-SIDE A-LINE ALONG THE BIKE LANE
TRAPPED CAR-DOOR STREET-SIGN TO STIFF-IRONED FAKE-SMILE AT WORK
2PM X FOUR

might just be what i need to fuck my fucking face off,
but what does that even (Fucking) mean?

a long time loved newspaper darling muffin baby
shuts metal doors to feel anything

finally we have become nothing like we had thought, ha ha ha. boasting hate-sex to ex's, such a waste but still always pay the added five cents for plastic bags. a different scent permeates your most sacred place and hilarity ensues. your eyes dry out in a hot, heated room. at least you have a slow work day ahead to look forward to. i want somebody who loves me to break my nose.
slow motion in step weaving through tens, there is no appeal in the city in winter, night. heels sore for no-looks, stuck to sheets by at least 12. write something down and tear it up when a girl takes her clothes off - i always leave the room.
the most well-raised trained fumbler gains a scowling sidewalk and wrists around all sentimental stories: one of your childhood or how your soccer team went so far in the playoffs in 2004 but one of your parents didn't come and it devalued everything in that moment. you stress on your cellphone, it starts to make sense. i am reminded of nothing as the announcer claims this is a story about being upset at something that doesn't exist and we all agree.

faithlessness is an acquired trait you never thought in a million years that you would possess. every bent clothes hanger barely holding something reminds you that nothing can be as misleading as rational thought. i am just as guilty. you can write as many to-do lists as you feel is appropriate but still you never talk to the pretty girl who probably likes the same things but is also a bit older but you think it's such a negative thing and then all of a sudden you're back at home in bed writing down theoretical conversation to convert her to you (one of these days). there are several reputable sources to cite in the miserable story of unacquainted pairs in the same room, united by the same ideology but never knowing the other due to it.

suddenly you laugh so often,
you seem like a completely different person.

the climber streaks down on a high-rise condo series of windows searching for vintage xanax prescription papers dated back to the worst of my youth years darkest black books of the same feeling 5-3-1 years before right now, the most terrible feeling ever. a pocketed buzz. the same then, or maybe not the same but at least i had it all together a little bit better. i lost a few more phrases today and still cough while replying to something honest. i swallowed my own words and gasped at a long-distance relationship.

my roommate's girlfriends weeps while they have sex,
it scares me awake 3 nights a week.

[a dream recalled december 12/2009. my bed, sheets barely covering bare mattress (usual) but there is a beautiful girl, so pretty yes, tattoos maybe (not better than me, this is my favorite trait evidentially), talks about books and laughs so much, and i think it isn't that far away. you are not so sad.]

i have sat down and spoken at length with all my insecurities over the course of three days. i wonder how hard it will be to fix myself? a jaunt or tryst, to be postponed probably but i can still hope that you love being loved and you have realized that is a shameful discourse. all 'a' yall, running your waiting time out and going out expecting a global surprise AM.

you selfishly steal all the sheets / i love a nighttime scuffle

do you get what i'm saying right now?

the secret of me being here is
i am only half here.

the coughing stock of the party
police in the crowd, invisible
(saw Lesser of each other)
recorded all scenes, mapped
state threads with 2xCharm
fate - Full two week
bOrder visit tomorrow
those famous lovers
stuck in perpetual cop-car
no-Motion / out-side youR house
those willing, (anxiously)

we developed:
to the top of, Distant, none.
a little older, however,
not drunk at the local alternate club
relevant culture youth hot spot
but with shirt off in addition to
illegal parts of a house party bar
who is to say i'm better for it
my more Hated features were rolled upwards in me,
some share, but usually during an hour or so.
feeling sorry for me
a block of ice melts in the back seat of your car
trembling each short hair or plaid shirt laughing man no-jokes,
beer puddle pools west queen west.
at least i'm not which standard man like that.
a kitten curls itself Upwards on your feet under your desk
reminds you- perhaps to call your mom, or invites a friend over.
did i really break my glasses in bed, drunk early november?

this life is hectic
but I want to always rub your back your shoulders
during the day light as not to leave
why us? errors will be made, to repeat more;
still you love the false people
your odor in my sheets, hardly there
skin-soft and lost
preparing to leave constantly;
left my lips to chap rendering them to uselessness
secretly, i'd love you to worry
perhaps about our culture
(apart from installations)
for photographed parties
the large numerical camera heat-bitch
the graffiti earlier hung somewhere
only the crisis of medium or the life-married
stumblings of a man in the bar
'you have the remainder of your life to fail everything.'

lighten up you don't smile enough
blow even the last chance event blow-out sale
a correction develops in my beard
a garbageman hit by a Toyota 1983
my presence on the internet decreases and
jpgs turn to dots
a little too much conflict of programming (or haha)
awaking before 8 or not going tomorrow,
to be able to return it by the wet rumbling day of a bicep.

darker and darkest that red-wine, uncorked new orleans
knowledge not actuated by batteries AA
but more extreme than the vaguest flirt of curiosity
the effect of a snowball of all the most feelings
broken beer bottles tomorrow morning
of the too busy to be killed
for girl-with-glasses, friend-ex-small-new-friend-make-u-false-excuses
smiling a disaffected air high
when kisses intelligent and bedtime
i can't even think about it

this tea dries out my mouth
skin, scabbiest four seasons
very clean even when rustiest my
skin, much better complexed six months a year
trying hard to maintain a nice place
assuring you, no
removing craft from
the constantly glazed man textbook word bending
glorious in all parents beds august and forgiven
sweepstakes winner when
a pretty girl walking down the street
knees turned down
going going (i must be) going
now, contributing buddy momentarily
paused or frozen or stalling to catch a breath

by the time you read this i will be 22
(and probably) wearing boots at my desk, looking
adulter-er, confiDent-er, the resolute bender to end all benders, ending
and two less Holding-on-still fell-through-and-excusing myself
to leave the table or room

what just disappeared into you?
was it a breeze or a memory? did you jolt
something frightening waking you every hour, hour fearing your sleep
again you have become so still eyed, hard, soresongs
you didn't write at sixteen intact, hiding cigarette packs under the
living room couch with a chewing-gum smile
running swift through 24/h news channel meaning
i'm bound to do it someday explained friendly enough
'hyper mistook an exclusive trembling meant only for you.'

so, i; the given up still
because you would say
twenty-two holding soon hardly
which luggage on my back, except a trail of
no-loves and joke-to promise-forevers no-love-letters on
stationary businesses printed paper menus re-used
listing two during once with the store
when I dropped myself drunk matches and
us, them two
stole per package of gum,
you liked it so much! (I?)
one kisses seems fantastic! but - - -
please fall deadened beside the others
the life is a joke and
i'm above him, another re-run
the late-nite bicycle-assemble the financial zone when it's hot outside
closed eyes with half and an affected smile
'I think, therefore i hardly exist'
never to know the combat is not an imagination
hate me with your friend to dine the birthday of need
something interesting
thin boys in an alley catch your attention
why is sexual attraction a mystery with me but what I can say now?
Berlin-leap with a pretty, pretty heart,
dividing the even-child-cities perhaps we bump in another somewhere
share soon.
you feel sorry for embracesrather
those that speak bar labelled
forthe fifteen dollars of spent time with friends;
i have needs for them
reasonable reasonable reasonable
to lay down it's sun sector of compartments
introduced and the binary deadened tomb

YOU GROW UP and you grow up, and post-script record collection you laugh about- redistributed five months from now. i am all but desire. the fence, must leave. woke up dry eyed, brooke shields conversation beyond my door.

(all PALMISTRY) past loves EXCLAIM:
"you have such a strong
love line; mine?
barely there at all"

early TWENTYess YEARs of sacred tRADition – (drink, drunk, fuck, 'i'm youuung, is expected of me!') EXperience- (lust, longing, l[ow]ww standards, "need somebody") abSOLUTION- (\everybody and where exaACTly the same and why this is appropriate/). leisure and luxury four years til stable job & settle down proper web prescence (thesiswritingpartner = sweetie). gain (y)our respect and fire at daybreak (do out)fit shrugged shOLDERs when asked to speak.

Young teen dream'd of wwf wrestling and cigarettes after school with slurpees, walking home.

The joke (ex)is(ts to be) everybody.

"unsure rememberance" inherant desire to
SELF-EDUCATE, SELF-MEDICATE, and SELF-RELY.
Flux of drunks to alcoholics, realize as early as possible that intoxicated research is indeed REAL. Scalable down to the smallest of boxcar crumbs-thin veil of indifferent drunk exposes closed eyes! Morning pains! Through and through day number six! IT WAS HARD ENOUGH !!! !!!

“tactless muse; my appropriation.”//i am not absolute, true for you
is forgiving those made from dust a second time. feeling better :
waking up habits old (mine do) rest and sign for registered mail?
“helpLESS disappearance” future shock impossible, riddled bodies,
separating checklists of all things unforgettable. ‘i’m unavoidable.’
fhe fear of)bumping ex-girlfriend same large city at nite) not leave
bedsheets late friday nights for the party really is -
DON’T LOOK FOR
MY BIKE AT THE BAR.

Greater ‘who you been (with) ‘contrasts heart of arithmetics (flirtatious
[gestures in repituoir] throughout) beyond the boundaries of subtle.
sensing THE GAZE

my rarely entire life an inimitable indefinition / inexplicable nostalgia
far-off city streets
pet names pinned to my chest
hard earned bad luck
b-more or brooklyn or bay areas for the springtime:
coffee / first girl fall in love fast
best thing: lucky seven year rabbit cycle

impulsive qualities are most loved
change the stupid smirk before YOU RUIN EVERYTHING. all future
of all things depend solely on covered sine waves with old friends

I ! AM ! SORRY ! what was that about?

shamed on, -
mass text message unfit for reply. I feel YOU no where. The briefly
ill au pair (shy) with no sort of plastic bag, waves frantically taxi
down. Taxi stop, small car crash u-Turn two wide. now we all are o.k.
I sit on the bathroom floor and repeat to myself -
" dark hair dark eyes e. saidgwick dopplegunger wants
soul why me why me why me. "
" what good is a memory if the memory isn't good?
lazy soul, mercyed soul, sore soul, god, why can i not feel anything?
i fell out of bed last nite, wouldn't be last time.
you wonder why it's hard to love? two thousand & nine, guy!!
eternally shrugged shoulders
it's too late, anyways."

GENERationALLY, no will change. alone, less alone, now nothing of
'who' and 'who will.' THE CREATOR computer and that computer
crashed,
painting self-portraits and rough leaving all over the place. all
with no-struck and dazzled no-bodies, resisting one thing all the
while- secrets are guarded eternally: just 19 with internet
girlfriend who called me MUFFIN and BUTTON wonder where she is
now?

& just 20 heart hurts.

astonishment closed behind her (mute french habits)
more and more glass / / /crystal every now and then / / /
no Special significance to badly buried dracula fangs in a dresser
drawer. lascivious no-desire english princess nude for NO-ONE.
intimately shed mutual blood / accepting folk songs. dinner guests
date inner circle sensible women.

last words so loudly they can be heard from miles around:

i accept that
my own face
is an accident

FIND
IMPORTANT
ANSWERS
THAN YOU

‘god is with us,’
, (little hands shaking)
really, all ready
to everyone (else)
who is all she sees
-take it to or
take my words or
dried up peace offerings
how do you solve a problem like
a week later? (dead serious)
true beauty is your
suicide note secret alphabet of
1/2 sitcoms to end
to settle into sleep
--precise, wait for the 5 o’clock
shirt, not mine!
ha ha ha ha
(oh)butitmademe feel
like i was there;
your muscle has everything
. . . ijustchewonmytongue
feels good, doesn’t it?

fully explained in tiredly
i hear absolutely it (hate it)
middles hard, try
sleeping versus fine sex pros
leos get people.
wasn't along monogamous.
sexualizing stupid this is context
enjoy opinions (other kind)
(fuck in), wicked but i also
easy talk about it
option for a month
full on evaluate
the comfortable place
last problems
appropriate 30 days
good friends mean
thin line
where meeting one
beginning life; has to be
ok- night.
something is not against my sacred place.
close right thing
slowly low key
good, what i'm doing
is most desirable
bring back the relationship
for five more hours
too busy right now,
let's be honest.
(great chill) process first
forever and ever and ever.

off duty
i could love you (if you want)
somehow (i know!)
if i tried (%%%%harder?(
it's sunday \] (i can not
i'm sorry /] help the calendar)
i could said it
twice more ways new
i already did /fuck///
what i wanted and it didn't change ///shit/
to? try to! try
to& for get (you) a. s. a. p.
if you had to (will)
not expecting(want), however (you're already)
stick around- here
much (it was too) longer you can
(do) find me - waiting
leather sectional sofa asleep (a week ago)
cold in my (own) blanket
)only))
memorize[d]
---could have save – d

an updated privacy
explains little, believe me.
no, none -
forty restricted calls
no caring about that business
unthinkable answers
greater wrongs than
'fuck i can't believe this'
'get me out of here right now'
'i'm serious'
that's closer than actually happened
doing every day that goes by
24 hour tail with
soul food excuse
right, face?
a few private - - -
;lincoln, who tHE?
bad man with good intentions

must be skater nation ---super - slow - motion
anti-itwasn'tthesamething
black and white styrofoam
coffee cup and other things i
feel guilty about
large (boring
for here, reciept please long year)
permanent black
comes out (but not often) &
barely goes out at all
girls with arms full of shopping bag 'news'
move far too slow on the sidewalk if
i have some where to be
on my memorial vhs wall i would like the look on my face
freeze-framed laughs take /precedent/ over
(any) and [all]

1. gold notebook
~ruined life,
just > a year ago
1.shirt
that wasn't mine
-!age sixteen driving suicide note scribbles
-onto napkins at family dinner
(the actor laughs when interviewed,
his words will end up in photographs
for the next few months.)
/about the same
convincing changed (& i remark)
`would have done it all,
didn`t know how much'
now late early 20.
(local band writes songs about cheeseburgers
and falling asleep on the subway)

you got your City
together all knew friends now,
forever in style points and
trend codes (way too much slang)
-formal introduction to
busy laughing hotel rooms
because (i could never would never just) don't
say no to
a good time
(get) on with (close) conversation
-new jeans i like them (to)o
(anyone) part of this is
sticking together.
a second so finely
sore trains, best
will sadden sacks and when
will i be without needs
of words every moment
naked suddenly
of your last thought of
compositional end times

mark and memorize
road dropping confidence
known to those who snort and trust
means are entirely
from the heart (/strong)
walk on 99cent thrift shoes and cross sidewalk to
24frames per second

for a few minutes i wandered around my house expecting thoughts on the oncoming day to jump out at me but nothing was there. i felt filled with dread for a split second and wanted to call her and tell her i was wrong please please please it was just one of those days but i blink and the feeling subsides with the realization that one of those days was a month ago and that i'm really not wrong and everything is a-okay once again and i put on my jacket and i walk outside and i smile because the sun is out and it's early and i have nothing to do today so i'm going to do everything. i was for two blocks to buy a coffee i heard from a friend that my coffee place has roaches but i figure it could always be worse so i turn down the pastries but overthank the korean woman nonetheless. i decide to go for a long long walk because i've had no reason to go downtown all week and maybe i'll see something i need maybe i'm interested in buying a new pair of shoes. i walk by that cross-street and my stomach turns for a moment and i laugh at the uneasiness that the prospect of even seeing certain people causes me. i laughed out loud i'm fairly sure. i cringe a few steps later. i focus on my steps (one per side walk block) and establish a speedy rhythm and keep going and empty my mind for a moment and light my fourth cigarette of the day. i watch a girl bike past and think she's the most beautiful girl i've ever seen and think about her probable requirements for a lover: so very tall so strong four years in their respective college program a pocket full of cash and a huge but respectable cock. i know i have nothing no nothing to offer nobody so i spit once pick a stick of gum from my pocket and start to chew.

i coughed and i opened my eyes and i lit a cigarette and i looked outside and there was no sun yet so i closed my eyes again and continued to smoke, arm lying dead off the right hand side of my bed hitting a strategically placed bowl designed with such things in mind. i kept my eyes closed and thought about why we stayed together for so long when there was nothing keeping us together anymore when there was no reason for us to talk except to complain 'oh i hate my job i want to quit my job i hate these people i work with, i deserve better i know i do' there was no joy in seeing each other after a few days apart there was nothing new or familiar in the other's eyes, there was nothing anymore but still we pushed and we wept when it was done but the tears really, the tears were just there because we didn't know what to do anymore and oh my god he just said it does he mean it what does he really want to say but won't hung around for a few days to make the tears a bit more tangible, but not much. i burn my hand when the cigarette gets a bit too short and i sit up quick looking to see if i've already developed a blister or if my blanket is burning up. i put my index finger in my mouth and let my spit soak in. i cough once more and sit a bit straighter. waking up fully clothed, i walk to the kitchen to drink stale-tasting water directly from the tap to avoid dirtying a dish and try to estimate the percentage of dissolved fluoride in toronto water. i believe i read that fluoride aids in desensitization and allows one to be easily led but i think twice and it sounds like i more than likely heard it as a public transit rambling but i spit the water out regardless.

i was told i was born under a lucky sun but i didn't feel it right now, the gum not satisfying my thirst or keeping my jaw occupied long enough to not continue smoking. i tugged at my jacket uncomfortably as if i were suddenly aware that i might be unappealing to passerby ignoring the fact that the way my jacket hangs off my body is the least of my problems. i mouth a few lyrics to a song in my head whispering softly only to me and i feel a little less self-conscious. bathurst, halfway marker known to me as long as i've been in the parkdale, yes i'm on my way! i see the city start to build up a bit more and more with every step and i feel a bit less alone thinking that these buildings these places are so unappreciated as well. i feign sympathy briefly and bump shoulders with a tall white man walking his bike viciously through a crowded intersection and i look him in his eyes and see absolutely nothing, not one thing and i feel jealous and i mouth 'fuck you' when i am fully turned around and hold my shoulders up high tug at my jacket once more spit and smirk condescendingly. i think about the times we talked about forever and how we'd love each other longer than that and i think i still do but love is never ever enough (says my mom, i believe her always) and that really love means everything, yes, but you can't hold on to that love to snuggle you at night or make you feel appreciated or even cared about because that love, fuck, that love is all in your head!!! you regret not telling her more often when she made you feel like shit but you remember that you felt like shit all of the time and nobody likes a complainer. i feel a bit sick to my stomach thinking about you fucking somebody else and i think it doesn't matter, it never mattered then, why would it matter now and i close my eyes and the pain moves to my head and i tug at my jacket and it goes away.

continuing on with keeping my feet on the ground and my eyes following my right foot left foot with extreme accuracy i feel a familiar grab at my right arm that causes me to swing around into the arms of one of my oldest friends. the hey how are you's are present but go through unnoticed with yeahs and i got you's, the pressing question is where are ya going and can i come along so i decide to stop for a six and head home, head as clear as i can guess and a sudden companion. he waxed on and on about how it's happened before oh this is the last time is it oh how i've heard that a million times and i spit angrily and said yeah, yeah, yeah. i know, okay, yeah i've done wrong and yes and oh yeah, it's happened right but i have a professional life now and no, i won't go to college no matter what you say, i have a life you know? i have things to do and i don't need four years to get drunk and hang a diploma up. he smiles and asserts i'm back to normal but normal was such a long time ago that i feel grim a dead man, walking. i pay $10 smile pleasantly and expect to be sharing tonight. i think about a few fond memories for a moment, every drunk night every good night when we were both so new to each other and everything was fresh and fun and it was interesting. i think about how i was told 'if it wasn't you, it would have been me' and i get angry with an unaware person that this is crossing my mind at this moment. i look up with disdain and grow ever anxious to be home. i cough shallowly and smile feeling forced. i think that i'm capable of being happy and yeah, i deserve it and yeah, i fucking deserve it, yeah. yeah. yeah.

i cough and i cough and i receive a quick pat on the back and it makes me furious however i know it's with good intentions (what would i do if i were you?) so i say 'thank you' with my eyes because i never mean it with my mouth and you know me better than that. we are almost home the walk twice as fast back surprisingly, even, wow, i'm surprised right now that we're already here. i open a beer and stretch out on my bed as you sit on the stool across from me and check your email eyes squint and it makes me drink faster. in the other room i can hear 'the lovers' 'the couple' 'the too cute not to appreciate' conversation glide from art culture in love cute cute in love what do you want to eat tonite dear in love in love the sound of a hand on a hip that doesn't belong to you in love in love in love and i love oh i love it oh love, lover, smother me with a pillow while i sleep, love, lovely, oh tell me everything about your day love, i love everything you love!! i've never felt so happy, love, this love is everything, everything to me, when i close my eyes, love, i'd love to love you, lover, sweet-pea. love. let's be the same person, love, i'd love you a bit more if you were different but love, it's fine! it's so okay to love what you love!! i love you today. tomorrow it's just too soon, love, let's not think about it today, lover. love, muffin, don't be so mad all the time. love is so good! honey! baby! i dreamed about jumping in front of a car last night and it felt amazing, lover, love, sweetness, baby. i thought about how much i hate you today, love, and i loved it, love love, love! oh, i love to watch you leave over and over again, love, i love to watch you sit speechless oh love, i forget the next memory love, love, i forgot something i said i would never, love, i smile that it's gone.

raptors poems

sport seasons are my only temporal reference
a reminder that rivalries are trivial in the off -season

i hope that it's fine that i do what i want
not often, just sometimes

clap for me
millionaire airline ceo or something
and drink sprite, i mean
quench your thirst, if you want to

do my tattoos make me look like a basketball player?

it's an aesthetic i've always loved
since allen iverson
talked about practice

i wasn't that young

i don't think
i'll ever sit in the
mastercard preferred customer section

two granola cookies
seemed healthy
an alternative
to other things
i won't name

my white nike prestos
coors light sticky
no metaphor

poem for aaron gordon:
you
are
nothing
clap clap
clapclap
clap

washroom poem#1:
who pissed on the floor?
everyone, i guess

washroom poem #2:
i'm disappointed
with how my dick looks
in public washroom lighting
otherwise, everything is fine

all my rushing contacts
second quarter magic
double zero gets blocked

i really wanted the
half-time-belgian-bicycle-guy
to not get majorly injured
but definitely a bit hurt

i mean, entertainment

this is what happens when you only play nine games but act like you played eighty two: you get exiled to another country. i'm upset, trade derozan for kawhi i can't accept. na, they ain't snake my man like that. i'm just like derozan, if i shoot it goes in. y'all got any spurs derozan jerseys yet? breaking up the bench mob. san antonio, i used to live there. any player that's deciding to go to toronto, you need to know your gm will tell you to your face "i'm not going to trade you" and less than a week later - trade you. can't trust em. ain't no loyalty in this game. sell you out quick for a little bit of nothing. damn they really got a guy who been saying publicly he doesn't want to play with him. we could have got his ass for less. haven't seen him play with injured quadriceps. this gonna be a day toronto prolly will regret.

bruh derozan going off the grid. poor man did everything for that city and still got sold out. i ball out my city derozan, shooters they with me they rollin'. pop dipping in two years and gonna leave becky hammon with a basketball wasteland. prime time clyde drexler in the regular season. if i see a burning derozan jersey, you're dying. my mans was already fighting depression. damn. he was loyal to the soil. i feel like derozan, a costco kobe. a lone star demar.

Anyone else on here just to look @ the comments?

8:22
“im gonna cum for you,
just for you”

I fucking love when
they
fuck my asshole
That’s poetry...

SOMETIMES YOU NEED JUST NEED TO TURN YOUR AUTOFOCUS OFF

Obviously is not real like pretty much everything similar to this,
is just fantasy.

Oh wow isn’t it fun that every one here is feeling sooo much better
There’s hope for of all us average-sized dicks.

I wonder if her teeth are naturally that straight

4:30, no boobs, but great ASS!!

‘Scared of life ‘ Never felt so related to a porn video.

Jennifer wrestled her friend playfully to the ground in front of the snow cone stand and began licking at the girls eyeballs, as if they were sugar cubes.

we’ve been duped
“In order to get these tickets,
you’re gonna have to show me your tits.”

This is getting ridiculous...
Just keep swimming

they can’t see us if we close our eyes

I wonder if this is the video Ted Cruz was watching on 9/11

We just gonna ignore the fact that the house is bigger than my hopes and dreams?

Dude is living with his mom and has a chore sheet and then this bitch willing to fuck people so she can watch what she wants on tv, K.

Mozart is back.

How did the business meeting go though? Hope work went well.

she just hit da horny jackpot

Looks like she's allergic to orgasms,
someone get her some benadryl!!

How do you feel about mimosas?
unique consistent
obviously fake, she's got perfectly winged eyeliner,
u can't go to bed with that
where is the man who went and stole my cash i rlly need help !!!

The moment after climax, you are brought back into your body, back to all of your facility. In that moment of reflection is revealed and fully realized the true burden of existing in a world of without given purpose, but also the true freedom inherent in it. Magnificent.

Boredom is the moment when we are pushed to find a purpose. Therefore living can't be our purpose.

don't worry , in here "boner" is universal language .

There's no such thing as "squirting", fellas
eyes rolled back o0h dear

nofuckingway, come near penis and I will kill you

really quiet and not enough is going on

that is not a quickie
it really be like that sometimes

"I know you play mysterious and aloof just to avoid getting hurt.
And I know you have reasons for not wanting talk about your past.
I want you to know that I don't care about any of that stuff .
Because I'm in lesbians with you."

your eyes are so pretty, your teeth are beautiful
You're so cute girl, the world and the brazil needs more girls like
you

Pink Floyd - The Dark Side Of Th e Moon
Dat bass though, nice. I guess the porn is okay as well

Thats one way to do it (:

Seriously can't stay off this website

How the fuck they didn't fall in love each other before something
like this???

While you're having a blast with your genitals,
remember to apply for scholarships to get FAFSA money.

this is the most meta-porn i have ever jerked off to

Hey that looks like my dick!
now that's brand loyalty.
thanks credit card companies.
This is American Quality

Roses are red, violets are blue,
love isn't real, everybody acts only in self interest.

I think 'Just for You' implies rituals done to a god.
They'll Know.

And I will strike down upon thee
with great vengeance and furious anger.

She's gonna need a Gatorade after all that squirting

That says a lot about how sexy and desirable you are
some lizard shit going on with her tongue

This is porn so we inhibit our logical reasoning,
because this young woman never was or will ever be a nun.
Not with her desires. That is good for the rest of us.

I want to make my daddy proud

I dont know why but i feel like shit for no apparent reason.
The main thing I'm struggling with is motivation.
I'm super horny like 24/7 in Northern Minnesota
Such a beautiful location.

In such places, you should really also have your man pee on you.

Alexa play Despacito
Digging that regular sized dick bro!

Why this mans sleeping in shoes
She was “late for school” but definitely took her time fucking him

guys im pissed, i got premuim
and now there is no girls waiting for me 3 miles away

What’s up twitter this is ya boy EatThatPussy445
time flies my friend!

This is how trick or treating was meant to be
See a need, fill a need

You understand later on when you think about it
Oops you missed the best part
Can someone please do this to me?

Who could have ever imagined a regular guy fucks a regular girl in a regular way and 11 million people watch it.

O 11:36 **** C 12:20 **** or C 6:36 **mouth
don't know why, but the end was actually super disgusting.

“the best words in the best order”
8 ½ was an inside job
i’m studying memory
sharp naked waiting
fire walk away from me
long walks with closed mouths
a lengthy explanation of my recent silences
all smashed glasses without you
kiss me til you care
form a structure and work within it
unscheduled anxiety attack
sunday afternoon baseball
the list of pro’s and cons
the wages of indifference are whatever
show your work
link in bio
please don’t stop
putting a name to need
agent of intimacy, impulsivity
maybe lovers, maybe friends
even losers win
i would do anything for you, even suck dick
i’d suck a dick to make you happy
whatever didn’t happens
no pussycats inside my doghouse
constantly threatening suicide
on a scale from one to death
cause of death
seemingly apocalyptic midnight
you can’t ruined nothing perfect
awareness
gentrify my hood
houseshoes
tall poppy syndrome
zen techno
holy rage
blowjob déjà vu
calm faith
hey, you real person
irreversible time

metaphysical contradictions
cherry chapstick
green/yellow/black
purple/yellow/black
industrial pornography
metamodernism
nosebleed
aperol and soda
c'est tout
tactical self destruction
tactical as a word for evidence of love
documentary objectivity
suicide eyes, bette davis
invitations, declined
don't exist
"it's not that simple"
ruin porn
emotional porn
health porn
ignored ecstasy
dialectic ecstasy
mutual dependency
chronological
compartmentalized
anachronisms
amyl nitrate
yohimbe
"i just want my dick sucked and to go back to work"
distracted sex
"what are you actually thinking of?"
physical mysticism
domestic perversion
wet dream normalcy
controlled circumstance
elaborate constructs
power dynamics
shared humanity
in bed together
sex and power
exchange of experience, fluids

liberal arts rich colleges
“i’ll always get a ticket but i’ll never get arrested.”
“a” person to “the” person and then “that” person
fieldwork
ethnography
“show me the process”
4:44 psychosis
failed actor
literary kink
expanded time
condensed time
luck = loss of control
is it good or is it interesting?
the last minutes of memory
“grown up clothes and poses”
smell memory
bless you
don’t cry over lost work
kaddish for a lost dv tape
black yellow red blue
the shakes
panic, frustration
self-betrayal was an inside job, too
hello, real person
as if saying it makes you real,
this real
“attach-y”
sublimation
stability, consistency
a soft place
voids, depths, blankness
lingering sense of defeat
shutting down, losing interest
the most YOU vs the most often me
going against intuition
lifelong dedication
severe disinterest
endless dulling days and nights
time-lapsed
“like none of this ever happened.”

2g2bt
if I were to explain our relationship to a stranger
joy in repetition
tl;dr
the nervous irritation of desire
icy indifference
insolence
satisfying glory
soul census
defensive gestures
coquette
passion, caution
mystifi cation
you're my cat
the wine riots, 1907 narbonne
vin non conforme
who says "I love you" first
response and reaction
unhealthy laughter
the world feels hurried
roule
love in speculative terms
duplicity as love
snow blind
point of advantage
settling in
soft cmyk
what good am I if I am not well read?
boring in betrayal
adolescent sexual desire
because I am not meeting you at an intersection
"if you don't ask, you don't get."
I'll try anything once
false deadlines
deliver us serenity
desire and action
diversions
"en fin"
don't react
stay still

I used to, not anymore
severance package
blissfully unaware
stomach ache
“suicide-y”
puzzling existence
“puzzled”
frightened eyes, looking back at me
anesthetize
objects of desire
temporary suicide
a million shades of worse
nothing sacred
recent circumstances
irresistible thesaurus
quality of life
habitual virtue
genuine interest
old standards
ego death
competition
for example
something completely
outlook on life
unpleasant but not boring
necessarily pleasant
evening hours
variety of amusements
carried away
pushed to extremes
altogether too much
ashamed of myself
under duress
wanting to be held
nothing sacred
a quiet life
contrary to instinct
certain good things
mystical language
half articulate

the general idea
profoundly satisfying
love is an experience
kind of boredom
purely physical
still happens
a certain point
nervous fatigue
time spent
involuntary contact
social pressures
accustomed to anxiety
incapable of happiness
voluntary of involuntary
nerve racking
in such cases
deficient in control
born rich
same mood
respectful behavior
unnatural conduct
fear of dismissal
tomorrow's problems
something off
ordinary days
worrying decisions
success and failure
the less I care
impossible to remember
elaborate investigations
am I happy to see you?
am I happy to see you!
bronte's dog was named keeper
soul stealing
in love with the word
leonard cohen's hydra
objets trouves
surveillance
well informed
absent minded

the importance passes
without doom
let us begin again
terms of convenience
conditions of failure
complicit
pure will
once and for all
desirable
vanishing point
statute of limitations
reverberations
praxis
love story fatigue
legibility
rituals
wasteful smokers
you can't ruined nothing perfect
an interesting situation
the who -> signifier of assumption
the what -> my onset feelings
la jetee is twenty eight minutes long
stop making excuses
mid length black hair hitting shoulders
restless, familiar
agile
"I'm sure I'll see you soon"
I'm not what you think
mood more brilliant and dazzling
can you ever be sure?
none of your streets off end me
indifference to ecstasy
how do you know I'm talking about you?
erotic triggers
symbolic solutions
tomorrow, forever
no, I know
I think, no, I know
functional fixedness
cutaneous rabbit illusion

hypercorrection
paint your pockets
auxiliary phrasing
“I prefer you a distant enemy than a close friend”
releasing sweetness
welcoming all forms of the future over an illusion of the past
implicit actions
talking generally
trying to empty my head
retain the essential
pace works slowly
perfectly adjusted
“her ghost”
fate in disguise
pointing
waiting
don’t need constant dialog
forms of liberation
sovereignty of the subject
hypnosis
devotion
hear before technique
disassociation
from poet to poet, painter to painter
“is this really me?”
plants – talk to plants
“I won’t let the film get in the way of the novel”
a novel about not being able to finish a novel,
a film about not being able to finish a film
black and white Xerox cellphone shots
printed and used in instances where filming is not permitted
the cat, the girl, the books, the cigarettes
sexting my bookcase to you
“before we start, we should state some recent facts.”
I am not a romantic, so why is everything a fucking love poem?
paper that have been spraypainted over
patterns ecstatic
method writing
the time spent talking about work
ruminations of work past

foretelling of work to come
monetary predators
“just like us”
if I don’t feel bad is there something wrong
I added joy to joy, and yet I am still unhappy
I used to think I needed a lot of things to
nothing but the rest
“his sins were scarlet but his books were read”
trauma
sombre
soft and gentle and lovely
“my cross and my delight.”
the guiding spirit
steam baths
disaffected
the torture of misunderstanding
sensitive and volatile
controlling that volatility
rediscovered living alone
sticky personalities
sex as hypnosis
art as love letters
formality, restraint
not the same
maya deren
sex, love, absolution
horoscopes, tarot
falsified records
go ahead, I’ll be there soon
my mouth is so dry, exercised not talking
dulling everyday, everyday dulling
“I wanted to stay in bed, stay asleep, but it doesn’t grant me peace either. nothing I do is making me happy.”
I must succeed
bad faith / mauvaise foi
situations
sex when tired
someone to work with
cynicism
something sinister

“it can’t be me all of the time.”
love of sports
love of dates, names, numbers
sublimating a sex drive into working on scattered ideas
I have more ideas than I could imagine using
“we must remain lucid to the bitter end”
as if it had never been
a dangerous streak of tenderness
again, drying out
why we don’t make good friends
passive, passive, active, neutral
slow, controlled speech
self-destructiveness
keeping track of dates, times, symbols, events
list of books to read in 2018
linguistic skill, aphorisms
submerging correspondence into the workflow
love of a name, our names together, ours alone
‘swans’ as a metaphor
“I’m thankful for my life”
a mistake
very one dimensional world view
that place of prestige
sexless embraces
when my feelings are hurt, I feel that pain in my left thumb
limerence, crucifixion syndrome, reflexology
happy not showering, not having a clean home
expending nervous energy into reading
bleaching my bangs to match sontag’s
sanity, caution, egotists
the metaphysical
the walking stick that virginia woolf carried to the river’s edge
hope less ness less
love, in dog years
a yawn is an afterthought of love
“I can pinpoint the exact moment I’ve met two people in my life,
and they’re both through glass doors.”
publications for speed freaks
most people are more patient than i
all the lily’s painted soft purple, but it’s not an immediate concern

the fourth wave
an endless outpouring
what you need
but that's not what we do
how to end the book
crying and shaking at the not new
this again
the patriot missile
it's just showbiz, baby
wishing well
harmony
shy, shrug
support
one of a kind
"there is nothing sweet about me"
never felt good before
it wasn't always that way
there more I read, the more I get what I want
admission of guilt
I just wanted you to know
engaging
let's get married next week
getting older
don't aim for the bullseye
walk slowly
don't take the easy shot
several facts
eliminating the unnecessary
center of interest
what is really happening here
you got to look into the future
yes very much so
intuition vs analysis
a record of what happened
contempt
why did I do it this way
against preciousness
power and purity
can't stand sentimentality
tension memory

don't take many images, just enough
"a little too much is just enough for me"
and now, you are part of my work
ethical issue
no separation between fiction and documentary
"let the old dead make way for the young dead"
a tout de suite
rien, jamais
the pure image
representing time
contrasting grammar
it always takes something from you
what am I going to do
use your words
working hard to make it work
identify yourself
altogether too bohemian
pathological
irresistible
dialectic of desire
repeating myself
objective analysis
later in my life
the failed self
I care but not really
seduction culture
meta analysis
quantitative methodology
the hall of mirrors
self-sufficient vulnerable dependence
apocalyptic reasoning
apocalyptic catalog
ironic detachment
forced choice
milgram experiment
organizational narcissism
love bombing
word salad
gesture of care
devalue and discard

cult following
avoidance attachment
trauma bonds
repetition
transference
obedient revisionist
mental health
everyday words
against coldness
the sensation of understanding
civilizational habit
addiction as performance art
not rationalizing but explaining
some idea formed
mimesis
made of each other
made for each other
the uncanny valley
“splitting”
sacrificial crisis
kant’s formula
tell it not in gath, publish it not in the streets of askelon
sequence of events
“if you can do it it ain’t bragging.”
awaiting, numbering
terrorist / 911
rilke, auden, lesbian
even venus was crosseyed
morning shower
pre sex nap
thinking about the future
white walls
pastel colors
contemplating drug time
the calendar of neglect
who put you up to this?
the problem isn’t the paragraph, it’s the sentence
the gentleman unbuttoned his blouse
fall in / fall out
white wine, reading

the film was sensual
DNA, yours and mine, mixing
I don't want to think about it, the past
absurdly prompt
magazines meant for keeping
harsh carbon
whiskey sunburn
temporary absent inhibitions
worry
erstatz prose
should I continue?
suicide note anthology
answered prayers
but I don't know zadie smith
I should try to, early morning
destroy endlessness
the work comes when it's time to work
cryptic syntax
escorted off the premises
anyone is capable of terrorism
17 dead in florida school shooting
don't make a habit of it
in bare feet
I don't want to lose my place
university fucks
maybe we can call this genre "post-plagiarism"
interoception
citizen belligerent
what do the words mean?
pillow princess
price war
the clothes make the man
messy, blurry
i'm worried about you
i can't believe i'm in paris
structure of feeling
nothing for sale
mocking, learning
the gallery as a place of official business
what do we fall in when we fall in love?

you better believe it
fuck it, anyhow
out of loss
what comes next?
deface what you take
performance art: paying my bills
how to practice virtue
pain is a garment
content scraping
concerning authorship
perfect digital copies
at what age do I become serious about anything
you can't own a cat: a codependent performance piece
'poetry makes nothing happen'
books as raw data
shh, this is a library
it's hard to write about these things
the only word for 'not the city' I know
my queen of the prairies
I wish to be assassinated as an act of indifference
conservative lean
lacrimae rerum
acedia
welschmerz
anomie, the condition
mono no aware
mal du siècle
no new freedoms
'as soon as I start talking about my life, I start lying straight away.'
populist poetry
la verite ultime
strange now to think of you
stain my dna
declasse
un coup de des – a throw of the dice
le prince foudroye
volupte
le mal avoir
malentendu du temps
amicalement

all privileges lead to the guillotine
precocious ecstasy
however you feel
kiss me any way, anyway
sleepless on cialis
and then came nothing
asking the chicken about the chicken soup
more beautiful in the future
being lonely in the city is better than being lonely in the country
for me, myself
the breakthrough brokethrough, though
polyamorous in creative endeavors: monogamous in love
mythology
métier
clinical misadventure
saturation reporting
parajournalism
licking my various wounds
overall more stable, just as reflexive in mood
predatory living
ontological rivalry
after proust, the rest
our words
amorous dictionary
emotional criteria
ceremony
the act of writing
softly, more
our understanding of love has been hijacked
lord, deliver me a wealthy patron
ending paranoia
pregnancy tests and daytime cold medicine
“it’s one or the other but not both”
“what needs to be said is best said twice”
pathological
irresistible
dialectic of desire
throwing up love
camus the goalkeeper
habits of speech

thought blocking
reliable
ambitious
sensual
eye for beauty
naive
suburban
lazy
281-330-8004
actavis
anxiety, sinning
thought blocking
making progress
the monologue means nothing to me
that doesn't excite me anymore
party's over
it happens often
painkiller orgasm
celebrate life, romanticize death
awfully vivid awful vividness
extremist, perhaps
freedom isn't free
heal, healed
doubts, large and small
forever is a long time
eat, pray, leave
being there together is enough
a crafted heaven in hell
attention thrives
endlessnessless
where is the ecstasy now?
eternal tired tidal eyes
catastrophe everything
you are completely happy
a rose is on the table
just facts
things i like and dislike
the prophesy
living well is the best revenge
something before, nothing after

martini heidegger
linkedin b johnson
i think about killing myself twice a day
liberte, fraternite, egilite
adult films
i don't want to hire a lawyer, i want to pay the judge
better myself
i don't know if i should say this, but
a comprehensive list of things I had no intention of doing
holding hands
public displays of affection
pet names
more focused
the opposite of what i usually do
the facts
small talk
it just happened that way
the table salt of the earth
reversal of freedom
as it comes
no certain regard
no foreseeable end
loving you as social protest
touching herself in the stacks, in the mystery section
a better place is hard to find
not a reworking of language
how to improve your writing in 12 passive aggressive steps
extremely happy until further notice
5-hydroxytryptophan
say hello to the new bad boy of poetry